By
LAND
AND
SEA

WILL
OWEN
JONES

#2,4
2750

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bylandsea0000unse

BY LAND AND SEA

OBSERVATIONS AND INTERPRETATIONS
OF
TRAVEL IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY WILL OWEN JONES

PUBLISHED BY
MILLER & PAINE, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

COPYRIGHT, 1923 BY WILL OWEN JONES

PRINTED BY
THE STATE JOURNAL COMPANY, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

WHY THIS VOLUME

The "thirty year men" on the staff of the Nebraska State Journal assume the responsibility for putting these daily newspaper letters into book form. When our chief—our friend and fellow craftsman—told us that he would take the first long vacation in thirty-seven years of service on a single newspaper, we gave our sympathetic approval, adding that for every day of his absence we would expect a letter for publication.

After these letters had been running only a few days we heard on every side that they were being eagerly read. Before the summer was over they were a distinct feature of the paper. The universal comment on them was that they were "human," that they told just what the stay at homes wanted to know, not about the guide book Europe but about the lives and thoughts of people in an old world being made over, contrasted with America still in the making. Many requests for their republication or for extra copies have been received. We believe that these letters, altho written hastily and informally, contribute much of real value and are well worth preserving. The thirty year men gladly sponsor them.

A. L. BIXBY
H. T. DOBBINS
H. G. McVICKER
J. M. THOMPSON

THE LOG OF THE JOURNEY

	Pages
Down the St. Lawrence	9–15
Life on the Open Sea	16–23
Liverpool and Lancashire	24–29
Motoring in Rural England	30–34
Visiting the Cousins in Wales	35–40
Hereford and a Look at Central England	41–49
When We Go Up to London	50–80
Contacts on the Road to Scotland	81–83
Edinburgh and the Highlands	84–87
In the Scottish Mountains and Lakes	88–93
In the English Lake District	94–96
A Study of the Comforts of London	97–100
Holland and the Continental Sunday	101–104
The Depreciated Belgian Franc	105–106
Paris and the Devastated Region	107–116
On the Homeward Way	117–120

the flow of oratory. Some of the biggest names in the business life of Chicago were carried by men around the table—the head of a steel company, the president of a western railroad, a leading man in Chicago merchandising, and so forth. One could fairly gather from their talk that their opposition to "labor" is something quite different from what the average working man thinks it is.

The railroad president could be excused for not being enthusiastic over high wages, for as he explained, his corporation has no way to pass this additional cost over to the general public. But even he said very frankly that he did not want to see another period of such hard times that wages will necessarily go so low as to impoverish the worker. He agreed with the others—and some of them were rather enthusiastic about it—that the well paid and well housed and contented working man is necessary to prosperous business. Labor can be well paid, they all agreed, if the labor organizations will do two things, cut out graft among the leaders and help the employers in increasing production.

It was worth a trip to Chicago to find that these captains of industry are human and are beginning to feel that the working man is human, too.

LEAVING A TYPICAL AMERICAN

MONTREAL, May 31.—I don't believe we will hear anything on our journeying across the water more interesting than a little interview we had on the morning we reached Chicago with Clement Hardy, brother of the Lincoln Hardys. We found him in his office in the Railway Exchange building, a sky scraper filled with the offices of industrial concerns. There were greetings and inquiries about the folks. A tray of coal briquettes on the desk brought out an inquiry as to the nature of the material. For an hour we listened almost without moving, while the elder brother explained a new process which he controls for the middle western states for extracting valuable products from coal and producing fuel in briquette form out of the residue. It is one of the processes brought out in Europe during the war and is just coming into use in this country. Henry Ford is installing a plant in his newly bought coal mines. When he demonstrates its success on a large scale Mr. Hardy hopes to put a great many plants at mine mouths in the central west. The indicated profits are dazzling.

When we went out I remarked that we had seen a typical American business man in a typical American environment working on a typical American job. Mr. Hardy's enthusiasm was so genuine and contagious that I regretted that I didn't have a million dollars to turn over to help put the thing across. The ladies of our party had listened with wide eyes to the description of the process and were almost willing to invest all of our letters of credit in the business and turn back home. But their trunks had gone on and it seemed best to follow them.

As we were leaving Chicago we encountered Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Grainger and W. O. Thomas, who had taken passage on our boat, the Montcalm, sailing out of Montreal. Mr. Thomas promptly disappeared from our sight, saying that he had some visiting to do at Detroit and Toronto, but agreed to meet us at the Windsor hotel at Montreal. Then by a queer association of ideas he went to the Queen's hotel and we did not see him again until he arrived at the dock.

This expedition started out on the theory that it is just as important to see people as to view scenery. I had discoursed on that until the members of my group announced that they intended to see that I carried out my principles. Within ten minutes after we boarded the sleeper at Chicago they suggested that the real journey had begun and that I must get busy. "All right," I said, "I will take the

group in the first seat from the door, and introduce you to them in less than half an hour. The gentleman's name will be Jones and they are going overseas." Going up I begged the man's pardon and asked if he was bound for Europe; he said he was. A little conversation brought out the fact that they would land at Plymouth and go at once to North Wales, where he was born.

"Does your name happen to be Evans, Roberts, or Jones?" I asked. "It is Jones," he said, handing me his card showing him to be Dr. David Hugh Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Evanston, Ill. "My name is just as Welsh as yours," I said, giving him my card. We were friends at once and probably relatives, for he came from the part of Wales where my forebears battled with poverty for centuries.

The story doesn't entirely stop here. When Dr. Jones introduced me to his wife she remarked that she had been in Lincoln, visiting the Kennard girls. She was there because she was a cousin of Charles D. Pitcher. Did I happen to know any of these folks? With my chest out I marched back and summoned Mr. and Mrs. Hardy for the promised introduction. Mr. Hardy was in the firm of Hardy & Pitcher at the time of the death of Mr. Pitcher more than thirty years ago. That consolidation of the friendship of the two groups came about from my brashness in announcing that I could read minds and that the people in the first section were named Jones and were going to Wales. I did it with a very ordinary piece of Sherlock Holmesing. As we entered the car I overheard a remark about walking in Wales, and noticed that the man who spoke looked a bit like a younger Lloyd George and had an accent that my father and mother had endeared to me. If he was a Welshman it was almost an even bet that his name was Jones. Simple enough, when you know how such things are done by the clairvoyants.

SPENDING A DAY IN MONTREAL

MONTREAL, June 1.—A large number of Americans are embarking for the old world from Montreal this season. They choose this route for a number of perfectly good reasons. We are going this way because when we made our reservations several months ago it was possible to secure satisfactory accommodations for quite a little less money than on the ships sailing out of New York. American shipping men say that it will always be necessary for the Montreal and Quebec boats to offer a differential in fares to make up for certain disadvantages in the northern route, especially at the beginning and end of the navigation season. One who wants variety in his journeyings will not regret coming this way now and then. It is well to come a day or two in advance of the sailing day, in order to make sure of safe connections and the proper arrival of baggage. Besides Montreal is not an uninteresting place to spend this waiting time. It has a foreign air, and plenty of quaint features dating back into the seventeenth century.

They don't know exactly how many French people there are in Montreal. One man who ought to know told me that out of a million people seventy-five per cent are French. Another man said that the population is about three quarters of a million and that more than half of these are French Canadians. They use both languages commonly on signs and directions, altho in the real French quarter, one sees very little English. The legends on many of the motion pictures shown here are in two columns, one English and the other French. The aisle and exits signs are also in the two languages, side by side. They say that all of the big pictures are fitted out with bi-lingual legends before they are shown in Quebec province.

There was nothing in one of the films I saw here, "The Rustle of Silk," to distract my attention from a study of the comparative crispness and

beauty of the two languages as they appeared side by side in the explanations or legends. I was struck early in the picture by the shortness of the English as compared with the French legends. In ninety-five per cent of the instances, it seems the English words took less space than the French. The English had punch while the other was more devoted to graceful verbal gesture. It this work was done by people of equal ability and the same purpose, the measurements of these lines offer an explanation of the growing use of English thruout the world. It certainly gets the message over in fewer words than the French, at least.

The Canadians are a good deal concerned over the influence of films, plays, books and magazines from the other side of the line. They say that their country is being Americanized in the most subtle and effective way by the dominance of New York in the publishing and theatrical business as well as in financial matters. You can sit in a theater in Montreal without being aware that you are outside of the United States. The pictures are made in California, the Orpheum vaudeville stars make regular appearances, and the plays are just as bad as the ones sent out from New York. The audiences here are surprisingly quiet when compared with our own at home. The French are supposed to be lively, while the English and Scotch who make up a large proportion of the rest of the population are said to be a bit stolid. Mix them together and you get audiences that seem quite a bit less pepperful than those even in cultured and restrained Lincoln. The picture programs are practically the same as those chosen week by week by "Joe" Garman. They like to chop up the Pathe Weekly and play up the local features, interspersing travel and short bits of educational film. Otherwise the programs are pretty thoroly American.

You can't go into any part of Canada now, they tell me, without realizing that the country was in the war and will be busy paying off the debt for another generation or two. Business men are inclined to be pessimistic over the taxes, especially in Ontario and in the prairie provinces. Conservative men charge the tax bill largely to the speed with which the country developed its public services under provincial and municipal ownership. The war bill is alone enough to account for the taxes, without a doubt. Anyway they have dominion and provincial and district and municial taxes all over Canada, with local income taxes in many places, and a general sales tax on top of it all. All this sobers the Canadians and makes them realize that they are in for a long hard pull before they are back to where they were years ago. Quite a bit of the zest has gone out of their conversation. The whole country has grown older and more sober under a realization of what has happened in the last decade.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

ABOARD SHIP, June 1.—This thing of going down to the sea in ships is something of an adventure, for a novice and yet it had been described to us so often by our friends and by newspaper and magazine articles that it all seemed curiously familiar this morning when we went aboard the Montcalm and sailed out of the harbor and down the St. Lawrence. We found W. O. Thomas of Lincoln on the passenger list, but were disappointed in being obliged to leave behind Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Grainger, who had travelled with us from Chicago and were to be with us until we reached Manchester. Mrs. Grainger had been ill almost from the hour she left Lincoln and grew steadily worse until when Montreal was reached her symptoms became so alarming that it was necessary to postpone sailing and take her to the hospital. Mr. Grainger secured the services of three physicians and good nurses at the Royal Victoria, reputed to be the best institution in Canada. When the ladies in our party visited her this morning they found her so much improved that they went to the boat feeling hopeful over her

case and certain that everything possible had been done to make her comfortable.

The ladies were delayed at the hospital and Mr. Hardy and I spent an hour watching the loading of the boat with freight, supplies and passengers. The people came onto the long pier in taxicabs and automobiles for the most part, with the air of suppressed excitement that usually attends the beginning of a sea voyage. The scene was not so brilliant as in New York when one of the big liners is due to start. Canadian crowds are not so snappily dressed as corresponding companies of New Yorkers. Still, everything was quite orthodox, including the crowd of visitors milling around the boat until warned off, the florists' wagons dashing up with their offerings, the breathless couple running up just before the drawing of the gang plank, and the warping of the boat into the stream, three tugs hardly appearing to budge her bulk for nearly a quarter of an hour.

There is a long passenger list, including an unusually large complement of children. "That is because there are so many English and Canadians aboard," said Mr. Hardy, who has crossed the ocean so many times that a steamship is almost as familiar to him as his own living room. We had watched a family of five strapping youngsters at the hotel at Montreal, and had noted the good manners they seemed to have, and the care which a good looking mother bestowed upon them, in addition to the attentions of an anxious looking governess. One of the compensations of growing older is the knowledge it gives of what real values are in life. I looked at those children with a great deal more interest than I studied the cathedrals and other sights during our stay in Montreal. They are more interesting and significant, it seems to me, than anything else a country has to show us. If the English and the Canadians are able to have as a "typical family" five healthy and well behaved children it won't be necessary to do any worrying over taxes, or crop failures or the exhaustion of natural resources. It happens that our steamer chairs have been placed just outside the kindergarten room set apart for the little passengers. They have already driven me away from my chair by their rioting, but I can't complain even to myself, without being false to my philosophy. The kids may break our ear drums but I shall insist to the last they are all right.

The boat settled down to regular routine in the course of the afternoon. The officers and crew are of the British breed which refuses to be fussed by anything that comes up. If things are not just as you wish they will be made "quite all right" in a short time, and usually they are. Even the low stage of the water which made it necessary to stop all night did not cause any flurry. As usual the boat people didn't know what we were waiting for, and merely grinned when they heard the rumor that we were going back to Montreal because one of the Englishmen had forgotten his umbrella. Every time the ship came to anchor a citizen of Quebec who had gone to Montreal to board the boat explained to everybody within hearing that we were stopping because the captain was afraid of running aground. He said that the Empress boats do not go above Quebec because of a lack of water, and if the smaller boats are held back by a shallow channel the Canadian Pacific will eventually recognize Quebec as the real head of navigation. It was once the great port of Canada. Now it has only a little more than 100,000 people, while Montreal has 800,000.

PASSING THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

ABOARD SHIP, June 2.—We were aroused at what seemed an unearthly hour this morning by W. O. Thomas, who informed us that the boat was again in motion and that we would pass under the Quebec bridge in a few minutes. I didn't wish to get up but felt it necessary because I wanted

to test the story told by H. H. Wilson about an optical illusion in connection with this bridge. The structure seemed curiously small as we approached. A French Canadian who was watching it with us said that the floor is 150 feet above high tide, that each one of the four cantilever arms is 500 feet long with a very sizable central span. He pointed out the southern section which had fallen during the first construction with a loss of seventy-two lives and enormous financial damage. We were fully advised of the size of the bridge and of the ability of our ship to pass under it and yet as we approached we were all sure that some miscalculation had been made. We were already shivering with the cold as we stood on the boat deck. Then we shivered some more and felt like screaming as the forward rigging of the boat seemed about to smash into the bridge. In another moment we slid through with so many feet to spare that we felt sheepish. Anything H. H. Wilson tells in the future will be accepted without further investigation.

In passing Quebec we had the friendly assistance of Professor Dumais, who has lived there for many years, in identifying places of interest and in recalling the history of the quaint old town. We first saw the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes who have lived here since a few years after Mr. Rhodes retired as superintendent of the Burlington railway. It is in a wonderful location and about two hundred feet above the river, with the broad lawn in front that people of English descent consider necessary to the completeness of a country place. There was quite a thrill in seeing the plains of Abraham near by and the heights General Wolfe scaled as a prelude to the famous fight.

The most conspicuous things in Quebec are the citadel, a huge stone fort 250 feet above the water and the Chateau Frontenac, the turreted Canadian Pacific hotel near by. They are just completing a tower twenty stories high which rises from the center of this huge hotel. It will add to the capacity of the house as well as increase its picturesqueness. Its steep copper roof will be even more conspicuous than the bulk of the grey old citadel. The building of so large an addition indicates that the tourist crop is fairly abundant. The visitors come in the winter to enjoy the cold and in the summer for the same reason.

There is also a sly suggestion that they come also because they can have liquor with their meals. Professor Dumais was not bigoted on that point, but did say that the province of Quebec did a splendid thing when it closed the saloons and provided for the sale of alcohol under government restriction. Beer is sold by the drink in the province. Hard liquor is handled through official dispensaries. He said that drunkenness has greatly decreased in his home city since the new law went into effect. Most of the rest of Canada is dry, altho more liberality has been shown toward the distilling and brewing industry than in the United States. They still permit liquor to be made for smuggling purposes.

The French Canadians of Quebec province passed under British rule 163 years ago, Professor Dumais said, but are not yet reconciled. They have race feeling but no flag. They came to this continent before the tri-color was adopted by France, but they have learned to use it in a sentimental way, because it represents the mother country. The only thing they have in fact to bind them together is their language. For that reason they cultivate it with great care and are jealous of any attempt to lessen its importance. Curiously enough the world war did not bring the French-Canadians and the British any closer together. This was due, Professor Dumais thought to the brutality of the British and Canadian drillmasters. Resentment is also felt among the French Canadians because the English look upon them as a low, inferior people and are often hinting that the admixture of Indian blood is greater than would be allowed by the rules of propriety. The explorers and trappers did marry Indians, he concedes, but the permanent settlers refused to do so and were furnished with wives from the best French stock. As a result the French Canadians claim to be of purer French blood than the people of France of the present day.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH CANADA

ABOARD SHIP, June 3.—They have just given us the passenger list of the Montcalm. It confirms our impression that we are living temporarily in an English and Canadian community. Out of a cabin list of 446 passengers we find only seventy-two Americans. There are 229 Canadians. About two dozen of the passengers live in England, including sixteen who give London as their home city. Half a dozen are from Korea, twenty-eight are from China, half a dozen are from Australia, some are from Japan, New Zealand, Norway and so forth. The chief celebrity aboard is General Robert Baden-Powell. He is accompanied by Lady Baden-Powell. It seems an Anglo-Saxon company, mostly made up of easily recognizable colonial types. The men are beginning to dress for dinner, to the alarm of a few Americans who want to know what a vacation is good for if you have to do that sort of thing. When you see a bunch of colonials or English people in their morning negligee you are more reconciled to their habit of dressing for dinner. It helps to keep up the average of appearance for the day.

The Canadians from the prairie provinces interest me. They are like Americans with just a little more bark on. I mean the ones who have been actually engaged in farming, not the sons of Englishmen who are playing at agriculture. These people from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Winnipeg keep a stiff upper lip, but when you tell them about the troubles of the early Nebraska settlers they gradually let out the fact that they are just now going thru the same experience. A Canadian bond man who went thru the prairie provinces last fall gave me a report that sounded exactly like a Nebraska and Kansas story in the middle nineties. The old boom spirit has evaporated. Towns that were making millionaires out of corner lot owners ten years ago are now covered with crepe. The province of Alberta failed to collect enough money to pay its way last year by two million dollars.

They have unlimited land areas, but in a large part of it the rainfall is uncertain. They have plenty of water coming out of the Rocky mountains, but the farmers don't know how to irrigate and refuse to take the service after the Canadian Pacific has spent millions on ditch systems. Unlike Nebraska, it is a one-crop country, so they have no assurance that their lands will ever reach a high level of value, even after the pioneers stick thru a long period of hard work and privation. They have some tax burdens of their own out on the prairies, caused by extensive investments of public money in services that are not immediately profitable. The bond man said that he looked for a sound future for all of western Canada, largely because they have established farmer governments out there. While they may seem radical in many things these farmers in the end will see that expenses are not allowed to pile up beyond the ability of the people to pay. These conditions take a lot of the bloom off all Canada.

Today I went in to see the ship's doctor for a trifling rash on my face. He is a fine old school man who has turned over his practice in Toronto to his son while he takes a "vacation" on the sea. Like all Canadians he was anxious to know about conditions across the line. Were we bothered much with taxes? His son had just paid Toronto taxes on two houses for him, and the total would turn a Nebraskan into a bolshevik. Funny about this tax business. Wherever you go they are sick about it. Nobody seems to know what to do to bring the levies down. All they can think of usually is a change of officials. In Chicago we heard stories that seemed to confirm the impression that things have been very wrong there. A conservative man said that when the full facts are disclosed it will be found that there has been more theft of public funds in that city than they endured even in New York while William M. Tweed was in his glory. The doctor was inclined to think that the world has been going thru a financial

debauch, and that things won't settle down until people learn to save money, and stop going in debt, and begin working hard with their hands and brains once more. He discoursed in a most interesting way for half an hour. It was exactly the kind of talk one would hear from a professional man of corresponding standing in Lincoln, but with just a little more discouragement in his tone than we are accustomed to hear at home. Some of his background of pessimism he gets at home, some of it from the passengers, and some from his contacts when the boat reaches Liverpool. He crossed twenty-two times last year, losing one trip because the boat went aground in the river. That mishap occurred just a year ago yesterday. That was the reason they went so cautiously last evening. They steer on that part of the river by shore marks. When the haze obscures the view they stop rather than take any chances.

THE FAR FLUNG BRITISH EMPIRE

ABOARD SHIP, June 4.—The more we see of our fellow passengers the more impressed we are with the far-flung nature of the British empire. Last night I talked for an hour with R. J. Jamieson, who holds a position which we would call a superintendent of motive power, on a railroad in China. He has charge of the shops at Tongshan, between Peking and Tien Tsin, not far from the place where the bandits began operating a few days after he left. He was born in China, where his father was an official, and has lived there nearly all his life. He has no family ties outside of China, and yet when he starts on a leave of absence to be spent in England he says he is going "home." It is in the blood.

Like all of the Britons who fill executive positions where native labor is employed Mr. Jamieson speaks in a judicial manner about his helpers. He likes the Chinese and praises their good qualities. At the same time he must admit that they are better as directed workers than as executives. Give a Chinaman authority and responsibility and he is likely to go to pieces. It is too much for him. The Chinese are not so strong as the Japanese in the matter of physical cleanliness, and yet when it comes to personal integrity the Chinaman is a long way ahead of the Jap. The Chinese are frightful gamblers and easily go to the dogs under the influence of opium, but when they say they will do a thing you can depend upon them to do it.

Even the Chinese are changing under the influence of modern conditions and contact with so-called civilization. They had so much regard for ancestor worship when it was attempted to build railroads in China many years ago that the right of way could not be bought at any price because it was impossible to avoid running over graves. Now the matter is arranged for a cash consideration. The Chinese don't lose their family bones, but sensibly conclude that it doesn't make much difference to their ancestors where they rest, so long as they are not entirely lost. This age-old hunger of the Chinese to have offspring to keep the family alive encourages early marriages and promotes over population. It is breaking down rather slowly, and yet Mr. Jamieson has seen quite a change in this respect during his residence in the orient.

The people on this boat are going everywhere, or have been everywhere. Mr. J. L. Wardell, a Canadian, is going back with his wife and baby for a second three-year term of service in Egypt on the shore of the Red sea more than 100 miles south of Suez. They live in a settlement containing not more than fifty white people, where there is not a tree or bush, where all of their water must be brought by tank steamers from the source that supplies the Suez canal. Mr. Wardell remarks that it is no hardship to travel over smooth seas on a well-appointed liner. He hopes that our present good fortune will

last across the Atlantic, but experience warns him to prepare for anything. On a recent voyage across the Mediterranean about sixty feet of the rail was smashed by a huge wave. Tables were overturned and dishes smashed in the dining room and Mr. Wardell was thrown from his berth to the floor of his state room. Thru the whole fuss the year and a half old baby was the best sailor of the lot. The only crying she did was for food. Oil is the lure that draws these white people to a desert and forbidding coast. The supply is not large there yet but they have hopes. Mr. Wardell believes that the world's petroleum is far from exhaustion. His idea is that keeping up the stock of gasoline for this and perhaps the next generation is only a matter of the intelligent use of capital in finding new fields.

An English lady on board says that she never heard of a "hope chest" until she went to America. In England they speak of it as "the bottom drawer." She never heard of aluminum ware until she tried to buy a kettle of this material in Philadelphia. The dealer thought over her request for an "aluminium" pot profoundly and finally told her that she meant "aluminum." After nine months in America she was sure she would miss ice cream more than anything she had encountered in our country. Next she thought might come our salads. She had three sons in the war. When they were at the front she could never see a telegraph messenger in the district in which she lived without feeling that he had bad news for her. The strain of the four years was so intense that the British don't like to talk about it. W. O. Thomas hadn't been on board more than a few hours before he had found enough singers to make a respectable chorus. They began with French folk songs and worked down gradually to "Annie Laurie" and "Good Night, Ladies." Their impromptu concert on deck last night lasted until it was time for the lights to go out. As there are some college boys on board I am prepared for "Good Bye, My Lover, Good Bye," and perhaps "Clementine" also tonight. The old French and the French Canadian folk songs are fascinating.

SETTLING DOWN TO THE OCEAN ROUTINE

ABOARD SHIP, June 5.—I am encountering a mild sort of disappointment on my first ocean voyage in not being surprised over anything that happens to come along. The routine of the boat seemed fairly familiar from the first. The bugle blows the reveille at half past seven o'clock. At 7:15 my bath steward has discreetly knocked at the door with his polite admonition that "Your bawth is ready, sir." At 8 o'clock the party is seated at a square table for four and a polite dining room steward is trying to induce us to go beyond the boundaries of a simple American breakfast. We see people ordering liberally and eating enormously but do not feel safe as yet in following them, even if the menu is tempting and the ocean is so smooth that the boat has very little motion. The sum of all the advice received from old travelers is that caution in the early stages of a journey is likely to yield good dividends later on.

The boat is well filled and the people swarm all over the decks and the recreation rooms. A favorite pastime is walking so many miles a day. Between walking and shuffle board, cards, reading, writing, talking with old and new acquaintances and "looking lazy at the sea," time glides by on winged feet. The promenade deck is like O street on a pleasant afternoon. Now the procession stops to study a passing ship, or icebergs. Three fairly large ice masses were passed on the first day after getting out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I wondered why they gave me so little thrill, and why the view seemed so familiar until I remembered what the motion pictures and postal card pictures have done in the last ten years for the stay-at-home travelers. The camera has brought the whole world before the eyes of everybody so thoroly that it wouldn't be worth while to travel if it were not for meeting new people.

Our fellow travelers are a source of never ending interest. Monday morning I fell in with an Englishman who reminded me strongly of the late Mr. Truman. We were passing the coast of Newfoundland, where he had lived as a young man. He remembered the people as exceedingly primitive, subject to the oppression of the trading and employing class, and so ignorant that even the villagers could not read their own names in print. They lived by fishing and seal hunting principally, altho now there are some other industries, such as getting out wood for the pulp mills. The snow lay on the hills still and a wind made us ready to believe all of the stories told of the inhospitable nature of this bleak coast.

My next off-hand acquaintance was a ship master, who has been sailing in oriental waters for twenty-two years and like so many of the others is "going home" with his wife on a leave of absence. He took me to one side after awhile and solemnly warned me as an American against putting too much trust in the Japanese. "We have had an alliance with them, yes," he said. "That was purely a matter of business. We couldn't do anything else. Remember that we have a very troublesome debt and are not in a position to do as we please, as you are. America holds the key to the destinies of the world, and you will make a terrible mistake if you join up in any way with the Japanese." He talked to me as earnestly as if I were the prime minister and had it in my power to decide whether we are to make friends with the Japanese or not.

During the day it clouded over and we have had the first gloomy afternoon at sea. The boat is pitching hardly at all. It is rolling just enough to produce qualms in the breasts of some of the passengers, and lower down in others. We lost a member of our party early in the fray, but hope to have him back again in a day or two. The wind has been freshening for several hours. As evening comes on the motion increases and it is not so easy for the people to keep up the light hearted air that marked their first three days out of Montreal. They drape themselves in chairs and settees in the lounge and smoking rooms, and appear to be meditating on their past lives. I have seen no one hastily go to the rail yet, for the storm is not bad and the ship is gentle with us. Still there is no wonderful gayety on board a boat that plows thru mounting waves under a fresh breeze and a leaden sky and about half of the passengers seem to be wondering if they will take a little dry toast or the full menu when the bugle blows for the next assembly.

PROOF OF THE ONENESS OF THE WORLD

AT SEA, June 6.—This has been the one dark day that usually comes in every voyage. Sometimes there are more than one. Ships between Atlantic ports usually run into a rough sea and bad weather about where we are now, my room steward tells me. The members of the crew call the general area about here the "devil's hole." Many of the passengers appeared to be in it this morning. My own breakfast consisted of a drink of orange juice, a bite of toast and a cup of coffee taken in my berth with an air of reluctance that was not at all feigned. A visit to the deck at about 10 o'clock showed that the stories of hardships told by travelers are not overdrawn. The ship was laboring thru a half gale, the deck wet with spray and only an occasional drooping figure showing in the chairs. Forty or fifty marchers kept up their morning exercises, but with an air of highly advertised hardihood. A handsome young woman in a costly fur coat started for the rail, but was only able to reach the scupper. Down below stewards and stewardesses were rushing here and there with trays and offering ministrations to sea sick souls.

Personally I found almost complete

peace by wrapping myself in a blanket and sitting where the fresh air would fan my face and an occasional drop of salt water would slap my eye glasses. To my wet and deserted quarter presently came an old traveler who had been telling suffering and lone ladies how to get succor thru the help of the deck stewards and what he had found the best method of fighting the great plague of the sea. The easiest man to become acquainted with on a Canadian Pacific boat is a Canadian who lives in Montreal. He knows all about the vessel and is anxious for the world to know that Montreal is to be one of the greatest shipping places in North America. This one was a merchant on his way to buy stocks of woolens in England.

I wanted to know what the wool people of Canada and England think of the American tariff. They don't like the home monopoly it gives to the American mills in certain grade of cloth, but in another way they are not so much displeased over the Fordney tariff. They think it is certain to put American woolen goods prices so high that the United States will stand no show in the foreign field.

I had been puzzled over the nationality of the wool man and finally asked him how long he had lived in Canada. He said that he had been in Montreal about thirty-five years and had been born in the Channel Islands. He had moved to the province of Quebec because it is a bi-lingual country and he could use his French and English there to advantage in business. I said that I have a friend who was born in the Channel Islands, had been educated in McGill and had removed to Nebraska, Dean J. E. Rossignol of the university college of business administration.

"You know Professor Le Rossignol," he ejaculated with much warmth. "Well, well. I know him and I know his sister in Montreal very well indeed. I am John DuMaresqu. Please take to him my compliments."

Another acquaintance made in spite of the gloomy day was a strapping young ex-service man from New Zealand, named F. D. Helmore. Here was a fine looking, upstanding young chap who talks like an Englishman, who dresses for dinner not because tyrannical women folks require it but apparently because it makes him more comfortable; who was born in New Zealand and is now making a visit to England which he calls "home"; and whose story of farming conditions in New Zealand matched my Nebraska talk so completely that they seemed a part of the same economic history. But while the Nebraska land boom reached an altitude of only two or three hundred dollars an acre, the New Zealand craze immediately following the war took lands up to five and six hundred dollars, and in some cases even higher. Because of the distance of the country from the world's best markets the slump in prices was even more sudden and disastrous than in Nebraska. Wool went down about 70 per cent in less than a month, and the price of live stock fell off sharply, probably never to return to the old levels because of the competition of America and Argentina. The distance from New Zealand to England makes it impossible to ship dressed beef in chilled form and freezing injures its marketability. Mr. Helmore told of many former service men of his acquaintance who had gone into farming, as he had, and now face blank ruin. Those who bought land at the top and mortgaged their future are likely to be sold up and driven to bankruptcy, even if they have not been already. He knows of many men who put their all in lands during the boom and have since walked out with nothing except what they have in their suit cases.

MEETING A NEBRASKA BORN CANADIAN

AT SEA, June 7.—Because I went to bed at an early hour last night and because I don't pervade the smoking room very much I missed one of the treats of the voyage. Not completely, for its aftermath is still in evidence.

Americans have but little understanding of the importance of the British derby unless they have happened to be in England when the race is run in June. Everybody appears to put money on his favorite horse. Even the rectors indulge at such times and are not averse to defending this form of gambling openly. Wherever two Britons are gathered together they are likely to get up some form of betting to remind them of the great sporting event back "home."

On the boats they organize a blind pool which goes under the name of sweepstakes. You put in a dollar and your name goes into a hat. The horses entered go into another hat. Blindfolded men draw from the two hats simultaneously, and you are betting on the horse that comes out with your name. To make it more interesting you can sell your horse at auction, sometimes getting out with a profit before the race has been started. The muss on this boat was caused by a blunder in copying the name of the horse Papyrus, which turned out to be the winner. The man holding the original card had mislaid it and was obliged to call in witnesses to prove that he had indeed drawn Papyrus. He had himself forgotten the name, and was in a bad boat when he was called on to name his horse.

So the smoking room resolved itself into a town meeting and discussed the case up one side and down the other, finally deciding that as there was some question whether Papyrus had actually been drawn, the first prize, amounting to about $125, should be given to charity. The holder of the ticket then came to the front with real British pugnacity and told the town meeting that it was making itself pretty free with his money. He formed on the spot a decided opinion of the sportsmanship of a crowd that would do a thing of that kind. He had found his needed witnesses and told the assembled smokers that they had nothing to do with the case at all. It was a matter to be settled by the well established rules of sportmanship, which did not appear to be as well represented in that end of the boat as would be expected of a company so largely made up of men of British blood.

Today a knot has been standing on the deck near the smoking room door debating the case with much fervor. I have been wasting my time nearly all day, for when the fight started I wanted to be within sight of it. Nothing has happened so far, probably because there isn't a real Irishman on the boat. The janglers are young Englishmen of a sporting and argumentative turn of mind, who sound as if they were heckling the chap who undoubtedly owns the money. They wrote out a solemn letter laying the whole matter before the captain after the man most interested had turned down a proposal to appoint a committee of three, to go to a cabin without arms and settle the case in any way that seemed most fitting.

I didn't waste my time wholly in waiting to see a fight after all. On the outskirts of the crowd was a scholarly looking man with grey hair who was slyly doing his best to keep up the row. He remarked to me that he didn't want to go to the ship concert and needed some entertainment One word led to another, and to my surprise he said that he was a native of Nebraska. In the early seventies his father, a Nova Scotia ship captain, had gathered a company of thirty or forty people and had colonized some land near Schuyler. The real leader of the band was a Scotch Presbyterian preacher named Sutherland. They arrived just in time to be wiped out by the grasshoppers. Some of the settlers stuck, but Captain Fraser went back to Nova Scotia, and the boy who was born out there was telling me about his career on the deck of a liner a couple of days out from Liverpool. He is William Fraser, of Pictou, N. S. "When I go back," he said. "I will tell my mother, who is eighty-seven years old, of meeting some people from Nebraska. She will want to know if any of the old friends she left there are still alive." If they are perhaps they will write to Wm. Fraser at Pictou, N. S.

Mr. Fraser had a great deal more to say, but that is another story, and perhaps enough for another chapter.

Thirty thousand young working men from Nova Scotia have gone to the United States in the last few months. Their industries have been so badly hit by the Fordney tariff that the future looks rather dubious. Nova Scotia is economically dependent upon the United States. Its fish have always commanded a ready market in New York. The new tariff puts a duty of two cents a pound on them, which is prohibitive. They can't ship any of their products to the rest of Canada because of the long rail haul and the high freight rates, coming as a result of the McAdoo administration of the roads in the United States. According to this view, Nova Scotia and the prairie provinces are in a state of mind that threatens the integrity of the dominion of Canada, unless some way for relief can be found.

THE SHIP CONCERT DOES ENTERTAIN

AT SEA, June 8,—Before we left home a company of friends gave us a foretaste of what we would experience on the briny deep in the form of a ship concert which was guaranteed to be more terrible artistically than the real thing. Last night we were able to make a comparison, and found the affair interesting from many angles. Most of the music was bearable. Some of it was good, and one or two of the turns given by the ship's crew were amusing. The greatest interest to us lay in the conduct of the affair and demeanor of the audience. These confirmed our previous impression that the British are a great deal more formal than we are in such matters, and quite different in several particulars.

General Baden - Powell presided. Most of the people had put on the best clothes they had. There was no air of languid half interest such as an American audience so often betrays. The folks sat up straight and indicated by their bearing that they didn't intend to lose any of the proceedings. The presiding officer tried his best to be friendly and informal, but it wouldn't go. The audience knew him for a celebrity and was bound to treat him with proper respect. Then he adopted the only course open to a man under such circumstances in England. He cracked the ice with a series of puns that would have provoked a series of satirical groans in America but seemed to delight the British and the colonials immensely.

The name of the first performer was Baldwin. That reminded the general of the premier of England. A ripple of applause ran around the crowded dining saloon. "There is an error in the next name," he said, referring to the printed program. "The name is not Augur—that might bore you. It is Anzer." Mrs. Anzer, a very pretty young woman, obliged. It answered very well. "Inasmuch as we are bouyed up by the thought of reaching our homes very soon, it is appropriate that Mrs. Boyd should sing this charming song of home." Several staid British matrons showed signs of hysterics. Stephen Leacock is right. The English do like punning, which we have long looked upon as freshman wit.

During the program I indulged in my habit of looking at the audience. Usually there is more to be learned from the performees than from the performers. What was there about this company of two or three hundred people that failed to remind me of home? They were just as wide awake as Americans and even more willing to titter over a bad pun or a piece of slap stick comedy. They were different plainly enough. Was it because I was looking at strangers in an unusual environment? I don't know. But there was an air about the company that I could see and feel. Anybody from Nebraska would sense a difference, even if he couldn't measure and describe it to his own satisfaction.

Tonight I had two or three hours with a London physician who is on his way back after spending three

months in San Francisco acquiring a working knowledge of the Abrams method of diagnosing and treating disease. He has two machines in the hold and a suit case full of electrical apparatus in his cabin. He gave me rather more than my fair share of attention because I have been a friend of the editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association for a long time and he wanted me to explain to Dr. Simmons how unfair he is in not accepting the Abrams method. He thinks at least that he ought not to denounce Dr. Abrams as a faker without more investigation than he has yet given the system that bears his name. I looked at the apparatus, heard its uses explained with a rapid fire outline of the theory, and found my head swimming.

"If Dr. Abrams is right," I finally managed to say, "it won't make any difference in a very short time what Dr. Simmons or anybody else says about him. You are convinced that these machines will heal all disease. It will be just as wonderful as the healing done by Jesus. If your machines work you will have more patients than you can take care of just as soon as you set up in practice in London."

"But," he protested, "think of the injustice Dr. Simmons is doing to himself by refusing even to investigate this wonderful system which I am certain is going to end all disease in the human race within five years."

I promised to carry the information to Dr. Simmons at Chicago, especially an explanation of the reason why the thing won't work unless the operator stands with his face toward the west. Perhaps when Dr. Simmons learns that this has something to do with the flow of magnetic and electric currents around the earth he will feel a little better about this whole business.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL WITH BOY SCOUTS

NEARING LIVERPOOL, June 9.—This morning early we passed the Isle of Man and the sea became enough of a mill pond again to permit the boat to ride as steadily as a church. It is a relief. Several days of swaying and heaving leave one in such a state of mind and body that the bugle call to visit a beautifully appointed dining room, awakens no pleasurable anticipations. The people know they cannot land for hours, and yet they are flying about as if the gang plank were already in place. Philosophical and experienced travelers gather in corners and read or play cards or smoke quietly, but they seem in a small minority.

My best experience on the last day of the voyage has been an opportunity to talk with General Baden-Powell about the experiences that led up to the organization of the Boy Scouts. He gave me a swift review of the whole movement, and after I had written it out was kind enough to endorse it as "correct and concise." If any of the scouts want to know how to pronounce his name it may help to think of "bathing towel." That is what they called him in South Africa. He was permitted to retire from the army by King Edward to carry on the scout work and his whole life seems to be wrapped up in it.

While we were talking in the lounge a little chap about ten years old came up, gave the sign of a wolf cub, and stood at attention. His mother was anxious to have the general's autograph. While he was writing it the general put the boy thru a short examination. The little fellow gave the salute and the call of the wolf cub, "Dob-dob-dob," which the boys understand to mean "Do your best," answered several questions in a straightforward, manly way, and went off very much exalted. The lady from Iowa wanted to carry a message and an autograph to the troop back home, and was encourged to go up and ask this as something that the general would be more than pleased to grant.

In giving the history of the development of the idea Baden-Powell dwelt

at length on his discovery while in India that the soldiers needed definite work that would give the habits of responsibility and self reliance. They depended upon their officers to feed and clothe and house them, and to direct their every action. In an emergency men trained in that way are likely to be helpless. So he conceived the idea of training them in tracking and scouting, and finally evolved the plan of sending them off alone on missions of various kinds. When the general broached the idea his fellow officers were scandalized. "It won't do at all," they said. "Send a man off by himself and he will get drunk and play the ass all over the place." It turned out that this kind of responsibility was just the thing the men needed to prevent them from "playing the ass." A man would go 150 miles alone with his horse, camping out by the way. He would report to someone, preferably a retired officer, who would look him over, write on his card that man and horse were in good condition. The man would make an inspection of some town, or barracks, or water supply, or road, and go back to make a report to his commandant. The effect of this sort of thing upon the morale of the soldiers was so extraordinary that the general wrote a book on scouting, and this brought about the Boy Scout movement almost before he knew what was happening.

One of the first obstacles the movement had to surmount was the opposition of the labor leaders, who denounced it as militaristic. The general has never taken that seriously. All he says is "Read the book and the scout law and the instructions and go and see a troop in action." On his first visit to America he was challenged by the I. W. W. at Portland, Ore. He divided time with one of their leaders at a meeting and heard scouts denounced as capitalistic and militaristic. The I. W. W. speaker read from a book by General Baden-Powell in which instructions for rifle fire were given. Waving the open page of the book he asked if the general still insisted that the scouts were not military. The answer was that the general would be pleased to pay ten dollars for every one of the quotations which might be found in the scout book. Passing the book up the general waited with amusement while the fire eater pawed it over looking for the military instructions. "This is the scout book," the general told him. "The other is one of my military publications." To avoid the military idea the scouts in England are using a simpler uniform than in the United States. They wear simply a shirt and "shorts," of any dark cloth, while in America they have been running to khaki, puttees and a military jacket.

PREPARING TO LAND AT LIVERPOOL

LIVERPOOL, June 10.—When the passengers on the Montcalm were herded for their final passport inspection while awaiting to come up to the dock at Liverpool we discovered that we did not have as many Americans on board as we supposed. We were in fact but a small handful, only forty or fifty out of a total of between four and five hundred. It has been an advantageous voyage on that account for it has forced us into contact with the English and the colonials.

Our ship lost several hours waiting in the middle of the stream while two other liners loaded and cleared away from the landing stage. It was a great sight. We judged that more people came down to see their friends off than were on the departing boats. On a section of the landing stage a dense mass of people were penned up waiting for hours for the Montcalm. We lay for a long time within a stone's throw of the welcoming crowd. All of the time people were frantically trying to pick out friends on boat and shore. They waved and shouted and danced up and down with pure joy when they found familiar faces. W. O. Thomas had not seen his brother for a quarter of a century and was not certain that he would come up from Wales to meet him. Recog-

nition was established very soon, but it was necessary to wait for an hour or more before beginning their long postponed visit.

By my side during the wait in the Mersey I found a Scotch professor from Kingston, Ontario, and a man from Winnipeg. They had been kept so busy playing chess with W. E. Hardy on the way over that I had not met them. In the last two hours we made up for lost time. The man from Winnipeg put the finishing touches on my Canadian education. What he said seemed to sum up with much cogency the things that had been told me in disconnected form by men from British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia.

The sum of it all is that the Canadians are loyal to the dominion and have no wish to change their status in the British empire. They are so bothered with high costs of living and high taxes and with governmental problems that they don't know where to turn. The Fordney tariff has built a wall between them and the United States. Ontario and Quebec, the manufacturing and commercial provinces, are determined to maintain a tariff policy that will force all of Canada to do business with them. The people stretched along three thousand miles of the international boundary find that their natural markets are not east and west over costly railroad lines in Canada but a short haul across the line into the "States." The western provinces feel that they cannot live without access to the markets of the United States. The same is true of the far east. Nova Scotia, for example, is being strangled by high railroad rates and the American tariff. When people see their business slipping away from them for reasons that are purely political they are ready to go to almost any lengths to keep themselves solvent.

The man from Winnipeg had some interesting remarks to make on another phase of the Canadian situation. He said that it is a matter of national pride to claim that it is not really cold in Canada. "Perhaps it is not so cold as to be distressing physically," he said. "The real trouble with our winters is the length of them. We have very little spring. Winter hangs on almost until June and in June summer begins with a rush. It takes more work to carry a man thru in such a climate than where he can go without fires during the greater part of the year. When a working man or farmer finds that he is only just keeping even anyway, he makes a mistake to stay. He ought to consult his convenience and go to a more kindly climate. Nobody will say this openly in Canada. But it is the truth."

PUTTING THE SLUMS IN THE FRONT YARD

LIVERPOOL, June 11.—A day in the English port of Liverpool leaves the mind so crowded with impressions that unless they are written down quickly they will soon become a confused blur. The disadvantage of writing before ideas are analyzed and crystallized is that wrong conclusions may be drawn. At the end of the first half day I was tempted to make a disparaging comparison of the masses of people seen in this part of England with those I have encountered in other countries. That of course would not be fair, and I withheld my excoriation.

The process of landing reveals one of the troubles of Liverpool. The passengers on our boat were inspected during the long wait in the stream, but nothing was done with the baggage. When the ship reached the floating dock the people were still held while the baggage was rushed off to the sorting shed. That called for a great force of handlers, for the trains were waiting and the passengers were fuming because they could not reach their friends on the dock. After long strings of porters had carried off the hand luggage and the automatic conveyer had disposed of the trunks the people were finally sent across the gang plank to the baggage station. The theory is that you go

to the platform with your initial letter and find your things already there. In practice you rush thru a shouting and milling crowd until you find your stuff and beg a customs official to look at it. As we had all the time in the world we stood and watched the riot. It looked like a good natured but messy exhibition of the thing the English call "muddling thru." It was a muddle all right, and they got thru amazingly well, considering the number of false motions they made.

It seemed to us that they had a lot of characters from Dickens working on that dock. After dinner we went out and saw plenty more of them on the streets. The first real shock came when we saw women going in and out of the "pubs." Mr. Hardy and I went into several of these places purely in the interests of science and good government. It was a Saturday night and they were so full of men and women that we could hardly crowd our way thru the doors. We stopped before a Punch and Judy booth. While the others were enjoying the show I took stock of the crowd. Here again came a mild shock. Most of the onlookers were boys and girls. Half of them appeared to be of the class which at home we would call not bright. A large percentage of them were apparently stupid. Perhaps the smarter ones were in the picture houses.

Then we walked for many blocks thru the most crowded district. For a time we were so interested in the narrow and crooked streets and the curious architecture that the people were neglected. When we took pains to look at clothes and faces we were struck again with the number of people who seemed to have something the matter with them. In Nebraska we would want to send them off to some institution—to a hospital at least. They have a peculiar puffiness and in many cases a color that seems too high for real health. Perhaps they eat too much. Or it may be that they are seafaring folk, with a salt air burn that in our ignorance we mistake for something else. Anyway, the impression made by the Liverpool crowds is at first distinctly depressing.

The streets were quiet and orderly even during the Saturday night rush. We saw an old woman between two men, all of them tottering and swaying as they weaved their way up the street. Nobody paid the slightest attention, except the four Nebraskans who stood in pop-eyed amazement. The next morning we visited Sefton park and in the afternoon strolled around the streets some more, now and then pausing while the male members of the party engaged natives in pleasant and informing conversation. The impression made upon us by the people when we landed rather increased during the first day. It seemed that there must be something wrong with the civilization that will produce what one sees so commonly on the streets of Liverpool.

This morning Mr. Pierce, who has been connected with the American consulate for an ordinary life time, explained that we would be doing the city an injustice by judging it by the face it presents to the public. Drawing a rapid diagram on a sheet of paper he showed that the business section is naturally close to the docks. The casual labor employed at the docks must also be close by, because the rush we saw when our ship landed was only the regular thing whenever a ship arrives. The men must be where they can be on hand whenever they are wanted. "The result of this condition," Mr. Pierce said, "is that within a block of the beautiful hotel where you are stopping you will find some of the worst slums in the world. Look out of the windows of the Natural history museum and you will see kennels where people live and streets filled with slatterns with torn skirts and shawls and flying hair. The real Liverpool is the business section and the residence district on the outer rim. The slums crowd into public view because there is so much casual dock labor, which must be ready to jump in whenever a ship is ready to load or unload." I was very glad, indeed, that I had not passed a final judgment on the English people a few hours after stepping ashore.

SEEING A GREAT WORLD PORT

LIVERPOOL, June 12.—In spite of the vast amount of business it handles, Liverpool is one of the safest large cities of the world, so far as its street traffic is concerned. In the dock region they have splendid horses drawing all kinds of goods on heavy carts. It is noisy there and you must keep moving. In the retail district the streets are narrow and crooked, with so little congestion in the busy hours that you wonder about it. All at once you realize that aside from a few taxi cabs and an occasional truck there are no motor vehicles on the streets. The tramcars are little double decked affairs that slide around like Christmas toys. They are narrow, short and high. You expect one to topple over at almost any minute. The casualty rate wouldn't be particularly high if they did. I haven't seen a car yet with enough people on it to make W. E. Sharp feel life to be worth living.

Where are the automobiles? There aren't any to speak of. They tax the cars here according to their engine capacity. They also tax the people so heavily on their incomes and make the cost of living so high by taxation that most people can't afford motor cars. That is one of their frankly expressed grouches. And when a man of ordinary means blows himself to a car, he gets a little thing of eight or ten horse power, or less, and thinks he is cutting quite a dash, which he is. The effect on street traffic conditions is so noticeable that every visitor remarks upon it. You run more danger in crossing O street on a Saturday afternoon than in negotiating the busiest street of the second port of the world, a city of three-quarters of a million inhabitants.

The best way to see Liverpool is from the upper deck of one of the toy street cars. For two or three miles out in every direction the characteristic sight is short stretches of comparately straight street, often not more than two or three blocks long, lined on both sides by rows of houses exactly alike. The streets are narrow, clean and well paved, and there is not a tree or a bush or a spear of grass in sight. The house step is directly on the sidewalk. Most of the houses are two stories high. They are of brick with sloping slate roofs. They seem to be well built, having apparently been put up by hundreds year after year since the city became a great port before the middle of the last century. As you ride over the city, glancing this way and that and always seeing these monotonous rows of houses and the bare pavements boiling over with children you begin to realize the extent of the social problem England is facing.

Before leaving we paid a courtesy call upon the American consul and were told of so many interesting places in the vicinity of Liverpool that it threatened to delay our departure for a day or two. Mr. Washington has been in the consular service for many years. When he was in South Africa about fifteen years ago they sent him to Europe to help put into effect the reforms in the diplomatic and consular service that had been planned by President Roosevelt. He tells an interesting story of the differences between the old and the new service. As we were leaving, after an enjoyable and profitable visit, to us at least, I asked if it wasn't the orthodox thing to borrow a little money off the representative of our country.

"In the old days we were talking about," Mr. Washington responded, "you would have been lucky to get out of the office with all the money you had when you came in."

We heard a great deal of complaint from Liverpool people about hard times and unemployment. Some of their local dullness they charged to the diversion of four of the biggest Atlantic liners to Southampton. We were complimenting the hotel people on the beauty of the Adelphi.

"This house was built for you Americans," was the reply. "And now the steamship companies seemed to be determined to carry you all to the continent by way of the channel ports. It doesn't look favorable to us, sir."

At the consulate they said that Liverpool has all the freight business it can handle, and that is much more profitable than passenger service.

"The Adelphi doesn't get much business from the passengers on the big boats anyway," Mr. Pierce explained. "A boat train comes thru from London direct to the dock, and the passengers never get more than a passing glimpse of Liverpool. For that reason this change will not make much difference in the prosperity or progress of the city."

It seems to us that Liverpool, like the rest of England, is suffering from hard times, and the people like to charge it not to a general cause but to something in local conditions that they can see with their own eyes.

A GLANCE AT AN ENGLISH HOME

MANCHESTER, June 13. — Most tourists turn up their noses at Liverpool, Manchester and some of the other centers of British industry. The Nebraska pilgrims have not been too proud to spend a couple of days at the English port, followed by a visit to Lancashire. Personally, I wanted very much to go to Manchester to burn a little incense before C. P. Scott, the editor of the Guardian; and also to carry word to the Graingers as to the reason for the delay in the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Grainger, who started on the day we did from Lincoln. In this part of England you are almost never out of sight of a factory chimney, and yet there was so much beauty along the road that the party almost became voiceless thru exclaimings over the gardens, fields, trees and the general landscape.

An esteemed brother-in-law of mine, the editor of the Hartford Times, recently did an amusing article on the failure of his efforts to see the editors of London newspapers. I was, therefore, prepared for all kinds of snubs when I appeared at the office of the Guardian and sought an interview with Mr. Scott with no other introduction than my card. He was not in the office, but a bright and kindly young man in the business office offered to get him on the telephone and went away to do so. A large-faced Briton with a white beard who was standing near turned to me with an air of distinct friendliness. He praised Mr. Scott and said he was glad to hear me say that I thought him the outstanding figure in the world journalism of the day. He talked about American affairs understandingly until the young man came back with the information that Mr. Scott would be pleased to see me at 10 o'clock that night in his office.

We then drove eight miles out of Manchester to visit Charles Darrah, whom we had met three years ago when he was visiting his brothers-in-law, H. B. and Joseph Grainger, in Lincoln. The ride out to Cheadle afforded an interesting view of the city itself and its environs, and then gave us an opportunity to see wide expanses of green fields and pastures, groups of noble trees, cattle and sheep in their kindliest environment, and young men and women playing tennis and cricket in the long twilight. It was not easy to find the place. When Mr. Darrah retired from business some years ago he bought an old place, tore down the house and built a new one. We were rather looking for a fresh looking house, not realizing that the new one had been given the form of old construction, even to the color of the bricks and the roofs. An American would have taken pride in making the place look as new as fresh paint could make it. An Englishman wants to get a place as far away from his neighbors as he can and then sink his roots so deeply in the soil as to make it appear that he has always been there, and that there is nothing new around him.

The ladies were anxious to see the beautiful gardens. They also wanted to talk and they wanted to see the house and they were especially anxious to hear Mr. Darrah play the pipe organ he has recently installed. In the end they did all of these things and in addition drank the only real coffee they have found since their arrival in England. Mr. Darrah has

remarried since his visit to America, and his wife proved a charming hostess. There were portraits of the elder Graingers on the wall. Another brother, Herbert Grainger, a wholesale provision dealer of Manchester, came in with his sister, Miss Grainger. It has turned out to be quite a Lincoln and Grainger gathering.

Well informed Englishmen always talk freely about the condition of their island and of the things they think it needs to make matters better. Herbert Grainger said that business had been slow in Lancashire because of the high price of cotton, the cost of production and the difficulty of selling the finished goods to the European countries that have suffered from currency inflation. Unlike some English business men I have run across, he mentioned the dole, a government payment to the unemployed, as a necessary measure, the only thing that will ward off very serious industrial conditions.

While showing us over his estate, which consists of a beautiful series of lawns, flower gardens, kitchen gardens, conservatory and hot houses, with a farm of 150 acres operated independently, Mr. Darrah told us that a great agricultural crisis is confronting England. He knew of a concern that had ordered vast quantities of potatoes from Germany at a price that would not return a British grower the cost of his seed. During the war inflation many farmers in England had bought their holdings, giving back mortgages for a large share of the purchase price. These men cannot meet their interest payments at the present time, to say nothing of installments on the principal. Mr. Darrah feared that large numbers of them would be ruined unless a swift change comes in conditions on the farms. As we rode back to the city everything looked so beautiful and prosperous that it seemed impossible that conditions could be so bad as Mr. Darrah and Mr. Grainger had indicated.

THE EDITOR OF THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

MANCHESTER, June 14.—I have already referred to the Manchester man who greeted me so pleasantly in the Guardian office and made me wonder if the stories about British reserve are not overdone. When he gave me his name I accused him of being a Welshman, and he was obliged to confess to that ancestry. "S. Norbury Williams, No. 1, Linden Grove, Fallowfield, Manchester," is the way his card read. He is the elected auditor of the corporation of Manchester. Being in public life and of Welsh descent he is not above speaking to strangers. It won't do therefore to write down British reticence as a myth.

I was almost tempted to, tho, on meeting Mr. Scott. He had asked me over the telephone to call at his office at 10 o'clock and to bring my friends. He even went to the trouble of having me paged at the hotel for a note in which he asked me to defer the appointment until half an hour later. He then received us in his editorial office and asked why our wives were neglecting him. Mr. Hardy justified his own coming on the ground that he had become an admirer of the Guardian when in England in 1908 and had since been a regular reader of the weekly edition. The editor seemed honestly pleased; said that one of the gratifications of his life had been the manner in which the Weekly Guardian had been received all over the world. It has a circulation of 12,000 in Germany, or twice as much as in America, in spite of the tipsy situation there produced by the collapse of the mark.

Mr. Scott went from college to the Guardian and became editor fifty-one years ago. When he celebrated his golden anniversary he was the recipient of marked attention from the public men of Great Britain and from the press of the whole world. As he talked to us easily and cordially and with every evidence of unimpaired

mental vigor I felt that he well deserves the place he holds in the regard of students of world journalism. He has a fine head, with a halo of white hair and beard, simple and direct speech and an air of modest confidence in his own position and powers. England is now going thru the same sort of newspaper development that the United States experienced under the leadership of W. R. Hearst. Lord Northcliffe was the Hearst of this country, and his brother seems to be carrying out his policies. The turning of so many British papers to trivialities makes the achievement of Mr. Scott stand out, perhaps, more strongly than if the press of the country generally had held to its old traditions. With so many of the London newspapers going crazy the provincial press must carry the burden of doing the journalistic thinking for the country. The fact that the Guardian has been the ablest and sanest of these outside papers has given it world prestige and has made the man with a successful editorship of more than fifty years an outstanding figure in his profession.

I asked Mr. Scott how he had managed to hold up his flag and keep up his standards in the face of the competition of Northcliffe and his followers. His answer was that the people like honest editorial views even if they do not agree with the editor. The Guardian's political views have not been palatable to the financial and industrial leaders of its own community, even, and yet it is widely read and much respected by these disagreeing elements. In England the class system makes it undesirable, if not impossible, for a newspaper publisher to gain circulation among all kinds of people. The afternoon papers run largely to sporting intelligence. They sell in vast numbers, but have so little in them that only certain kinds of advertisers can use them with profit.

Papers like the Guardian devote themselves to the larger affairs of the world, to views rather than mere news, altho all of the editors dwell on the importance of news and of presenting it attractively. Mr. Scott said that the first principle of the Guardian is to give the news truthfully and to tell it in an interesting fashion. But he believes that the so-called modern newspaper school has gone wrong in elevating mere incident to the position of news. He did not wish to criticise the American press, but felt that our newspapers are losing sight of their great opportunity when they cease to be leaders of public opinion and become mere purveyors of news, entertainment and publicity. "The world needs leadership as never before," he said. "The public never needed sane and informed newspapers as it does today, and I am confident that the need will be supplied."

Mr. Scott said that he had made no money to amount to anything, as he had turned the profits back into the paper. But he had no fears of the future, as he has an able son ready to step into his place as editor, while another son, also able, is in charge of the business department. When we looked over a portion of the plant and secured a diagram of a typical British newspaper organization, it appeared that the business office has not yet been fully developed. It looked like an incidental feature of the establishment, in fact, while in the United States it generally occupies a large amount of space. We have noticed that the public rooms in hotels and offices generally in England seem small and cluttered to us, and the newspapers are probably only following the general tendency.

MOTORING THROUGH THE PEAK COUNTRY

CHESTER, England, June 15.—Three days of motoring in rural England have convinced us that the beauty and charm of this country have not been exaggerated. Also that you will have to travel a long way to escape the worries that the world is suffering from at the pres-

ent time. At Rowsley, deep in the Peak country, close to Haddon hall and a short distance from the equally famous Chatsworth house, where nature seems to have made a modern Eden, I fell in with a man checking milk cans on the station platform who gave signs of intelligence. This is not a common thing, I am afraid, in rural England, and it was worth my while to worm my way into his confidence. When he told his story at last it was the same old thing, a story that would be startling when told in those idyllic surroundings if I had not become accustomed to it thru much repetition.

During the war, the account ran, the farmers and dairymen began to realize for the first time in their lives that farming could be a profitable occupation. In 1919 and in the early part of 1920, the titled owners, feeling the pinch of high taxes, were at last willing to sell; taking small payments down and a mortgage for the remainder. Then prices went off, and a man may consider himself lucky if he is able to make enough to keep even with his interest charges. The country is very rolling and has considerable stone and timber on it and yet the going rental is three pounds, or almost fifteen dollars, an acre. So whether a farmer in this scenic region has bought the land or is holding it at a high cash rental, it will require the hardest kind of scratching to keep going. Many will be sold up, he feared, before the end of another season. As for himself, he was sure that as much money can still be made in England as anywhere else if a man will only buckle down to work and pay no attention to class distinctions and what people say. If there were a few million people in England with that spirit there could be no doubt of the future or of the ability to pay all of the taxes that have been levied.

Taxation is mentioned at some stage of almost every conversation. You start on the height of the tide in the Mersey at Liverpool and the Englishman you are talking with gets to taxation and unemployment and the dole in three minutes by the watch. At this same Rowsley I was asking a man at the Peacock Inn about the Peak country. I said that we had been astonished in an hour after leaving Manchester to find ourselves on desolate hills without a tree or a blade of grass in sight. He said that the trouble with those hills is that the rock comes clear to the surface and nothing will grow but heather and other coarse plants that make hard sledding for even the hardiest breeds of sheep. You go for miles without seeing human habitation, and only an occasional sheep herder and sheep fold.

"Do people own that land?" I asked, "and do they pay taxes on it?"

"Of course they pay taxes," he answered very quickly indeed for an Englishman. "They've got to help pay off the Americans, you know."

Coming away from Chatsworth house, and exclaiming over the beauty of the park and the extraordinary collection of art treasures stored in the large ducal palace, some high conversation ensued over the injustice of a system that enabled the man holding title to 200,000 acres of land to build such an enormously expensive home for his own enjoyment, while his tenants were able to eke out only a bare existence, even if they do have the use of the nearby model village. Mr. Hardy held that the whole thing is wrong and that the system of taxation that is wiping these princely estates out is only hastening the inevitable end of the form of privilege. When we made a list of the Carnegie and Rockefeller benefactions we came to the conclusion that the American millionaires have at least done no worse with their money than these British aristocrats. We also agreed that it makes a difference that the American plutocrats have as a rule earned their own money while a great many of the Englishmen who have built these huge places have inherited it. We didn't pursue the subject very far, for we started across the country to Chester, and nobody can talk very profoundly on ethics and political economy when a long succession of pictures of rural loveliness demand attention.

A BEAUTIFUL AND EMPTY CATHEDRAL

CHESTER, England, June 16.—I saw my first English cathedral on the way from Rowsley to Chester. It was the beautiful structure at Lichfield. The two veterans in the party have seen nearly all of the cathedrals worth while in Europe but had not visited Lichfield. They were greatly pleased with it, while the novices were deeply impressed with its size, beauty and structural features. We made our visit to the interior in the morning and had the vast place almost to ourselves. This was still true when the hour for the service arrived, for with the exception of one lone woman, standing in a devout attitude in the nave and a few tourists idling about, the church was empty. Regular services are held every day, with special devotions on Sundays.

At the hour an attendant pulled a rope and a bell far off on the roof gave out a sweet note. The organ began playing and a procession of about twenty canons, and choir men and boys in their robes appeared and marched to the choir. Then followed a rather long service, which could be heard from the places we occupied half way down the nave, but which was entirely unintelligible to us. It was a curious sight. It gave me the feeling that I was watching something that did not belong in the world at all. In the middle of a city of several thousand people, in the heart of one of the most thickly populated regions of the world, these men were spending hours every day and even more on Sunday intoning a dignified and beautiful service which seems to have no connection at all with modern life and conduct.

The scene set me to thinking and making inquiries. I found a man attached to the cathedral who had spent almost his whole life in the service. He was waiting for the time to come to perform some duty and was more than willing to talk. The longer he talked the more I marveled. "No," he said, "there don't many people come to any of our services any more. I mind very well that when I began my work here thirty and forty years ago the people came from the town and from all the countryside until we were hard put to it to find seats for them in all this great building. Now we have almost nobody at week day service and only a small number of a Sunday. There is something wrong. Yes, it is worse since the war. Everybody seems to be thinking of other things than religion."

I asked how the cathedral is supported. He said that Lichfield is rather well placed, for in the old days of prosperity and religious devotion men gave money and lands and now the endowment keeps the machine going. He did not know exactly how many people are on the cathedral roll but after running over the list, beginning with the bishop and going down thru the dean, the canons, the musicians, the vergers and the lesser employes, including those in charge of the lands and houses, thought that the total number might be anywhere between fifty and one hundred. The one thing for which money is always needed is for restoration. The pile has been gnawed by the tooth of time in every portion exposed to the weather. There is usually scaffolding up on one of the walls, to permit workmen to insert fresh stones. This employe had himself seen all of the dozens of figures on the main front put up, to take the place of those rotting away and those destroyed by Cromwell when he held the building and tried to smash every "idol" on it.

There was more than the neglect of the cathedral service to discourage this man. He thought that the dole is promoting idleness. Also the system under which a man and his wife may go to one of the local "unions" and receive their lodging and breakfast in return for breaking stones. After a day in one of these institutions he said the common thing for the couple to tramp to the next institution of the same kind, ten or a dozen miles away, and repeat the experience. The result is a disheartening amount of vagrancy, which is made all the more startling by the

number of women among the trampers.

The Jeremiah who told me these things in one of the most beautiful cathedrals in England, was by no means an old man. So far as the church is concerned, he gave me to understand, without saying so directly, that it is suffering because it is not obliged to go to the people for its endowments.

CHANGING FASHIONS IN MEMORIALS

PORT SUNLIGHT, England, June 17.—It happens that we have seen within a space of ten hours three widely differing examples of the way wealthy Englishmen have spent their money in three phases of the nation's development. We saw Chester cathedral, one of the dozen or more ecclesiastical structures which formerly asked and received large contributions from wealthy men as well as smaller gifts from the many. They are wanting considerable sums now to restore the structure but find that the money comes in only in driblets. Many of the offerings seem to be stimulated by civic pride rather than religious devotion. At the rate the money is coming in it will hardly keep up with wear and tear.

We next saw Eaton hall, the great stone building erected less than half a century ago by the enormously wealthy Duke of Westminster. It is as large as an American capitol, has beautiful gardens, and is surrounded by a great park and an estate of thousands of acres. The owner visits the place only occasionally, as this is but one of a number of the homes in his possession. All over the British isles these places are to be found. They have cost vast sums to build. Hundreds of people are employed in keeping them up. Often they contain priceless art treasures which the people are not allowed to see, except at the pleasure of the owner. The expense of these places has become so great, the burden of taxation has become so serious, and the sentiment of the public has so crystallized against the system that made them possible that one feels safe in saying that the end of this period of British life is in sight.

At Port Sunlight we saw the largest soap works in the world and the model village that the Lever brothers have built to house their employes. There are in America a number of industrial plants fully as wonderful as this factory. There are also innumerable places in America where the living conditions of employes are quite as pleasant as in the renowned town of Port Sunlight. It seemed to us that this one stands out like a mountain top because of contrast with the housing conditions around it. The thing at Port Sunlight that made us realize that a new era has dawned was the war memorial and the art gallery erected by the head of the establishment in memory of his life companion, the late Lady Lever.

We did not know it at the time, but the war memorial is considered the finest in Great Britain. In a few minutes we independently discovered it to be a powerful piece of work. There is a plain Anglo Saxon cross on a circular pedestal, where two riflemen stand at bay, with a group of children behind them, and a pitying woman bending to minister to a soldier who has fallen. It is a splendid conception worked out so strongly that a lump comes to your throat as you view it. The names—481 men fallen from this factory alone—are engraved on the circular base, with the inscription: "These are not dead. Such spirits never die." Around the base is a circular walk, encircled by a parapet carrying bronze children and four spirited bronze reliefs showing air gun, machine gun and destroyer crews in action and a hospital corps at work. Around the outside of this circle, which is perhaps forty feet in diameter, are the words "Their name shall remain forever; Their glory shall not be blotted out." Inside the parapet the monument is inscribed

"To our glorious dead." The sculptor is W. Gascombe John, R. A.

Mention of this work is a digression. Plenty of men have erected monuments in all stages of the world's history. The art gallery is the thing I wished to contrast, both in the spirit of the donor and the intrinsic value of the gift, with other monuments we had seen the same day. It is a large and beautiful building, finely planned and altho only opened last December already filled with art treasures of the value of many millions. Americans have not yet found it, even if it is only a few miles from Liverpool. As soon as it becomes known it will be one thing no tourist can afford to leave off his list. It makes one stop for thought when he realizes that Lord Leverhulme celebrated his great success by erecting this palace, filling it with art treasures of great interest and enormous value, and then turning the whole institution, banquet hall, tea rooms, dancing floor and all over for the enjoyment and benefit of the public.

A FEW GLANCES TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT

SHREWSBURY, England, June 18. —When we left Liverpool and passed thru the industrial district around Manchester the ladies noticed that it seemed to be the practice to place a small table in the front window of the first floor of every house. On this table would be a jardiniere, containing some sort of plant. No matter whether the house was one of a long row of workingman's cottages or something more pretentious, this jardiniere was almost invariably in evidence if the house was occupied. In a ride of several days thru the Midland country they found this decoration in more than ninety houses in a hundred. They wonder if fashion can make a thing so universal, or if the thing does not spring from some act of parliament.

The motor cars of this country are run by a combination of gasoline and other substances which goes under the name of petrol. It is distributed and sold in tin cans, of varying size. In the first week of our touring in England we have seen only one thing that resembled an American filling station, and this was not far enough toward completion to enable us to be certain of its final form. We have looked for sidewalk pumps at the same time, and have seen not more than half a dozen, all told. The Shell people are advertising "British motor spirits" actively all over the place, but up to this time the method of distribution remains about where it was in the United States ten or fifteen years ago.

The English window dressers have the habit of crowding everything they want to advertise into the most prominent plate glass they have on the place. We noticed in Liverpool on the first day of our look around that some of the best stores would have windows so cluttered up with goods as to make no impression upon the mind of the beholder at all. All you could remember was a great mass of articles, not one of which would remain in your mind. We found the same thing in Manchester and have observed it in the big and little towns everywhere.

At Shrewsbury, a county town south of Chester, we left our car on the side of the street while we went to look over the abbey church, which has some interesting Norman features. Coming out we found that our baggage had attracted the eye of a brisk young man who said that he was hungry to talk with Americans. It happened that we had parked in front of a property which had just been sold to serve as the site for a new Ford agency. The young man was L. G. Winder of Detroit, a representative of the Manchester or rather the British branch, of the Ford business. He had gone overseas early in the trouble, had married in France, and had recently been sent to help teach the English to appreciate the flivver. "Believe me," he said, "when we get to going right they will have to widen their roads to make room for our cars."

We had seen the Ford wherever we went, and found the dealers knocking it while the owners were saying that they couldn't get anything like it for the money in England or on the continent. Mr. Winder said that there had been what amounted to a conspiracy to hold the Ford back in Great Britain, but that it was not successful. "We have a British corporation," he explained, "and the cars we sell over here are assembled at Manchester out of material that is 81 per cent of British manufacture. In a short time it will reach 100 per cent, and then this knocking will have to stop. We sell the standard touring car over here for one hundred and ten pounds, or just around five hundred dollars. There isn't a British car for a thousand dollars that will give the service ours will. I have just helped our man here close the deal for this frontage and a standard Ford building will go up right away, with all of our service and some American pep in putting out the cars. You come to England in two or three years and you will have to step lively or get run over by an American car."

It seemed to us that the price for this property, $15,000 for a hundred feet of frontage, not far from the railroad station was remarkably cheap. Still, one can never tell. Conditions are so different that it is impractical to judge things by our measuring sticks. The motor car industry is surely underdeveloped according to our standards. The garages are small and poorly equipped and if you have trouble it isn't possible to find spare parts at every grocery store. The real obstacle to the growth of the business is of course the high price of cars and gasoline and the inability of the masses to afford motor cars. There are a few British made cars that look smart, but most of them seem a little clumsy, probably because their lines are unfamiliar to us. The English claim that their cars are higher in price because they are better made. They do not see how "mass productior" can result in individual excellence.

ENTERING THE GATEWAY OF WALES

LLANDUDNO, Wales, June 19.—On reaching the land in which my father and mother were born I find myself interested in everything I see, but not thrilled at all by race feeling. When my people emigrated about seventy-five years ago they cut old world ties so completely that their children are as American as if the family had landed from the Mayflower. It is a pleasant thing to mingle with Welsh people and hear their musical language spoken on every side. It will be a great privilege to hear the famous Welsh choirs and to listen to some of the orators who have given the race a place in the affairs of Great Britain. When it comes to Welsh feeling, I find that mine is all connected with pride in blood and not in affection for the country. Nebraska is my home, and I hope always will be. My two brothers who visited Wales before me have had about the same experience.

When my elder brother was at Oxford some years ago he carried with him the curiosity of an American college professor, and tried to find out how the institution was conducted. To his surprise he discovered that nobody knew the origin of some of the funds from which the colleges were supported. Somebody had given lands and money centuries ago. That was all that anybody seemed to know. More surprising still was the fact that nobody seemed to care. At that time, I remember, it seemed to me that my esteemed brother had fallen down on the job of investigator. I was sure that I could find out these things with ease.

I have not reached Oxford yet, but I have tried to unlock some of the secrets of local English history. When I ask the questions that naturally occur to an American I receive almost nothing in reply unless it happens that the questionee is an expert on the subject. The educated Englishman is polite and charming and anx-

ious to give information, but you will floor him in a few minutes if you want to know too many things about British origins. The average man in the street, the common worker, acts as if he didn't know what you are talking about. "I don't know sir" or "I can't rightly say, sir" will be his answer nine times out of ten if you ask him when anything in the neighborhood was built or any institution was founded. At first this seemed downright stupidity. Now I am beginning to understand that it is indifference, coupled with the fact that it is hard to give dates when buildings have been wholly or partially rebuilt several times or when institutions have grown from such small beginnings in remote centuries that nobody can say for sure when they were started. In a country where everything is old nobody cares about dates. When you bring up the subject the average Englishman appears mildly bored. You might as well stick to the books and the professional guides and let it go at that. If you want more than they offer, you are not likely to get it.

One of the distinct surprises on reaching Wales is the amount of Welsh one hears on the streets. I had supposed from the mourning my father did over the decline in the language that Welsh was doomed, and that we would hear it spoken only by old people in the remote districts. But it appears that the present century has seen quite a revival of Welsh feeling and the language is now taught in the schools so generally that young as well as old have command of it. It is likely to live for some time in this part of Wales because there is very little commerce and industry in the whole region. The people are small farmers and quarry men and except in the towns the command of English is of no advantage. In public affairs Welsh is a help, so every ambitious boy and girl who intends to stay in Wales is anxious to write and speak the language.

It is easy to find among Englishmen a disposition to blame Lloyd George for this recrudescence of race feeling among the Welsh. They say that his career as premier had a tendency to make the Welsh cocky and to postpone the inevitable blending of the races and disappearance of the native tongue. They charge him with saying that a Welsh accent is worth some preposterous sum, to a public or professional man. I heard a group of boys talking Welsh in a small village and dipped in to find what they were thinking on the questions of the day. "When my father went to school," one of them said, "he was taught everything in English. When I went to school we were taught in Welsh. That is the law. This is the reason you hear so much Welsh spoken in this part of Wales. In South Wales they speak a mongrel tongue because there are so many foreigners in the coal mines." The youth had been in the war and gave the usual talk about the bad treatment given the British soldier. That is one of the most discouraging things one hears in England. It seems to be common among the ex-service men.

THE SIMPLE COURTESY OF THE BRITISH

BETTWS-Y-COED, Wales, June 20. —We have discovered that the British traveler is the most companionable chap in the world if you do not force your attention upon him. Let him observe you for a time and if he makes up his mind that you have no horns and hoofs he will offer assistance and even companionship. The other morning while we were making our plans for the day in a hotel breakfast room, a young man at an adjoining table spoke up in a friendly fashion offered a few suggestions that increased our pleasure for the day very much. Then we discovered him to be a fisherman who was eager to hear about catching mountain trout in America. Next we found him an enthusiastic golfer who told us in half an hour more about the British golf courses than we could have learned thru personal study in many weeks.

On Sunday evening in the drawing room of a cozy inn in one of the unbelievably beautiful spots to be found in North Wales, we had a similar experience with a cultivated English woman. It was a cold evening and as we drew up to the fire after dinner she apologized for the weather, which she said was unusual for June in the British isles. The ladies in our party responded exactly as if they had been in an American hotel, and for two hours heard a fascinating discussion of English conditions at the present time and of England during the war. We have been seeing war monuments with long lists of the dead in even the tiny villages, but we were hardly prepared for the revelation made by this interesting woman of the shock England has suffered.

While the fighting was going on, of course social activities were largely suspended. Since the armistice there has been very little of the old gayety in her circles. To begin with, nearly everybody in England has lost relatives. In many cases the pain does not heal. We found Dr. Thomas, brother of W. O. Thomas, still suffering from the loss of one of his three sons. Then the matter of expense is serious to all but those who made money during the war. The wealthy have been hit so hard by taxation and other losses that entertaining on the old scale is difficult if not impossible. The increased cost and decreased efficiency of domestic service offers another bar to returning to the old fashioned free hospitality. This lady lives in a large interior city, where many people resort to the hotels for their dinners. But there is hesitancy in accepting even these invitations because of the cost and the obligations involved. So the tendency is to live more simply and to cut all expenses to meet the hard conditions the country must face for many years to come.

For two years during the war this woman hardly tasted butter. She saved every ounce alloted to her and used her influence with her tradespeople to sell her every pound they could induce their customers to give up to be turned over to the soldiers. She visited the military hospital in her neighborhood at least three times a week and spent all the money she could afford on delicacies that were not provided by the government. She told of these and many other services in a simple way, as if it was the universal thing while the war was on for which she personally was entitled to no particular credit. It helped one to understand her conclusion that nothing will be the same again in the lifetime of the people who went thru the struggle.

She showed a lively interest in America, having relatives there. It turned out that she has a married niece in one of the California towns where we have friends. Talk with any intelligent person long enough and some contact of this kind will be disclosed. She was especially interested in education, her husband and son being Oxford men. When we told her that boys and girls attend the schools together in America and of the almost negligible percentage who go to private boarding schools, her well bred astonishment was rather entertaining. She had heard of such things, but could hardly understand what they meant, and asked many questions to confirm our statements about the incomprehensible thing. The idea of sending one's children to a school where all classes go, and where tuition and books and sometimes lunches are furnished free and paid for by taxation strikes the conservative Englishman as being more revolutionary than most of our social departures.

We found the lady's husband as quiet as most Englishmen are, but exceedingly polite and well informed. When he spoke he said something very much to the point. The friendliness of these folks for America was clearly sincere. They were anxious to get our point of view on world questions and to know what our country is likely to do. One of their most emphatic expressions was that misunderstandings between America and Great Britain must never be allowed to rise.

MEETING THE COUSINS IN WALES

LLANBADARN-FAWR, Wales, June 21.—I have just enjoyed the experience of riding over the four miles of highway between Aberystwith and Nantyrhydd which my father walked innumerable times as a boy and a young man; of seeing the house where he was born; of looking over the farm house of Tynn-Coed which my grandfather built when he retired from farming; and of speaking with more than a dozen people who have a recollection of my father as a young man and when he returned to Wales on a preaching and lecturing tour about forty-five years ago. I also looked over the rather long line of graves in the churchyard of Capel Sion where the members of the family rest, and was touched to see that my cousins had given a special inscription to my father, altho he lies buried in Wisconsin, in order, as they told me, that his memory as a Welsh bard and pulpit orator may be kept alive among his own people.

My father and mother were married in 1851 in the Norman church hundreds of years old which stands in this village, a suburb of Aberystwyth, and is still in use by the church of England, with a prospect of becoming a cathedral. They embarked in a sailing vessel for Liverpool, there to take ship for America. It was a great adventure and the whole population went to the water front to see them depart. One or two of the veterans of the district told me that as small children they had watched the sailing ship as it drifted out of Aberystwyth and from the high hills between the town and Nantyrhydd, the home farm, had kept their eyes on it at intervals as it lay becalmed for a full week before it could proceed to Liverpool. My father had not visited Wales since 1878, and yet the number of men and women who said they knew him and had heard him preach was so large as to astonish me.

It is a common American experience to go back to the old home to find most of the old friends scattered or dead after only a few years have elapsed. I had been born in the United States and was making my first visit to Wales, and here I was received by scores of people with the greatest friendliness because of a lively recollection of my father and because of his relatives who still live in the neighborhood to the number of dozens. Family ties are strong among the Welsh. They stay in one place all their lives and their children are inclined to remain in the neighborhood. One of the veterans told me that he had been able to trace my father's family back for three hundred years in the Rheidol Valley and the family of Grandmother Owen even farther. They had been farmers, as a rule, with weaving as a winter industry until the factory system put the cottage loom out of existence. Now and then a member of the clan took to preaching or teaching and occasionally one went to Liverpool or London and engaged in business. In the main they were farmers and sheep and cattle raisers, usually paying rent to the lord of the manor and finding life so hard that religion became their chief interest. It was one great diversion from toil as well as the one thing that kept the people so hopeful of the future life that they were able to bear the privations that fell to their earthly lot. It is no wonder that the owners of the land encouraged it.

Singing has always been an important part of the religious worship of the Welsh people. They developed it to a high point and it now shares with the church the attentions of the population. My father left the farm to become a singing teacher. While he was engaged as a choir master he met my mother, who had a local reputation as a contralto. He wrote extensively for Welsh journals, translated a large number of English hymns and songs into the Welsh, and made a number of preaching and singing pilgrimages among the Welsh of the United States and one such journey thru Wales. This was a reason for the number in the Aberystwyth region who remembered him. I am inclined to ascribe it also to the immo-

bile nature of the people and their willingness to be very generous in giving credit for achievement to the members of their own race.

Whatever the cause I do know that the welcome given by the cousins in Wales was something quite beyond my previous experiences. The family is so new at home that the few second and fourth cousins we have are highly prized relations. Here they are found all over the place. When a funeral occurs the attendance is certain to be large, for this is a duty they rarely neglect. How they distinguish the different members of their families where less than a dozen family names must serve most of the population I never could understand. Now I see that in the country districts they go by the names of their farms as well as by their family tags. My grandfather was "John Jones a Nantryrhydd," which is pronounced "Nantreeth," and means "Harts' Brook." His later home, Tynn-Coed," means "house in the woods."

A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE IN WALES

LLANBADARN-FAWR, Wales, June 22.—Ever since landing in Great Britain we have been hearing of the bad plight of the country, of the amount of unemployment, of crushing taxation. Traveling and seeing the conventional things there is very little of this in evidence. The beauty of the landscapes and the picturesqueness of the towns prevent an American from seeing the underlying social conditions. It all looks so fair that it does not seem possible that anything can be the matter with such a land. It is necessary to go a little slowly and live with the people to gain an idea of the situation. Among our cousins in the vicinity of Aberystwyth we were permitted to see a few things that we would have escaped if we had been with strangers..

The "great house" of this part of Wales is Nanteos, meaning "Nightingale's Brook," a few miles out from the town, set in a large estate and reached by a drive of nearly a mile in length, after passing a lodge done by Inigo Jones. The house, by the same master, is a solid, square building of the Queen Anne style facing a wooded and grassed park of great beauty. It is not open much since the death of Lieutenant Powell, the only son who was killed four days before the armistice, but Cousin Katie Jones decided that we should drive to the place and see if an exception could not be made in our case. Chance favored us. Captain Powell came out at once and told Cousin Katie that we would be most welcome.

I hesitate to write of the two hours we spent at Nanteos, because the privilege was secured thru friendship and many of the things Captain Powell said were of a confidential nature. We were shown the gardens and the house with its imposing rooms and were given the history of many art treasures and unusual relics. This is the house containing what is declared to be the holy grail, which is rarely shown and which we were unable to see because of the absence of its caretaker. Lady Powell returned after we had finished our inspection of the house, and was as warm in her welcome as Captain Powell, and supplemented his offers of hospitality by asking us in the pleasant fashion of the country if we had had our tea. It was a fine afternoon in June, and we were amid the most lovely surroundings in Wales, our host and hostess smiled and talked bravely, we were made very sure of our welcome; and yet we went away so saddened that the ladies declared that they could hardly keep from crying. It was easy to see without being told that the death of the son, who entered the army at nineteen and was killed before he had reached his majority, had left the beautiful and historic estate of Nanteos in darkness.

Captain Powell, erect, sunburned, military, British gentleman and sportsman, intrigued us enormously,

In every gesture, accent and expression he was an English aristocrat, just out of the pages of a modern novel. He pressed the kind of hospitality a man of the world knows most about upon Mr. Hardy and me and was engagingly disgusted to find us without a thirst. Learning that the most he could do for us was to show us his estate he did so with charming courtesy, but with an air showing that he had no pride in his possessions. He was accompanied by scampering fox terriers, their breeding being one of the famous specialties of the place. I asked him about fox hunting and he said that the men of the country can no longer afford it. With genuine British frankness he criticized his own government, adding that owners of estates in Great Britain are "done," "beaten" and "on the road to bankruptcy" because of poor agricultural conditions, heavy expenses and high taxes.

"Does the debt to America have anything to do with it?" I asked.

"I have no complaint to make about that," Captain Powell responded. "The only quarrel I have with you is that you are dry." Then in a serious vein he gave the United States credit for winning the war, coming in after Great Britain, France and Belgium were exhausted, and said that his country and America must always work together for the peace and moral integrity of the world. The English-speaking people he thought have the future of civilization in their hands.

We passed a dog cemetery, where the pets of the family have been buried and honored with headstones for generations. One of the mounds was fresh. The captain patted the grave, spoke the name of his pet, and said very simply: "I wish I had gone before her." Once or twice again he gave expression to a similar sentiment, showing that while the war has not ruined him financially, it has in fact robbed him of everything he cared for, and has made his beautiful estate a mockery to him. Hundreds of thousands of humble homes were smitten in the same way and the fathers and mothers in them are entitled to the same sympathy that goes out to Captain and Lady Powell. That all classes from the highest to the lowest have suffered alike from the war may be written down as a fact.

HARD TIMES BROUGHT BY THE WAR

ABERYSTWYTH, Wales, June 23. —Our thoughts keep going back to Captain and Lady Powell, whose only son, the heir to the great estate of Nanteos, a short distance from here, was killed four days before the ending of the war. Captain Powell explained what he called the raggedness of the place by saying that the fences in front of the house had been put up during the war, the lawn plowed up and the space planted to potatoes, and other crops. Trees to the value of fifty thousand dollars had been cut by the government, and just before the armistice the best specimens in the fine view from the house had been marked by the inspectors for the axe. Recently the grass has been allowed to come back, but of course is not yet in its original beauty.

The restoration of Nanteos is checked by the lack of labor, by the financial burdens of the owner, brought by high taxes, and by the pall that fell over the place when the heir was killed. Captain Powell takes but little interest in the estate now, and even the servants show a lack of zeal in keeping it up. Preparations were already in progress for the festivities that were to be enjoyed when Lieutenant Powell became of age, which would have been three years ago. Now one gardener is at work where there had been six before the war, and the rest of the staff is in the same proportion. The estate is beautiful, thanks to the kindness of the climate of this island, but it is a place of sadness, which cannot be dispelled by the bravery of the British sportsmen, Captain and Lady Powell, who are its only tenants, and virtually the last of two great Welsh families.

What about the men of lower rank, the private soldiers who won the war? Cousin Annie Miller served as a Red Cross nurse and during peace has opportunities not given many to know what is going on. She tells me that there is justification for the complaints one hears on every side about the slowness of the government in doing for the wounded soldiers. There are many cases in every town and village where cripples and invalids are hiding away in poverty and misery, doing what they can to support themselves, and suffering agonies because they are a burden to their relations. The Welsh are peculiarly proud. This reticence does not seem to be so prominent across the English border. The English ex-service man speaks right up about his troubles and curses his government with a frankness that would alarm an American. Cousin Annie gave me chapter and verse of enough cases to convince me that the Welsh service men are suffering from their wounds and disease and unemployment to a degree that shows that we know very little about the real horrors of war. Unemployment is one of the most dreaded things in this crowded country, and when it exists largely as it does now in Wales the effect is felt by the whole community.

I asked particularly about the effect of the war upon the young people. The answer was that there seems to have been no breakdown in the relations of the sexes in Wales. That has been improving for a long period. But there has been a letting down in the general tone of the people. It manifests itself in a decline in century old habits of industry and in a slow but sure departure from the traditional devotion to religion and serious things in general. Cousin Isaac Evans, nearly eighty years old, gave me a discourse on this subject that sounded exactly like the things we hear at home. The young people are losing their respect for authority. They do not obey their parents as they once did. Only a few years ago the Sabbath was looked upon as God's holy day, and was used for serious reflection and attendance upon divine service. Now it is used for pleasure in a way to scandalize deeply religious people. Cousin Isaac could not blame the young people entirely, for he had observed a great decline in the habits of the older ones as well. There are clergymen in Wales who go out after preaching a sermon and walk about to enjoy the air, smoking their pipes and showing every sign that their minds are on bodily comfort rather than on the high things of the spirit.

What they find to be very wicked at I could not discover in my short visit to Wales. They do show some American films and they do take a bit of beer or ale now and then. But in this watering place of Aberystwyth, a city of 8,000 people, they shut everything up as tight as a drum on Sunday. Even on the week days you can't buy a collar button after 8 in the evening. An old woman who sold me some oranges at 10 o'clock at night told me not to tell anybody where I had bought them, as it might make her trouble. The streets are crowded and the marine terrace is full of promenaders day and night, but there seems to be absolutely nothing to do but walk to and fro and smoke and think and watch the gulls. The visitors, mostly English people, come here because it is quiet. The wickedest thing anybody can do here, it seems to a superficial observer, is to stay away from church.

WHERE THE HEREFORD BREED WAS BORN

HEREFORD, Eng., June 24.—We realized the smallness of the British Isles when we drove comfortably over the mountains of Wales after starting from Aberystwyth at 11 o'clock in the morning and finding ourselves in Hereford, England in time for dinner in spite of a delay of nearly three hours caused by tire trouble. Every foot of the journey was full of interest. Leaving the beautiful coast, climbing to bare Welsh hills and then sailing down into the richest part of England was an experience that left

us with new impressions of the beauty and variety of the scenery of England and Wales.

We are nearer home in this inland city than at any time since we left Lincoln. We found people here who talk our language. Seeing the office of a firm engaged in "specializing in grain" we went in and found ourselves very soon in an animated talk with Secretary Franklin of the Hereford chamber of commerce. He had piles of "literature" on his desk advertising Hereford as "the tourist center of the Wye valley" and "the shopping center" of this part of England. On the wall was a colored photograph of the Murphy Hereford herd of Red Oak, Iowa. In the window was a display of American and Argentine corn, laid out in squares with a border of light corn from California. There were jars of wheat and oats on the table. Mr. Franklin knew land values and grain prices and could tell many interesting things about the development of the breed of cattle for which the country is famous.

It appears that thru the centuries different parts of the British Isles have developed different breeds of cattle, sheep and swine, the specialization being due to the difference in water, grass, weather, and the temper of the men who handle them. The best Herefords come from a district not more than twenty miles square. Not all of Hereford county is adapted to the raising of Hereford cattle because the grass is not equally good all over the place. When cattle are exported to other countries the differences in grass and climate and care cause a new form of development of the breed which is often deleterious to the best Hereford qualities. To keep up the strain, animals are exported from here all over the world, the quality and the name giving this small locality a virtual monopoly of the business and greatly adding to its prosperity. They call the place and breed "Hairyford" while we make the name "Hurford."

Mr. Franklin says that the war time boom was felt in Hereford as everywhere else, and that the value of land appreciated very much. When it became necessary to break up the great estates because of high expenses and taxes the renters had to buy or be turned out of their holdings. Many of them bought at the peak of the boom and now find themselves embarrassed to pay the interest on their mortgages. Land at $500 an acre is not called a bargain. The future is a bit uncertain, therefore, altho it is a smiling land, and seems to us to be at the very crest of agricultural prosperity.

We see no grain elevators anywhere here and asked Mr. Franklin to describe the method of marketing produce. He said the man with wheat or oats or barley to sell brings in samples, and the specialists like himself bid on them. The dealer who buys sells to the local millers or to the flour manufacturers in the large centers, usually at the ports where foreign wheat is received and milled. Live stock is sold at fairs where the dealers and farmers gather on regular days and the stuff goes either privately or by auction to the highest bidder. Grain is usually sacked.

We saw a sheep fair on the highlands in Wales the other day, and have run across a number of other fairs at different times on our travels. It looks like a crude method of disposing of the fruits of a farm, but seems well adapted to the temperament of the people. They make the fair a semi-social event and enjoy it just as much as our farmers like to come to town to swap experiences and see the movies. These regular fairs are now being supplemented by special auctions, where furniture and farm implements are offered in great variety. We see big hand bills of these affairs wherever we go, especially in this rich agricultural district. We also see many announcements of sales of freeholds and the sign "To be sold" is fairly common. The people tell us that all this is caused by the hard times. We ran across an auction of old furniture on the Welsh mountains and the ladies were sickened because they had arrived too late to pick up an antique sofa for a few shillings and some solid oak pieces for a pound or so. A special guard must be set over them if we run across any more of these auctions of antique pieces. It won't be hard to find bargains in this country just now but getting them home will be another story.

SLACK TRADE IN A ROYAL FACTORY

WORCESTER, Eng., June 25.—Coming over from Gloucester we made a detour to secure the view from the Malvern Hills and found it well worth the gasoline. There is a great charm in an English landscape with its small and irregular fields, green hedges and wonderful trees everywhere. At Great Malvern cemetery we stopped for a view of the grave of Jenny A. Lind who died at her home on one of the Malvern Hills in 1887 and now lies by the side of her husband, Otto Goldschmidt.

The sexton was working over some flowers in the center of the beautiful place, which is crowded with headstones in the form of white crosses for the most part. I asked him the size and price of the burial plots. Pointing to a grassed space with a white cross in the center he said that it had been sold for a little more than three hundred dollars, with an additional charge of $250 for perpetual care. The rate seemed to me about the same as in Wyuka. Then the sexton casually added that it had been bought for a family of ten, a father, mother, daughter and seven sons. The boys had selected the plot before the war and had made it large enough for ten burials. "Now," he added, "the father and daughter are buried here, and the mother is the only one of the ten left. The seven boys were all killed in the war and are buried on foreign soil."

When we reached Worcester we went directly to the Royal Worcester Porcelain works, leaving the cathedral for later consideration. We were surprised over the amount of hand work and the slowness of the processes. They even had boys operating the treadles running the lathes on which the cups and other dishes are shaped. The half finished ware is carried from room to room on trays balanced on the heads of men. From first to last it is a hand and art process, instead of factory production. We often asked why things were not done by a quicker and more direct method, and were told that it had always been done by hand, and it did not seem best to make a change. There was plenty of time for hand work, in fact, on the afternoon of our visit. Passing thru one of the departments where two operatives were at work and one other was reading a newspaper our guide remarked that the normal number of people in that room was about twenty. "Trade is very bad, sir," he said, "this is a luxury business and it suffers when the people of means feel the pinch of hard times as they are doing now, sir."

A little later a man who had been in the packing department between forty and fifty years told us that he had never in his time seen so little business as the establishment has had recently. The normal complement of employes in the works is about one thousand. The number now employed is barely one-third of that figure. They told us that the United States is still the best customer the company has, but has about given up buying elaborate ornamental pieces. The simpler designs are much favored. The most costly patterns finding a steady market in America are the service plates. The salesmanager admitted that the change indicated a growth in the taste of the people. Some of it he charged to the architects who no longer provide plate rails and other places for the display of expensive decorations of this kind. While we were in the factory, Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey went thru and seemed to be making some extensive purchases in the showroom.

In the evening I wandered alone around the streets of Worcester in the long twilight. A block and a half from our hotel stood a rather large retail liquor establishment, with women and children around its two entrances as thick as flies. It seemed to be near an omnibus station and I concluded that the women were there in such numbers on that account. In other places they seemed less in evidence. They filled the two rooms to the very doors, and stood drinking out of the heavy glasses without much animation. The children remained on the sidekalk, altho some of them stood well within the doors. A number of perambulators with babies in them stood on the side-

walk. As I watched the scene a woman of about forty staggered across the street and held onto a fence for dear life until her bus came along. Several others seemed to be in the same condition. Most of them were poorly dressed and had dull and uninteresting faces. How can so beautiful a country have so many deficient looking people on the streets of a thrifty town in the center of a rich agricultural district? Great Britain has already shown so many contrasts that I am in a prolonged state of amazement.

THE LAND OF SHARP CONTRASTS

WARWICK, England, June 26.—The social and physical contrasts that have been impressing themselves upon our attention ever since we landed in Liverpool were especially notable on the day we left Worcester and came here by way of Stratford-on-Avon. We were lucky enough to be at the birthplace of Shakespeare at the time of a Saturday afternoon regatta on the Avon. If we neglected the bard a bit and devoted ourselves to the gay scenes along the river we will plead in extenuation that it is not every day that one can see a large British crowd giving a day to water sports. We did enough Shakespeare to quiet our consciences and then had a perfectly corking time watching the colorful and lively scenes along the banks of the river near the memorial theater.

As we prepared to leave the town we saw by the side of the road the most unkempt man you can imagine, packing up his small belongings after eating some kind of lunch. Between that point and Warwick we must have seen almost one of these tramps for every mile. We had seen them all day long, usually a man shuffling on alone, but sometimes accompanied by a slatternly woman. Once or twice during the day we had seen women tramps trudging alone. When we started out from Liverpool these people attracted our attention. We made inquiry and found them to be a large and well defined element of the population.

At Tewksbury, one of these specimens came along while I was talking with the officer on point duty near the abbey church. "We call them tramps, sir," he said in answer to my inquiry. "They travel from place to place and stay at the unions all night, doing a bit of work and getting an excuse for a meal in the evening and also in the morning. Bread and cheese it is, sir."

"What is a union?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "we are getting very polite in England. When I was a boy a workhouse was a workhouse. Now it is a union. People may go there for a night, but if they apply at any one union more than once in a month they are arrested for vagrancy. So they walk on to the next place, usually a little more than ten miles away. That makes them vagrants for fair. A poor system I call it, sir."

At Stratford on Avon we had seen great crowds gathered, coming in motor cars and omnibuses, bicycles, motorcycles and sidecars from all over central England. The contrast between these pleasure seeking people and wanderers over the roads is greater than anything we see at home. One reason we do not see them is that our tramps take to the railroad lines while these use the highways. The conduct of some of the members of the Stratford crowds also helped along our feeling that the inequalities here are more serious than at home. It struck us unpleasantly to see so many young girls reclining at almost full length in the punts, with young men at their side, both of them in many cases smoking cigarettes. We become hardened to all kinds of things, and almost enjoy the sight of a rock visaged woman trudging along with a cigarette in her face and a big cane in her hand. Nothing can do her any harm. These young girls in rather scanty clothing are decorative, but it is a pity that they are endangering health and shocking the Victorians at the same time.

The regatta made a beautiful picture and was great fun. We heard about it at the church, where the verger said the races were already on.

"That is what the cheering is about," he explained. We strained our ears expecting to get the sound of some far off college rooting. Then it dawned on us that the races were less than one hundred yards away and that the decorous little sound that came over on the gentle breeze was what the English call cheering. There were boat crews from far and near, with enough partisans of each to rip up the cobblestones with their yells if they had the spirits of a corresponding crowd of Americans. The English don't see why they should expend their energies in that way. A day on the water means white flannels, a punt, a good looking young lady, afternoon tea on the boat or on shore and gentle handclapping over the efforts of the oarsmen. That is for the young man who looks like a collegian, whether he is or not. For the older people the day means a trip to the waterside, an abundance to eat and drink, some heavy sitting in chairs or hired boats along the shore while the band plays and the oarsmen struggle for victory. Then home in motor, cars, char-a-bancs or cycles. Seeing Stratford crowded with visitors and almost the whole population of the town shutting up shop and repairing to the waterside, made us realize for the first time how strong a hold sport has upon the people of this country.

SULGRAVE, A NEW SHRINE FOR AMERICAN VISITORS

OXFORD, England, June 27.—There is another new shrine in England. It is a little off the main lines of tourist travel, but it has so strong an appeal to Americans that it is bound to draw them in steadily increasing numbers. The Sulgrave Institution, organized for the purpose of promoting good relations between Great Britain and the United States, has bought eleven acres of the old estate of the ancestors of George Washington and is converting the ancient manor house and grounds into an international memorial of the first American president. It is reached by bus from Banbury.

The house was originally a home of the monks, who were driven out by Henry VIII. It was purchased by the Washingtons four hundred years ago and converted into a farm house and used until adversity overtook the family. It has been restored and people of both countries are filling it with articles connected with the history of Washington and the period when the ancestors of George Washington lived there. The coat of arms of the family, carved over the entrance door, shows three stars and below them some stripes, indicating where the American flag may have had its origin. The beautiful garden, the interesting old house, the art treasures that are beginning to collect there and the associations of the place make it second in interest only to Mt. Vernon, Virginia, to one who is interested in the history of the Washington family. Like the Lady Lever memorial at Port Sunlight it will be double starred in the British guide books of the future.

Arriving at Oxford in the evening we went out after dinner to find Woodson Spurlock, a Rhodes scholar sent from the university of Nebraska, a son of our old time friends, Judge and Mrs. Geo. M. Spurlock of York. Only a block or so from the hotel we ran across the first of the handsome ancient square buildings of scholastic architecure. It turned out to be Lincoln college. Across a narrow alley was Exeter, the college we wanted. Entering the main gateway we found ourselves facing a velvety turf in the court. A few young men in black gowns were standing about. I stopped the first one who came along and craved assistance. He was a handsome, well set up young fellow, who was all kindness at once. Would I please give him the name of the man I was seeking? Quite so. No, he was not acquainted with him, but would find where he lived. Going into the office he came back quickly and led us to the proper stair and far enough up to ascertain that the occupant of the room was not at home. Then we returned to the quadrangle and my

guide asked help from some other students. In a moment young Spurlock was pointed out to us half way across the court. All this was done in the simplest and easiest way imaginable. and without any exaggerated show of courtesy to a blundering stranger.

Greetings and Nebraska remembrances over, we were shown the "hall," which is one of the distinctive features of Oxford life. It is a stately dining room, with a vaulted and timbered roof, a huge fire place, stained glass windows, and oil portraits on the lofty walls. The men sit at long tables, with the officials at the "high table" to see that the traditions of the college are preserved. There are no regular seats, each man sitting where he likes. The dinner hour is half past seven. It is the only meal of the day taken "in hall." Breakfast, luncheon and tea are served in the rooms, special servants being provided to bring in anything the student may select from the menu of the day.

We then went to Mr. Spurlock's sitting room on the third floor, with a bedroom opening from it. It is simply but comfortably furnished. The college provides the staple things and the men must bring in their own articles for personal use. We had so many questions to ask about the life and the differences between Oxford and Nebraska that it was nearly ten o'clock when we climbed down the narrow stair and thru the stone paved passage way to the quadrangle. There an aged warder of some kind stopped our student friend and asked if he did not know it was against the rules for ladies to remain in the rooms after 9 o'clock. Mr. Spurlock said that he did not know it. "You had better read the rules," said the mild looking ogre as he opened the door for us. We sincerely hope that Mr. Spurlock will not be fined a pound or two because he was too much of a gentleman to turn us out at curfew time.

TRYING TO UNDERSTAND OXFORD

OXFORD, England, June 28.—To our relief Woodson Spurlock, the Nebraska Rhodes scholar was not fined for permitting two ladies, friends of his mother, to remain in his quarters after 9 o'clock at night. The head porter was a little acrimonious the next morning but finally decided that under the circumstances he could afford to wink at the transgression. That left the young man free to accompany us on a tour of the most interesting colleges and to try to make our obstinate minds take in the full meaning and significance of the Oxford system.

To understand Oxford it is necessary to wipe out from one's mind everything he knows about American universities. Think of about two dozen independent groups of from 100 to 300 men living in quaint old lodgings in the form of a quadrangle with a grassed court in the center and often wonderful gardens and lawns stretching out for a considerable distance behind. Each one of these places is a college. It may have no class rooms at all. The men live there and are subject to the discipline of the dons who form the governing body. The student chooses what he shall study, and pursues his work under the general direction of a don, who meets him once or twice a week and gives him general directions as to the best way of shaping his course and spending his time.

The man does his reading at any time he chooses, attends as many lectures as he wishes and finally comes up before the examining board of the university, which is a clearing house for the colleges, and if he passes receives his degree. Some of the misunderstanding of Oxford arises from the fact that the students are in residence only three terms of eight weeks each in the year. They have two vacations of six weeks each and the long vacation from June to October which they are expected to use in travel and study. In fact they are not allowed to remain in Oxford during vacations unless they are given special permission. During the regular terms they are really preparing for their work by making notes, collecting library material, attending

such lectures as they need and getting the benefit of intellectual friction with professors and other students. In these twenty-four weeks they are able to do considerable loafing every afternoon. The fact that their idleness is public while much of their hard work is done privately and often in some obscure places in England or on the continent, leads to an impression that the Oxford man is a trifler in very many cases. The story we get here is that while there are enough wasters to give some color to the charge, the great majority do hard word and fairly earn their degrees.

While the Oxford student is given more intellectual freedom than the American student he is subject to more physical restraint. Customs differ in different colleges. They are fairly uniform however in requiring the men to spend at least a part of their period of attendance in residence in the college where they are subject to the observation of the porters, dons and the proctors. Those who live in "digs" outside are also subject to the same sort of discipline, which in some respects is rather severe. A man may not drink in a public house. He may not walk with a member of the opposite sex, unless she be a relative or has established herself to the satisfaction of the authorities. A man may not leave the college after the gates are closed at night, and may not come in after the closing hour without paying a fine, ranging from three pence to a shilling for tardiness before midnight and a pound or two for a later arrival. There are rules until the undergraduate cannot rest, and if he disregard them he is subject to many penalties, ultimately being suspended for a period or "sent down" permanently if he shows a recalcitrant spirit. Woodson Spurlock had registered to leave Oxford on the day we arrived. In order to show us the place he postponed departure for twenty-four hours. For this kindness he was obliged to call upon his tutor and explain. It was permitted that he remain over another day with the definite understanding that he would be gone when the time expired. He could not dine with us in the evening because he had not made arrangements for his absence from the regular hall dinner, which every man must attend a certain number of times each week. If these notes happen to catch the eye of the parents of this Rhodes scholar they may feel cheered over the evident good health and spirits of the young man, and the proof we received on every hand that he is making good use of his time.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STUDENTS COMPARED

OXFORD, England, June 29.—We reached this university town at the beginning of "commemoration week," which follows the examinations and roughly corresponds to an American commencement. The hotels and streets are crowded and an air of subdued gayety manifests itself. So far as an outsider can see the chief events of the week are a series of balls given by the colleges. On Monday night four of these were held. We found entertainment in watching the young people arrive, in looking them over and comparing them with our own students, and in gazing thru the open doors of the colleges upon the scene on the dancing floor temporarily laid over the grass of the quadrangles and protected by brightly colored marquees.

These special preparations make the balls expensive beyond anything we know at home. The tickets usually cost at least $10 per person and $7.50 for each chaperon. By the time the carriage and flowers are paid for and other things are looked after, the bill runs up to thirty dollars at least for each couple. In defense of these costs it is pointed out that a college gives a ball only once in about three years and the total spent for parties is much less than with us.

The Oxford man customarily goes about bare headed. It was not so surprising, therefore, to see numbers of young men in full evening dress, without hat or overcoat, walking in splendor on the streets accompanied by ladies, with light wraps over their

ball costumes. The carriages began arriving at 9:30 and came in a stream for nearly an hour. Perhaps one third of the people walked. The music was largely jazz, done by excellent bands from London. By 10 o'clock the floors were full, presenting a beautiful sight. Aside from the canvas roof and the romantic surroundings it was an exact duplicate of a big prom at the University of Nebraska. The dancing lasted in most cases until 6 o'clock in the morning, plenty of refreshments from the buffet sustaining the dancers thru the long night.

The report of the Nebraska investigating committee is that the men at these dances are as well set up as the boys at home and have more ease of manner. Considering the conditions surrounding them, the contrast is not so great as one would expect. The girls, who had come from distances to attend these functions, looked very lovely, but not a bit prettier than middlewestern Americans. If there is any difference our girls wear their clothes a little better. The differences between England and America we were able to observe were on the whole less striking than the resemblances. We could readily imagine ourselves watching a University of Nebraska party so long as we kept our eyes on the dancers. When we looked at the surroundings we could realize easily enough that we were 4,000 miles from home.

Some of the girls staying at our hotel returned from the dance soon after 6 o'clock the next morning. We can hardly credit it, but the clerk at the desk said they went out for a walk while waiting for breakfast. The colleges are much visited during the week by mothers and sisters and others who are being shown about by college men, some of them a bit sleepy and others very much wide awake. It is a surprise to one visiting Oxford for the first time to see how freely people are admitted to the colleges. The gates stand open during the day and one may wander anywhere without being questioned. At 9 o'clock at night "Big Tom," the bell in the Christopher Wren tower in Christ church strikes 101 strokes and the gates close, to the regret of undergraduates who are caught outside without an adequate excuse. In the late evenings, therefore, there is nothing for the men to do but read and collect in their rooms for highly intellectual converse. They don't play cards and can't get out to go to dances or to see the movies. The American pastime of calling on young ladies is severely frowned upon by all Oxford. So what can a man do at night but work?

DETAILS OF MOTORING IN ENGLAND

OXFORD, England, June 30.—We have just finished nearly one thousand miles of motoring in northern and western England and Wales, and are sending the car back to Liverpool. It has been a great comfort and has saved us much time and perhaps some money. In London where we go next it cannot be used to advantage, and with much regret we are giving it up. The cost of a good looking limousine with ample room for four inside, an extra seat on the front and space on top for hand baggage has been thirty-one pounds a week, plus the board of the driver. We find at the end of our experience that the car has cost us not very much more than we would have paid for railroad fare, taxi service, tips for handling baggage and so forth. Counting the time saved and the enjoyment it gave it was undoubtedly a good investment. Many of the places we visited easily could not have been seen without great trouble without a car.

We had thought of buying a light car and driving it ourselves, selling it on leaving the country. That could have been done a few years ago, but we are certain that it is not feasible now in England. The left hand drive will be almost certain to bring trouble, and the curving roads are so distracting that the man at the wheel could hardly glance at the scenery. As the traffic on the country roads grows

it will be increasingly difficult for an American to drive without disaster. A man who went over on our boat had planned to have his boy, a fine driver, take the wheel in England. He gave it up, believing that the whole family would be killed if he carried out his original intention.

The secondary roads in England are only wide enough for one vehicle. The primary roads carry a heavy load of traffic, especially in the neighborhood of the large cities. The automobiles are not yet one quarter as thick as they are in America. There are more trucks, while great flocks of char-a-bancs are now chasing all over the British Isles carrying travelers and joy riders in every direction. You look over the beautiful landscape, and bring your eyes back to the road only to discover that a huge omnibus as big as Noah's ark is bearing down upon you at a sharp clip, carrying from twenty to forty people on holiday bent, and persistently holding what seems to be the wrong side of the road. Our driver unconsciously went to the left, because he had been driving cars thru the war and ever since His subconscious mind did the business. An American driver could keep to the left under ordinary circumstances, Let an emergency arise, or let his mind wander just a little bit, and the result would be a grand smash. One could buy a car and run it all summer himself at light cost if it were not for the left hand drive and the fact that there is not as much straight road in all England as there is between Lincoln and Hastings. It would be murder to make the attempt.

Cars and gasoline are almost twice as costly in England as in the United States. The pay of the driver is less, and he is content with modest rooms and meals. Motoring in the British Isles is a luxury which can be indulged in for only short periods by people of modest incomes. It is possible to make a car pay by so organizing the tour that it will be in constant use to save railroad and taxi fare and the handling of suit cases. We found that we could keep it going pretty steadily without exceeding the 500 miles which is the limit one is allowed for thirty-one pounds. After that is reached a charge of twenty-five cents a mile is made. We went everywhere we cared to go, drove around in every town we wished to inspect, and had no extra mileage to pay except for sending the car back from Oxford to Liverpool.

It will not do to overlook the millions of bicycles and the thousands of motor cycles that flock all over the English roads. Everybody seems to ride one or the other. The people cannot afford automobiles while bicycles are good and inexpensive and cost almost nothing for upkeep. The most annoying thing met on the road is the roaring motor cycle, which often has a side car or "wife killer." These machines run like the mischief and you are encountering them in the most unexpected places. They seem to spring right out of the hedges and act as if they intended to hit your radiator in the center. It is most disconcerting. We finally avoided heart trouble by giving our driver a full vote of confidence and letting him just graze the oncoming cars by half an inch or so while we looked at the landscape, which for pure pastoral beauty probably has no equal in the world.

To recapitulate for the benefit of those interested in the subject: It cost us $375 for a first-class Wolseley car and an unusually competent and careful driver, for two weeks during which the car was at our command day and night. This included a cost of about $30 for sending the car back and $15 gratuity for the driver. It added, as has already been explained, very little to the cost of our journey. If it seems high, remember that traveling is now costly in England. The old cost schedules are hopelessly out of date.

THE GOOD AND BAD IN ENGLISH HOTELS

OXFORD, England, July 1.—During our first three weeks in Great Britain we have been entertained by all sorts of hotels, from the princely Adelphi at Liverpool to country inns as much as three hundred years old. We have not encountered one that gave us extreme distaste. The smells that one associates with a poor hotel at home are almost wholly lacking. This is due it seems to me, to the solid nature of the buildings and the habit of using much elbow grease and soap and water upon them. Go down before 8 o'clock in the morning in a good hotel in a city and you will find charwomen on their knees all over the place.

The contrast between the looks of a hotel and the comfort it gives may be very great. The roof may carry moss, the walls may peel with age and the furniture may be ancient and yet the place be entirely comfortable. That is, in warm weather. Nothing can be entirely comfortable here when winter lingers until midsummer. There is central heat in only a few hotels in England. When it becomes really cold an American often freezes stiff in front of the little fires they build in the tiny grates. We shiver in the clamminess of linen sheets when they give us these of fine quality. The old warming pan is needed clear up to the first of July this year.

Nearly all of the hotels we have visited have women clerks. Many have women managers. The head porter does much of the work of an American hotel clerk. Like the concierge on the continent he stands at the door, sees everybody who enters, answers questions and attends to all sorts of small offices. With a man on that job the work of a clerk can easily be done by a careful girl. The door man is important because the lobby is a mere passage way. The public is not supposed to use a hotel as a general club. You go into it much as if it were a private residence. You state your business at the door and if the person you want to see is not there you go away unless the door man invites you to sit down and wait. A small coin properly invested will secure the minor facilities of the house for you, but you never walk in and act as if the house belongs to you without even registering or spending a dime in the place, as is so often done with us.

English hotels, like English homes, have a crowded if not a cluttered appearance. They crowd in all the furniture they can stick into a public room and fill in the odd spaces and the walls with pictures and statues and other adornments. There is no standard of arrangement, naturally, for the houses have been built in different periods for three hundred years. Strictly modern plans are rare. We have seen good hotels where they carry the food in thru the hall used by the guests. Where they shine is in cleanliness and the ready and willing nature of the service.

For a time the cooking in these English hotels seems admirable and the meals appetizing. At the end of a few weeks the unending procession of mutton, boiled potatoes and gooseberry tarts made us feel like crying out loud at every dinner time. We can't understand why so great and clever and clean a people are not able to make a few tiny changes in their standard menu now and then. They cannot do it. It seems to be forbidden by the constitution. The whole system is frozen into rigidity. American visitors may pray and curse but the cooks remain adamant. They can't or won't make good coffee. They can't make a pie without filling it with meat, preferably weal and 'am. The theory that a tart is pie is widely held, but is a mortal error. It isn't pie, that is all. The fact is that the entente between the English speaking people is going to be strained awfully unless the cooks over here learn to prepare potatoes in some way besides boiling them. I might say something about their cold toast and the hideous habit of drinking tea for breakfast, but my emotions forbid.

With all of their absence of convenience the English hotels are expensive. We have been spending about five dollars a day for each person, even in the country inns. The difference be-

tween the charges in a small and a large hotel is no longer as great as it used to be. Between Liverpool and London we ranged around for almost a thousand miles and visited all sorts of cities and towns and villages and country inns. At the best hotel in Chester, a city as large as Lincoln, we found that they had one room with a bath, and that was taken. The rest have a huge common bath tub which you may use for about a shilling. I wonder if there is a shower in Great Britain.

WE AT LAST GO UP TO LONDON

LONDON, July 2.—This is London. We celebrated our arrival with a joyous dinner with Judge and Mrs. T. C. Munger, just ready to complete their journey around the world, and Dr. George E. MacLean, who preceded Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews as chancellor of the University of Nebraska. After dinner we gathered in the hotel lounge, but some of us thoughtlessly laughed out loud and most of the business on that floor stopped and our British cousins paused in their silent meditation and looked at us in astonishment. We took the hint and went up to Judge Munger's room and made ourselves comfortable before a coal fire while we learned about the fun of circumnavigating the globe. We got the fire by promising to take up a collection to pay for it, but finally went away amid such a storm of adieux that we conveniently forgot it. Mr. and Mrs Munger left very early the next morning to take a steamboat train for home. They didn't really need to go so early, but probably wanted to be on the safe side. We charged everything we had up to the time of their departure to their bill.

Dr. MacLean tells us that Judge Munger received every attention from the British bench. The judges asked him to sit with them in a number of cases, and he was obliged to decline several week-end invitations because of his early departure. Judge Dickens, descendant of the novelist, was especially courteous and explained why the London judges come into court carrying bouquets and have flowers on their desks and petals scattered over the floor. The custom began during the black death, when it was believed that the odor of flowers would ward off the plague. It has been kept up ever since because this is England.

On the second day we enjoyed another dinner with Miss Alice Howell and Miss Walton. Miss Howell had finished her study of the London theaters and was leaving the next day for Paris. She had paused in New York long enough to see the best things there. Her decision is that at the present time the London offerings are less attractive than those on the other side.

Hearing that the jazz band from the University of Nebraska was playing at the Coliseum, the leading music hall of Great Britain, we spent the same evening there. It is a large and resplendent house with a huge revolving stage and a long program made up of about what we would call Orpheum headline acts. They smoke all over the house and the gentlemen adjourn quite frequently for refreshments. The doors stood wide open and anybody could pass at will. I figured it out that they sell the house out for every performance and the seat checks serve to prevent imposition. Here as all over England, women and girls staff the whole front of the house. You pay high prices for seats and a sixpence for your program and perhaps a copper tip in addition. In return you get a snappy show, a comfortable chair, a place to put your feet and your cigar ashes, and they will let you scratch a match and light up in the most tense scenes.

We didn't feel particularly hilarious to find the jazz band on the program as "The Collegians from the University of Nebraska, U. S. A.," but it wasn't anything to blush over. The seven boys came swinging in on the revolving stage, equipped with two grand pianos and a variety of instruments. They did a spirited act, very much better than ordinary jazz, putting in just enough of that to interest

the audience, which wasn't exactly made up of highbrows. They are developing a class of music of their own, taking a well known piece like the Hoffman "Barcarole" and giving it a twist that makes it quite fascinating. The boys had a "bad spot" on the bill, the closing number, but we noticed very few people going out and the applause was generous.

When we met the boys in their dressing room soon after they had finished they were so hungry to hear from home that they fairly fell on our necks. They have been playing in London steadily since November, mostly for dancing clubs and for private entertainments. They have had two weeks at the Coliseum, which is unprecedented and have also appeared at other prominent houses. But they are beginning to be homesick. "Boys," I asked, "have you been able to find any boiled potatoes in England?"

"Wow," they yelled in unison, "and cabbage!" Then they all began talking at once. They had found a place in London where you can get real coffee. And waffles. And there is a place where they know how to make pie. It was a quarter past eleven before the exchange of gossip was over. We wouldn't have finished then but the boys had a club engagement at 11:30, which would keep them until 3 o'clock in the morning. They are practically all fraternity men. They are Harold Peterson, Gayle Grubb, E. G. Cressell, George Daugherty, Bob LeRoy, Morrell DoRan and Floyd Schultz. They are an attractive looking bunch.

WHERE THEY MAKE ROYALTY USEFUL

LONDON, July 3.—This is London. We have found that it won't do to rush the old lady. It's best to settle down and rest and look things over before trying to learn much about this amazing collection of villages. We were fortunate in having been introduced to the London problem by Judge Munger who left us his maps and guide books and directions about the things that must be done to unlock the mysteries of getting about these crooked streets. We were also doubly forunate in having Chancellor MacLean as guide and counselor. He has taken us personally to a number of places and meetings where we were able to see the Briton gamboling on his native heath. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have also spent many weeks here at different times, and know as much about getting around the place as some of the natives.

Dr. MacLean's position as head of the American University Union in Europe, British division, made it possible for him to introduce us at once into interesting educational affairs. The first was a pageant and tea at Bedford college for women one of the large number of institutions that make up the sprawling university of London. It was favored with the attendance of Princess Mary, daughter of the king and queen, whose marriage a year or two ago was so fully published. As we reached the college we saw for the first time what royalty means to the British. The street near the college entrance was crowded with men and women, come for the purpose of catching a fleeting glimpse of the princess. It was an orderly and unmistakably eager crowd.

Inside the gates as many people had gathered as could comfortably witness the outdoor performance of "Pelleas and Melisande" done very well by professional and amateur actors and put on at a high price, which was justified by the quality of the acting but was in reality put across by the presence of royalty. The princess, welcomed by the usual strains from the red coated band, was received with much ceremony by the head of the college and walked down a lane with her small retinue. The people ranged themselves along the ropes and watched the young woman in black carrying a large bouquet walk along bowing right and left and looking as if doing her duty wasn't a particularly hard job. Twice she

stopped to shake hands with ladies outside the ropes. These dropped deep curtsies, and appeared to be engulfed in happiness. A special seat on the front row was occupied by the royal party, and it attracted quite as much attention for an hour and a half as the performance. Photographers flocked around shooting the princess as she walked from her car and taking snaps at intervals all the afternoon. American newspaper picture hounds couldn't be more persistent.

I believe that the ladies in our party watched the princess as closely as the English people. For myself, I saw nothing but a wholesome looking young woman with a good complexion going thru a duty that had been carefully arranged in advance, because it was felt by the authorities that it would be a good thing to raise some money for the college. It was more interesting for me to watch an Engglish crowd and to meet a few of them at the tea following the play. We met a woman professor, attractive and rather young, who said that of all her male relatives and of all the men of her acquaintance, only two had survived the war. One of these lost an arm.

At Bedford we learned something about the intensity of the feminists of Great Britain. The oposition to what is here called "female education" has been so old and stupid and immovable that women of advanced ideas can be excused for showing temper when the subject is mentioned. It is good fun to bait American ladies on the failure of co-education and the futility of attempting to force sex equality in school affairs. It isn't best to try it here. I started something along that line at Bedford, and was blinded by the fireworks. It is a real question among a large section of English women. They talk furiously about the advantages their brothers have at Oxford and Cambridge and the impossibility of securing anything worth while after leaving the private schools.

We get testimony from various sources concerning the need of better training for the young women of this country. Young Americans who have mixed with them say that the average girl of seventeen to twenty over here "doesn't know anything." Seeing her on the trains, in the hotels and on the streets, we are just now inclined to put her down as a little inferior to her American cousin, class for class, just as we put the British college man above the American in ease of manner, courtesy, breadth of view and ability to be silent when he has nothing to say. This opinion is of course, subject to hourly revision.

GLIDING OVER THE STREETS OF LONDON

LONDON, July 4.—This is London. It is also the Fourth of July, but as I am writing early in the morning, notes on a British celebration of our Independence day must be postponed. We have now been visiting London for several days and find her fully up to the advance notices. We like the old lady. She is wrinkled, serene, motherly, unhurried. She doesn't know we are here, and yet she takes good care of us. London is the biggest city in the world, but she doesn't roar. Since she put on rubber tires and smoothed her streets with wooden blocks and asphalt, only a hum arises from the rivers of traffic. Even in the rush hours, when the double decked busses fill the streets from end to end and almost from curb to curb, nobody loses his temper. We haven't yet been commanded to "step lively". Everybody takes his time. This morning an American lady asked the elevator man in our hotel if he could wait while she went back to her room. "Thank you," he said, "I have until half past eight o'clock tonight." That is the spirit of London. Only he didn't say "Thank you." What he said was "cue."

When the bus man takes your fare he says "cue." When a man opens a door for you he says "cue." It is

the most common ejaculation you hear on the British Isles. Next is "I'm sorry," shortened to "sorry." Bump a man on the street. "'Sorry" he says, and goes on. The waiter drops a fish in your lap. "Sorry." That settles the account. Really, tho, there is precious little chance of having an awkward servitor spill food in your lap or pour a cup of coffee down your neck. The people who wait on you are trained to the minute, and the things they are "sorry" for are so trifling that an American would hardly notice them. There is just a hint of servility in some cases. More often the attitude of the waiter, the chambermaid and the porter indicates a genuine wish to help you. How much the tipping system has to do with that I cannot say.

The great out door sport of the visitor in London is riding on the upper deck of the omnibuses that pour thru the streets in an endless flood. We haven't yet learned where they stop. That is a secret the English keep for their own use. We just wait around until we see the number we want and then chase the thing until it is held up by the traffic and we pile on. Climbing up a tiny circular stair we take seats on the top and sit in comfort while the London panorama glides by. We see well known streets and famous names on signs, and queer irregular buildings. Around us are English people who pay no attention to us or to anybody, but are courtesy itself if we ask for information. On the sidewalks are swarms of people, moving without haste, talking without nervousness and all knowing exactly where they want to go and what they want to do. The conductor comes around at intervals carrying a board of tickets and asking for fares by thanking the passengers. You tell him where you want to go, "Cue," he says, taking your penny for a journey of a mile or so, and more for longer distances. He punches the ticket for the proper place and you carry it in your hand until you dismount. Then you throw it on the pavement. The streets are littered with these little card boards. It is one of the few untidy habits the English have.

The ways of the streets are a fascinating study. You follow a well known thorofare as it curves around. Suddenly you are on some other street as the signboard attests. You don't know when or why the change was made. On the second day I secured the address of the Associated Press, No. 24, Old Jewry, and started out on a bus to pay my respects. As we climbed Ludgate Hill I appealed to the conductor. He pointed toward the left and said the Old Jewry was "somewhere along there." I wandered for half an hour in the maze. I got into Gutter Lane and Bread Alley and Paternoster Row. Some of the men I asked said they had heard of the Old Jewry but didn't know where it was. Now and then a policeman would point and say it was in Cheapside, one of the left hand turnings. At last I found it, a narrow lane about 400 feet long, with few numbers and almost no signs on the houses. After reaching the Old Jewry it took me ten or fifteen minutes in that tiny place to find the Associated Press offices. "You did your best to hide," I said to Manager Collins, "but I found you." The shyness of some of these London business firms intrigues me. They stick themselves off in back alleys or blind closets, without numbers or signs, as if they didn't want to be bothered by visitors trying to do business. I always thought they slandered the Englishman when an American told him that they had a sign in New York carrying fifty thousand electric lights. "But I say old chap," the Englishman protested, "wouldn't that be rather conspicuous, you know." After seeing London I am prepared to believe that he said it.

SEEING THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN REPOSE

LONDON, July 5.—I started out with a refusal to make up my mind about anything in England in less than six weeks. In one-half of that time I am about to pronounce judgment to the effect that such greatness as this country possesses springs from the twin facts that the women

don't bother with fashion while the men don't care a straw what anybody else thinks so long as they are satisfied they are doing the right thing. These qualities give the British people the poise, the repose, that makes them formidable in competition.

Three times in the first week of our stay in London we were able to see considerable numbers of the people in their social activities. The Bedford college pageant and tea was virtually a public affair, altho admission was by ticket only. On the next day the Victoria league, an educational conference, was entertained at one of the great houses in Carlton terrace, which was loaned for the purpose. Dr. MacLean was able to introduce us. We found the house, with its great apartments especially designed for entertaining, a source of unending fascination. When the place was full of British educators, large numbers of them from the colonies, the scene was of double interest.

On the following day we accompanied Dr. MacLean on a little visit he was making to the home of a friend, Sir Israel Gollancz, who lives at Melrose, Shoot-up-Hill, London, and has just returned from a visit to Columbia university, New York, where he lectured on English literature. It was the regular afternoon of Lady Gollancz, and dozens of friends dropped in for tea while we were there. Dr. MacLean read an inscribed address to the host, welcoming him on his return from America and expressing the pleasure of the faculty of the University of London in having him back again. The simplicity of this little ceremony was one of its great charms. Standing in the midst of the group, Sir Israel told of his visit to America, where he said he had seen wonderful things and had been almost killed by kindness. Then the guests were taken to the studio of Lady Gollancz in the garden and were surprised to find there a large, newly finished oil portrait of Dr. MacLean in his full academic robes. He wears his American doctor's gown, the hat of the University of Manchester, and the red hood from the University of Wales. It shows him in the full vigor of his seventy years, and makes an exceedingly handsome painting. It was done at the behest of members of the faculty of the University of London. Its ultimate destination is not known, but assuming that it will naturally go to some of the American universities served by Dr. MacLean, Mr. Hardy put in a formal request for it from the Nebraska Art association, to become a part of the collection housed by the university.

We have met people in educational rather than social circles thus far, and, of course, will not have an opportunity to penetrate the social holy of holies. Yet they say these folks are all a good deal alike in the simplicity of their manner and the ease with which they wear poor clothes and are able to stand around in perfect content in a crowded room without saying a word to anybody, if it so happens that the tide of conversation has passed them by for a moment. An American under such circumstances will fly around to find somebody else to talk to. An American woman will be on pins and needles for fear she will be stranded in a big gathering. The English people apparently don't give a hang about such things. They stand quietly or move about casually, talking or keeping silent just as they please. When they talk they are interesting. Introductions are not considered necessary as a preliminary to conversation.

What I like about them particularly is their indifference to their own appearance. Some blemish or peculiarity that would drive an American woman into social hiding will be carried around by an English woman without the slightest sign of hesitation or apology. A man looking as if he had stepped out of Dickens will enter a room with confidence, be received without a sign of surprise over his appearance, and if he really belongs there will become a part of the scenery in a few minutes so completely that you forget how funny he looked when you first saw him. Compared with these settled, self confident, reposeful people we are nervous amateurs. One of the first sights we saw at Liverpool was two middle aged men dining together at a small

table and saying almost nothing during the meal. They were contented and quiet. If they had something to say, they said it softly. If not, they were silent and perfectly at their ease.

THE PAGE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE ABBEY

LONDON, July 6.—Probably we saw more Americans in one group at the unveiling of the tablet to Walter Hines Page in Westminster abbey than we will again see on this side. Great crowds of them gathered before the abbey for a long time before the doors were opened and we had a good opportunity to look them over. I had always wondered why Americans can usually spot each other and why the natives can pick us out nine times out of ten with the greatest ease. After receiving a few points on differences between English and American styles I began to see why it is not hard to separate the nationalities. There is a certain air that marks an American woman. It is the way she gets herself up, the style she puts in the wearing of her clothes. If she becomes very pronounced in her appearance she is likely to be put down as French. If she is very sensible in her clothes and simple and unassuming in her manner she may be marked down as English. Using the ordinary tests I judged that about one half of this great audience was American.

It was a wonderfully impressive service. The credit given to Ambassador Page and to the American people for the decision of the war by the dean of itself made this a notable occasion. Add to it the processional of church dignitaries, choristers and political leaders; chant a special service of the church of England as the twilight of a grey afternoon is setting over the aisles of the abbey; hear two thousand British and American people sing "God Save the King" and "My Country, 'tis of thee;" It is not often that people are stirred as they were that afternoon, stolid Englishmen and blase Americans alike falling under the spell of the place, the ceremony and recollections it brought to life.

We were all so much moved by the ceremony that during the evening I wrote a few lines of appreciation and started out to leave it at the Times office. In England you write to the Times when you are indignant over any public matter and also when you are very much pleased. That is the current jest, at any rate. Finding the Times was a good deal less simple than it appeared. The first bobby I applied to said that it was right at the bottom of Kingsway, only a few minutes' walk from the hotel. There was a Times office down there all right, but it was the Sunday Times, which has no connection whatever with the Thunderer. The next policeman I applied to after passing that place said "Right ahead, sir, in Fleet street." That was encouraging, and I went for blocks, with no sign of the office. A messenger boy cheered me with the statement that it was just ahead, to the left. That turned out to be the Anglican Times, also independent of the real thing. Two other policemen and a messenger in the office of the Telegraph and a porter in a back alley finally brought me to my destination, which was a long way from Fleet street, several "turnings" in fact, and two or three dodges down almost dark and empty alleys. That is the way you find things in London. It is so many turns to the left, a turn to the right, and then straight ahead. "You cawn't miss it." But a stranger misses it so often that he finally writes down the address and hails a taxi. That is the reason there are so many cabbies in London. They fly around the streets at all hours of the day and night. Clap your hands or shout and a cabby swings up to you in a jiffy. I entered to find two boys in charge of a small and rather dingy office. They took my note and said they would sent it right up. It appeared in the morning to close the Times account of the Page exercises.

If there were more Americans at the Page memorial in the Abbey than we are likely to see at any one time

in England, it should be added that the Fourth of July reception given by Post Wheeler, representing Ambassador Harvey, brought out still more bearing the appearance of wealth. The affair was given in Lansdowne house, the home of Mr. Selfridge, who went over from Chicago years ago to show the London people how a department store ought to be run. It is a princely palace. Everybody who could secure a ticket was present. Our ladies were torn between a desire to look at the people and a wish to see the house. A stream of people passed thru for two hours. The refreshment tables in the court yard were surrounded by a polite but earnest company all of the time. The lavishness of the English in providing refreshments is continually surprising us. Here they had a large staff of men helping the guests with a solid tea and keeping the plates of sandwiches and cakes and the urns of iced tea, coffee, hot tea, lemonade and other Volstead drinks constantly replenished.

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON AT WORK IN LONDON

LONDON, July 7.—By good fortune I happened to call on "Pussyfoot" Johnson in his office in Fleet street on the morning after his arrival from America and saw the London newspaper men interview, photograph and misrepresent him. They did the latter almost as competently as if he had been in New York. It was my first view of British journalists in action and it was a privilege to sit on a front seat and enjoy the show. The first man on the job differed from an American newspaper man in several respects. He was mature, clever, and pugnacious. He wrote out his questions and the answers in short hand. His article was headed when it appeared "Some Posers for Pussyfoot." and contained suggestions by the reporter that his replies were "not convincing." An American reporter would have asked more questions, would have argued less, and would in most cases have written up the article with much less ability. The comment would have been reserved for the editorial page on almost any well conducted American paper.

Half a dozen reporters appeared at intervals during the morning, some of them accompanied by photographers who snapped the prohibition worker in his office or asked him to take a walk on Fleet street where he could be taken in natural attitudes. It must be said for Mr. Johnson that he handled himself admirably in these interviews. He returned a laughing reply to the questions that were intended to trap him, and refused to consider the case of the ship liquor in American waters as anything to worry over. "All we expect," he said, "is that your ships shall obey American law, just as we intend to obey the laws of Great Britain when our ships enter your ports. I wanted very much to bring a dog over with me, but couldn't do it because of your laws. Now I haven't made a fuss about it and don't intend to. You undoubtedly have a right to decide whether my dog shall come into your ports or not. We can easily get along on that basis."

The amount of fuss raised in New York and in England over liquor on the ships was laughed at by Mr. Johnson as of no particular significance. He thought that the British government ought to take a strong hand in stopping the smuggling of liquor from ships hovering just over the three mile limit and plying their traffic under the protection of the British flag. When he brought up that phase of the question the most pugnacious of the journalists wanted to change the subject. The British press does not like to admit that the government is bothering a friendly power by letting these ships go out from British ports with papers that permit them to engage in smuggling goods across the American lines.

Mr. Johnson will remain in London until July 20, when he will go to South Africa to speak for six weeks under the direction of the South Af-

rican temperance alliance. The headquarters of the "World League Against Alcoholism" occupy pleasant front rooms on the second floor of the building at 69 Fleet street, in the center of British and world journalism. The league is officered by prominent men in the United States, Great Britain and a dozen other countries. It is a world center for the exchange of information about the cause of prohibition. Naturally the news from the United States is wanted everywhere. Johnson is apparently trying to give reliable facts to all inquirers. I was much interested to see that he was moderate in the claims he made to the London reporters. He said the stories they had heard about liquor in broom handles and all that sort of thing might be true. "What of it?" he wanted to know. "Liquor has always been sold in large quantities under the license system after hours and by illicit dealers. We think the irregular sales were greater under license than under prohibition. We have therefore cut out all of the sales made by the regular dealers under license. That represents a very great gain for the cause of sobriety."

Among the men who came in to welcome Mr. Johnson back to England was William Bingham. He is one of a considerable group of temperance men who are working for the eventual drying up of Great Britain. They feel that they have made progress, altho they are making no predictions of early success. Mr. Bingham was for many years the manager of the branch of a large insurance company which put out a special policy for total abstainers. He told me about the movement for temperance, which began with an appeal for mere moderation in drinking, and was finally merged about sixty years ago in the total abstinence crusade.

The greatest improvement ever made in Great Britain came during and as a result of the war when the bars were permitted to remain open only eight hours out of the twenty-four. Mr. Bingham well remembers the time when they were open eighteen hours. The next thing wanted is local option. When that comes the long fight for drying up England will begin in earnest. To an American the task seems beset with so many difficulties that it is hard to become deeply interested in it. A visitor may easily conclude that British industry will lose its supremacy unless Britain stops spending two billions a year on drink. But that is a British funeral which we will leave our cousins to manage in the way that suits them best.

LOOKING INTO THE BRITISH WEATHER

LONDON, July 8.—They tell us that it is an unusual summer in England. The month of June was almost a record breaker in the smallness of the precipitation and also in the small amount of sunshine. The parks and the fields look fresher than ours at home. This is due to the dampness of the air and the lack of evaporation. The farmers were glad of dry weather when they wanted to put away their hay crop, but in other ways they looked upon the drouth with distaste. They say that great cracks are opening up in the ground and that certain crops will be damaged if this weather continues thru the summer.

When The Journal's Washington bureau of information reported a few months ago that the annual precipitation at London was 25 inches I thought of writing Mr. Haskin a letter telling him to be more careful about his statistics. It is fortunate that the complaint was not written, for I find that the figure given is correct. After reading about the dampness of the British Isles all my life and listening to complaints about the dryness of Nebraska for about forty years I was floored by the discovery that Lincoln has on the average more precipitation than London. It doesn't seem possible but it is a fact. The total for this part of England is between 24 and 25 inches a year,

against 30 inches for the extreme southeastern corner of Nebraska and not far from 28 inches in Lincoln.

England is covered by a blanket of moist air nearly all of the time. The rain comes in drizzles that are uncomfortable but are almost too light to be measured. In Nebraska it turns in and rains and then clears up until another storm area comes along. We are bothered a little by the uncertainty of the rainfall in the growing season, but are likely to have clear skies most of the time when it isn't raining. England has rain enough in the average season for all its needs and in addition all of this fog and drizzle and cloudiness that is of no advantage to any interest at all except the umbrella makers. This condition makes wonderful gardens and a profusion of flowers and the most lovely pastoral landscapes the world can show but it imposes a pretty severe test on one's patience. We have heard quite as much grumbling about the weather in the last month as we ever hear at home, altho it has seemed to us to be comfortable and delightful. This is not the season for the London fog. That comes along pretty strongly in October and November. It is said to be quite up to its advertising. No doubt the prevailing American impression that England is drenched with rain comes from the prominence given to this fog and leaden skies and "the beastly British drizzle" in the literature of the last three centuries.

The English people spend so much of their time out of doors that more depends upon the weather than with us. The forecasts are published in the papers and postings in public places and are also sent thru the mails to subscribers. I called at the office of the air ministry soon after arriving in London and asked the privilege of securing some information from the meteorological office as to their methods. It was readily granted. Going to the weather office, in a prominent new office building in the heart of the city I went into an anteroom, where an official asked me to fill out a ticket giving my name and rank and address, whom I wished to see, the object of my visit, and so forth. It was duly stamped and this gave me admission to a tiny office on the fifth floor, which was reached by a small and slow elevator and thru long hallways not four feet wide, evidently made of temporary material. This is the finest office building I have seen here and yet the interior is finished on a beaver board basis, with offices but little larger than cupboards.

A pleasant young Englishman with a cordially severe manner was much interested that an American should go to the trouble of looking into stupid statistics instead of going about seeing the sights. I explained that Director Loveland of the Nebraska section of the American weather bureau has been doing his best for thirty years to make me intelligent on weather matters. Then he called in his forecaster and together we went over the whole subject of British meteorology. In general the system is the same as with us. Before the radio came the British experts had no warning of the coming of storm areas. The Atlantic cooked up all kinds of meteorological messes and dumped them on the shore of the island without notice. Now they receive the American reports and also readings from ships all the way across the ocean.

The result is that they are able to make weather charts covering almost one-half the distance around the world. When Russia comes back and the Pacific islands and ships join up in reporting the daily readings, it will be possible to trace storm areas clear around the planet. Then we shall be on the way toward long distance forecasting. Like the American experts these British forecasters are modest in their claims, but they do hope that the secrets of the heavens will one day be released. A Norwegian has developed the theory that the variations in the path of the storm areas is due to the flopping about of the cap of cold air over the poles. If somebody will only fasten that down our weather changes can be made less violent.

ATTENDING THE AMERICAN SOCIETY DINNER

LONDON, July 9.—Since they not only "met" Lady Astor but had a nice chat with her and heard her speak besides, the ladies of our party act as if they are now ready to die with great content. All of this took place at the independence day dinner given at the Savoy hotel by the American society in London. Four or five hundred people. Many British guests, of greater or less importance. Lots of hands across the sea business. Evening dress required, of course. Tickets about $6, including dancing but not including either wine or water. If you ordered wine you got it. If you wanted plain water, the hotel was too busy to furnish it. Bottled water was possible, but not easy to get. Not enough profit in it.

The tickets and invitations read "at 7:45 for 8:15." That meant to gather in the parlors at the earlier hour for a general social chat. Chancellor MacLean was able to present us to many Americans and English people whose very nod was worth something. As a matter of fact, most of them were exceedingly nice, and always will be to anybody introduced by Dr. MacLean. The arrangements were perfection itself. As you entered you were announced, presented to the chairman, Wilson Cross, and then received a printed list of the guests, with an assignment of tables. Entering the dining room you had no trouble in locating your place, for there were large numbers on the tables and a card at each plate. We found ourselves at a round table with Dr. MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Parry of Adrian, Mich., and four very pleasant residents of London. The flowers were red, white and blue, the stars and stripes were much in evidence, and the band played the whole American repertory from jazz to "My country, 'tis of Thee." A pleasant hum filled the place. It was a rather brilliant scheme. The waiters swiftly and deftly served a dinner of many courses of excellent food.

The dignitaries sat at a long table at the side of the room. Behind the chairman stood a flunkey in livery who did the announcing, kept order by hushing the applause when he felt that it had gone long enough and in other ways maintained decorum. It was great fun to see this man in the uniform of past ages hold up his hands for silence while he announced the name of each speaker to "My lords, ladies and gentlemen." The chairman, who performs the duties of toastmaster at home, made a little speech at the opening and at the close but the actual calling up of each speaker was done by the flunkey, who was the toastmaster in fact. They say he receives five guineas for this service.

The whole affair was much more of a ceremony than with us. They had to do a certain amount of maneuvering, drinking toasts to the king and to the president and to each speaker before he was introduced. The company rose each time and muttered "The King" or "The President," but I noticed that while there was a good deal of waving of glasses in the air the amount of drinking done was rather small. The water drinkers couldn't get anything to put in their glasses and the wine drinkers usually emptied theirs before they rose. The toasts were therefore stiff and meaningless. It reminded me of the way a thousand men at a Scottish Rite dinner at home quaff their grape juice when Will Ryons says "To the president of the United States. Drink," and thump their glasses on the table with a resounding roar. It was so different.

I will say this for the three speeches that they were mighty good. Better on the whole than we get at home. James M. Beck, polite, eloquent, polished, told the British cousins something about the legal aspects of the three-mile limit that they really needed to know. Lady Astor was charming and witty and effective She had "bean" terribly busy that day watching her second son cox and win a boat race at Henley, but while she was having her hair done had thought of a few things she wanted to say. It was a pleasure to hear her mixture of Virginian and English language and to watch the play of her fascinating face. She is very much of a fellow. Then

they called on Lord Dewar to close. The name is on whisky advertisements all over London. This is the man. See his name on a liquor sign on the omnibus you ride on and see it on an American independence day speech list, and you begin to see what a strangle hold the liquor business has on these people, and why so many of them get red in the face whenever they think of prohibition.

Well, this whisky-making Scottish lord furnished as much fun as a Harry Lauder with his rambling remarks on nothing in particular. He had been all over America, the United States, found that while Scotsmen were very fond of us he had observed that the Americans were "very fond of their Scotch." He told of the Jew who had taken a half crown from a Scotchman and had died of lead poisoning, and a whole lot more stories that set the tables in a roar. If Great Britain goes dry this distillery lord can make a living on the stage. As to dryness, there was some popping of corks, but if it had not been for two young women near the center of the room who became maudlin, we would not have noticed anything out of the way. It was all so interesting that we could not tear ourselves off until after 1 o'clock when we had almost to break down the front door of our hotel to gain admittance. It cost us almost as much to get in as the boys pay Oxford for a little night freedom, but it was worth it.

LOOKING OVER LONDON UNIVERSITY

LONDON, July 10.—The dinner of the American society in London will serve as a subject for conversation for many days. Dr. McLean's introduction of his "friends from Nebraska" brought out some surprising reactions. The first man we met, J. W. Drysdale of London, had visited Lincoln more than forty years ago. He had spent some time with Capt. R. O. Philips and had bought land and town lots of the Lincoln land company, only to sell them out too soon because his associates had not seen the country and could not realize its possibilities.

Still more surprising was Sir Thomas Lipton. He was all cordiality at once. "Yes, yes," he said with his best smile. "I got my start in Omaha." Then he told about building the packing plant that he afterward sold to the Cudahys for six times what it cost him. He went over from Ireland in the steerage and has had a life since that sounds like a piece of fiction, or rather like a movie scenario. Another Irishman who remembered Lincoln was "Tay Pay" O'Connor, the father of the house of commons. He bracketed John Fitzgerald and Walter L. Anderson among his famous Nebraskans and seemed to think more of both of them than William Jennings Bryan.

Then we met a member of parliament, Lysle Samuels, an upstanding, vigorous young man who quite fascinated the ladies with his discussion of current British problems. He said incidentally that he considered Abraham Lincoln the greatest man since the founder of the Christian religion, and that he wanted very much to write a book on "Lincoln, the Man of Letters." He said that while he was not keen on prohibition he would not be surprised if England eventually became dry. He remembered the time when drunken men were seen commonly, whereas the restrictions put upon the traffic now have made this a very unusual sight. The reduction in the number of public houses in his time had been startling. In one small district with which he is acquainted the number had been reduced from more than fifty to eight, as I recall the figures. That seems unreasonable, however, and I must put down the number as subject to revision.

We have heard considerable indignant comment among Americans over the treatment given the independence day dinner by the press of London. The newspapers here are a constant source of wonder to us. One of the stage gibes fits the case pretty well. The man says he is reading a London paper.

"What's the news?" asks his wife. "Didn't I tell you," he remarked cuttingly, "Didn't I tell you I am reading a London paper?"

One or two of the papers treated the dinner with respect and realized that there was news value in the exposition made by Mr. Beck of the liquor question as it relates to the stores of wet goods brought into American ports. Several of them misinterpreted almost every thing that was said. That reminds me that a public man who knows the London newspaper situation from end to end says that only a few of the papers here try to tell the truth. The average paper is owned by a millionaire, he says, who is thinking more about serving some special purpose of his own than of building up a great and respected newspaper. Distortions and suppressions are so common here as to elicit no comment, except among yankees who are accustomed to journalistic honesty and are shocked by the other thing as it is practiced here with altogether too much commonness.

Following the dinner on the next afternoon, we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. McLean give an address before a general assembly of the University college of the University of London. They make a great deal of academic functions here. Everybody puts on the kind of gown he is entitled to wear. If you have no gown you ought at least to dig up a silk hat and a pair of spats. Then they will let you in. The great hall of the college was packed, the faculty marching to the platform in full regalia headed by an official bearing the mace, or insignia of authority. A host of prize winners came up one after the other to receive their honors, making funny bows to the officials and receiving a handclasp and congratulations from Dr. McLean who handed them the medals and documents.

We thought the address of Dr. McLean very effective, and were glad to be introduced later as his friends from Nebraska. He told of the significance of the Walter Hines Page tablet and its connection with the University of London. As a member of the Roosevelt country life commission Mr. Page had interested the Rockefeller foundation in hookworm eradication. Large sums have been spent on this work in the British colonies as well as in America. Finally, to make this work more effective, the foundation had given the University of London Medical college an endowment of more than seven million dollars to carry on research at the capital of the British empire. The scene on the campus when the whole congregation took tea out of doors after the address will always be one of our most colorful memories. The tea habit, we are beginning to see has a great many advantages.

NORMAN ANGELL ON WORLD CONDITIONS

LONDON, July 11.—It seems to us that it is easier to meet folks in London than in New York or any large American city. This is because the people are not rushed and cultivate the social graces a little more assiduously. At the university tea we were introduced to Hamlin Garland, the American writer who is spending the summer in London. The last time I saw him was at Lander, Wyoming, when he advised our party against taking a certain route south of the Wind river mountains. I reported that he had been entirely right in his suggestions and promised to follow every direction he may make in the future, either verbally or in writing.

Mr. Garland did not seem violently displeased when we told him how much we thought of his "Son of the Middle Border." Authors are human. He said that he intends to follow the "Daughter of the Middle Border" with a third book, the "Grand Daughter." In this he will make an effort to discount some of the cynicism he finds so rife among the young people of the day. It is worse on the continent than here, and worse here, appar-

ently, than in the United States. As Mr. Garland describes it, the fashion among the advanced young people now is to take an extremely materialistic view of things. "What the hell is the use?" seems to be their philosophy of life. They know too much. They believe too little. They flout education, religion, the old conventions.

It required equally strong language to express the opinion of Norman Angell on the attitude of the average Englishman on world questions. We found Mr. Angell on the top floor of No. 4, King's Bench Walk, in the Temple, having made an appointment by mail, with the help of a letter from William Allen White of Emporia. Mr. Angell keeps house in this ancient building, and lives when he is in London in a pleasant sitting room, well lined with books. He hops around all over the world, and was just back from a visit to Holland. He is a slightly built, youngish looking man, with hair combed straight back from a high forehead. I said that we expected to see a much older looking man.

"Gee," he said, with an unmistakable American accent, "I am quite old enough."

It developed that he had been educated in France, had spent eight years of his early manhood in California, Nevada and Arizona, and the rest of the time had been spent mainly in England.

He gave us tea and talked. He was rapid, easy, and positive, that is, until he came to international relations. Then he admitted that he did not know what to make of the future. Very soon it became clear that he has two sets of definite fears. One is that France will continue to play the role of military dictator of central Europe, just as she did under Napoleon. To the objection that there is no Napoleon in sight, he answered that we might not get complete agreement on that point in France. Poincare, for example might believe that the French have as good leadership as they had early in the last century. As the talk proceeded, Mr. Angell said exactly what Geoffrey Dawson, editor of the London Times, had said to me a few days before. It was the attitude of France is now imperiling the peace of Europe. "And the Englishman of today," Mr. Angell said, "'doesn't know what is going on and acts as if he didn't care a damn anyway."

Mr. Angell's second fear bears on the future of England. It is now organized to be the workshop and the clearinghouse of the world. What will happen when the craze for nationality results in cutting up the whole world into "self determined" peoples, with their customs barriers and the policy of living within themselves economically? He believes that this sort of thing might result in making it necessary for one-half of the people of Great Britain to starve or emigrate. He considers this thing a possibility. Naturally it fills him with wonder that the nation should be so close to calamity without causing more interest among the men who are going about their affairs without any feeling that they are over a volcano.

Mr. Hardy and I got a very lively rise out of Mr. Angell when we told him of the paper read before the Candle Light club at Lincoln a dozen years ago by Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly reviewing the book "The Great Illusion." The reviewer understood the book to be a demonstration of the impossibility of war being prosecuted on a large scale under modern conditions because it would result in an immediate financial breakdown.. Mr. Angell said with considerable spirit that his book had been given that interpretation but that it was far from his meaning. He read letters written three years before the war began attacking this interpretation of his book as inaccurate. What he was pointing out in the chapters referred to was the impossibility of collecting indemnities in large enough amount to make a war profitable to the victor. Mr. Angell stands on that platform at the present time naturally enough. He is positive that the outcome in the Ruhr will complete the demonstration of the soundness of his attitude.

THE BRITISH AT THEIR BANQUETING

LONDON, July 12.—We are still wondering about the reputation the English people have acquired for aloofness. When I took a bus for the Hyde Park hotel and was told by the conductor that it was three pence, a large man sitting with me intervened. "You need not pay thrippence," he said. "Take a ticket at tuppence, and get down there. 'Tis but a short walk to the hotel." The conductor agreed that this was the proper strategy, and the man sitting in front of me chimed in with the information that it was always possible to save quite a little money in going around London by "knowing all the dodges." Both of them pointed out things they thought might interest me during the ride. When I said that London seemed clean to a stranger they said that it would be years yet before it is entirely over the signs of the war. These consist in a failure to keep up paint and repairs, and to make necessary improvements. "We had a hard time in the war," my large friend remarked. "For a long time we did not have enough to eat, and there was much mental and physical suffering."

Arriving at the end of the tuppence limit they gave me elaborate directions. I got down only to find that the hotel was quite a distance on and seriously debated whether it wouldn't be better to spend a shilling on a taxi rather than plow that distance thru the muggy heat of one of the worst days of the summer. Having plenty of time I walked. My destination was the scene of a luncheon given by the English Speaking union to Hon. James M. Beck, solicitor general of the United States. They manage these affairs with remarkable smoothness. The flunkeys send you to a cloak room set apart for this function. They guide you along to the place where a polite young man takes your card and gives you in return a list of the guests, the table assignments, and in this case a diagram of the room which enabled us to pass to our places without delay or confusion.

The toastmaster at this afternoon function was not in uniform but he had a fine voice and a commanding presence. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I pray you silence for the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, your chairman." Then the honorable chairman made a speech extolling the guest of the day. The toastmaster again "implored silence" for Mr. Beck, who made a polished address, full of clever criticism of things that need to be criticised on both sides of the Atlantic. The Americans were again proud to have such a speaker as their mouthpiece. He was followed by Forbes-Robertson, the Shakespearean actor, now a knight, who said that the unity of the English speaking peoples is to be accomplished largely thru literature and art. At the end of the set speeches occurred another English stunt. A man rose and moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, dwelling on the splendid manner in which he had presided and on the fine program he had pulled off. This was carried by acclamation. The whole company sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," gave three refined and ladylike cheers under the direction of the toastmaster, and the meeting was over. I felt that the toastmaster had been neglected, but my host, Major Evelyn Wrench, explained that this official received three guineas for his afternoon's work, and that was enough.

We met Forbes-Robertson as he was leaving the hotel. "Oh, yes, Lincoln," he said. "I remember Lincoln well. Some places in America stand out in my mind, and your city is one of them. I remember particularly a pleasant chat I had with one of your well informed men, an Englishman by birth and an American by adoption and training. His name was Watkins, yes, that is it, Albert Watkins. He is one of the reasons for remembering your city."

I asked if the actor intends to visit America again. He said not professionally. "You Americans enabled me to retire," he said. "If it had not been for your goodness I might be looking forward to hard work during my declining years."

What I started out to say was that there is something wrong with the

theory of British reserve. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy had been at another table and I did not meet them until after the luncheon was over. "I have made a date for you," I said. "Monday night for dinner with Major Wrench." They had also made a date for the party.

"There was a perfectly charming English couple at our table," Mrs. Hardy explained. "They saw we were strangers, spoke to us in the most friendly way, and we are all invited to take tea with them at their home in the country on Sunday afternoon."

SEEING LONDON ON A SUNDAY

LONDON, July 13.—They say that London is the dullest place in the world on Sunday. We have not found it so. It is true that everybody who can seeks a country retreat for the week end, and that it is the practice to close up everything in the whole city except the necessary places, from Saturday noon to Monday morning. Still of course it is impossible for seven million people to move out bodily for a day of rest. Best they can do in that line several million will remain to be amused and fed and furnished with religious instruction. As to the latter, London doesn't make much fuss about it. There are churches open and splendid services are held without attracting much attention from the tourist. Somehow it doesn't seem to be a vital part of the life of these teeming millions. Londoners who know say that the attendance upon all sorts of religious services has fallen off largely in the last ten years and has slumped sharply since the war.

The most interesting thing I could find on Sunday was the display of horseback riding on Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, the parade of badly dressed and well dressed and fashionably dressed English people on the walks nearby, and the soap box orators just inside the Marble Arch. A considerable area of the park just within the gates is set apart for free oratory. Men representing all kinds of causes set up little pulpits and harangue as many people as they can get around them. The man nearest the gate was talking of the advantages of prohibition and quoting criminal statistics, the number of telephones and motor cars and such things to prove that "'Amerrrica" is getting moral and rich thru the dry policy. The next man was dwelling upon the necessity of having stocks of hard liquor on hand to save people from dying suddenly from the terrible diseases that lurk just around the corner in every man's life.

The third was talking socialism, the fourth the evidences of the Roman Catholic faith. Next in the row were three colored speakers, one of them looking like a Zulu who attracted his crowd with a dance. They spoke for Hindu and African causes. The last man in the line was a good natured Englishman who was telling his people that unless they went dry America would eat them up industrially. Throngs of people surged around, going from one speaker to the other, and never staying very long unless a man was entertaining. The speakers usually showed a good deal of ability and readiness. "Chipping," or interrupting, is common. Indeed I suspected in a case or two that the heckler was a confederate of the man on the box, quarreling with him in order to attract a crowd. The one thing the hearers liked was good nature and quick wit. The whole affair looked to me more like a show put up by zealots and cranks than a serious series of debates on important subjects.

I went up to a policeman and asked him how to arrange to make a speech. "You don't need to arrynge anything," he said. "Just go to some plyce not too close to these others and say what you like."

"But I want to denounce the king for not passing a law to prohibit American women from running loose in the London shops," I said "I may be pretty hard on his majesty"

"Oh, that will be all right," he said. "The king won't mind."

"Do you mean to tell me that I can say anything I please to these people?"

"Say anything you like if you can get them to listen to you. All we will take you in for is interruptin' somebody else's meeting or blasphemy. We don't allow that."

During the afternoon acres of Hyde Park were filled with these groups of people. They call it the safety valve of the British empire. It looked to me like giving the radicals a penny whistle and telling them to wake the resurrection morn with it. The point is that the radicals feel very much better after they have unloaded their chests, even if they have been talking to people who are there merely to see the show. This shows the wisdom of the British government in permitting free speech. It finally gets to be like the freedom of the press. People will fight to get it and then wish to goodness they had asked for something else.

GETTING A GLIMPSE OF ENGLISH LIFE

LONDON, July 14.—On the boat our deck chairs neighbored with those of a cultured English lady and her daughter, who turned out to be delightful voyage acquaintances. They were returning from a year at Bryn Mawr, where the young lady had been working as a special scholar. We have just spent an afternoon with these people, going to an interesting suburban theater with them and invading the Italian resturants of Soho for dinner. In a few days we are to spend the afternoon at their home. Without asking any questions we have learned something about this gallant lady, who had managed almost to complete the education of three sons and one daughter before inflation and taxation cut her widow's income in two. She makes no complaint but does feel a deep sympathy for those less fortunate than herself who face the task of educating their children on fixed incomes. The courage of the "new poor" of Great Britain is one of the things that we are learning to admire, largely because they are doing no whining about it. They are forced to do away with all sorts of the common necessities because thru no fault of their own their world has suddenly been tipped over.

The invitation to take tea with a gentleman who sat at Mr. and Mrs. Hardy's table at the luncheon of the English speaking union brought us a surprising experience. The address given was the "Trumpeter's House," at Richmond, a suburb an hour from our hotel by omnibus. We found a dignified seventeenth century house built on the ruins of Richmond palace, where Queen Elizabeth died, with a lawn extending down to the bank of the Thames. We found a garden party in progress, exactly the sort of party the English novelists like to dwell upon. Young people playing tennis. Older men enjoying clock golf. Men and women sitting at ease. Tea served from tables under the trees. Those of us who expressed an interest in the history of the place were taken around by the host and his friends, who showed the old Tudor walls, the exact places where the foundations of the castle are still in existence under the turf, and the summer houses where the members of the court spent their time on the edge of the water.

The serenity of the host and his mother and their English guests was to us the dominant characteristic of this party. Nobody was flurried. Nobody tried to make conversation. You were presented to the hostess. If it happened that no other introductions were made, it was all right. You talked with those near you as you liked, including titled persons. The unassuming nature of the people, the simplicity with which they received us and the cordiality of the whole company toward visiting Americans filled us with surprise. The invitation was a spontaneous act of kindness by an Englishman toward visiting Americans. The invitation once given, the rest was automatic. We were accepted by every friend of our host as a matter of course. We were not paraded as curiosities from across the Atlantic, but were made comfortable by the atmosphere of the place.

We learned something of the vastness of London when we left Richmond at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to meet an engagement at Cricklewood, on the other side of the city at 6 o'clock. It is a blunder we will never make again. London is thirty miles across. Because of our ignorance we were forgiven for being late at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gilderoy Scott and were taken into the family circle in a way that will make this visit our most cherished memory. Mrs. I. W. Rockey of Lincoln, professionally known here and in America as Madame Gilderoy Scott, had notified her parents of our coming and they had arranged a musical evening for us. First there was a supper, during which we reached such terms of cousinship as to ask questions about the food, laugh at each other's pronunciation and have a riot of good time generally.

Mr. Scott is tall, while his wife is of only medium height, and yet they both look strikingly like their American daughter. Mr. Scott is a manufacturer whose hobby is the collection of violoncellos. He plays with a smooth tone and much feeling. Two or three times a week musical friends come in, and with Mrs. Scott at the piano, they go over the works of the immortals. This evening was given over to a varied program, Mr. Scott playing the 'cello, the pianist from America contributing a group, and the second daughter of the family, Mrs. Harold Cooper, offering some of the musical stunts she had done with her violinist friend, Miss Kitty O'Keefe for the soldiers and later for charatable entertainments. It was with the greatest difficulty that we tore ourselves away in time to take the last train for the city. We were having a beautiful time extolling Mr. Rockey in the presence of Mr. Cooper, the other son-in-law of the family, and telling about the fascinations of little Miss Joan Rockey in the hearing of the father and mother of the other granddaughter, little Mavis Cooper, when it was time to go. The ladies were interested in the spotless English house, with an entirely different arrangment of rooms than we are accustomed to. They wanted to find what it is that gives these homes such an air of serenity and comfort. Perhaps it is the serenity of the people who live in them. This house had a warm heart too, which melted our feeling of strangeness the moment we passed its front door.

A BRITISH STATESMAN ON POLICE DUTY

LONDON, July 15.—They say that the parade of clothes in Hyde park is less noticeable than it was before the war. We see precious little calsomine on the faces of the English women. I don't believe the trade in lip sticks and stuff of a similar nature has yet become important. Still, they do sell millions of cigarets for English young women to smoke. Between painting the face and polluting the air, I think I would choose the lady of the decoration. She looks better at a distance and wafts a more pleasant aroma to those near by.

Those of our party who have been here before notice a gradual change in the footwear of the English. In the country and among the workers in the towns they still use heavy, awkward shoes, with soles almost half an inch thick, and often with hob nails to lengthen their wear. The smarter American lasts are being introduced in London to such an extent that it is no longer possible to fix a person's nationality merely by looking at his feet. However, they are always able to spot Americans with unerring aim. I suspect that our speech advertises our origin more than anything else. Still people are constantly calling us Americans when we haven't said a word. A stranger can never look and act entirely at home. He is always looking around to see the signs and the sights. There is usually a slight nervousness lest he miss his way or be run over and killed by an omnibus. A Londoner acts as if he didn't care. He would hardly hurry to save his life.

Few people have spent two weeks in London as tourists without seeing more of the conventional sights than we have. The ladies will do the galleries and the museums conscientiously, but I find the living London so much more fascinating than the departed city that I am always slipping away from duty and wandering around seeing the odd corners and talking with everybody who will take time for a little chat. Last night I asked a policeman on Kingsway if there was any part of London that a stranger had better keep out of. He said that a man who minds his own business and does not mess in private rows can go anywhere, even in the slums of the East end, without meeting with the slightest danger.

He was a high grade officer, evidently an inspector of some kind, for he stood in one place for an hour, keeping his eye on the bobbies on the neighboring beats while he enlightened me on the principles of British law. He said that it is all fairly simple in England. All you have to do is to see that you bother nobody else and you can do what you please, within limits, of course. As we talked a hard-looking citizen, rumpled and poorly dressed, wabbled past. I wanted to know what they did with such a case. "The poor fellow perhaps didn't have enough for a supper of bread and cheese and a drink, too, and he unwisely chose the drink, and got a bit over the line. So long as he can get home, we will not bother him. If he couldn't walk and yet had a friend steering him safe home, we would let him go, and trust to his old woman to see him properly attended to. If a man alone cannot navigate, we send for the barrow and cart him to the station, less to punish him than to promote the public safety."

A car tore down the street at about thirty miles an hour, followed by a taxi going at the same speed. The officer didn't even look up. I spoke about it. "They are not running in a way to endanger the public safety," he said indifferently. There is a newspaper wagon that must go from the printing office to Euston station in nine minutes at 2 o'clock in the morning, he explained. It goes sixty miles an hour, and nobody says a word. An omnibus crawls along Oxford street like a snail for a quarter of an hour. A stretch of open road appears. The driver steps on the gas and the heavy machine jumps. All other vehicles do the same thing. It is the only way they can move the people of this big town. If they held everybody down to a "safe" speed limit the place would clot. So they take off all restrictions, and soak a man like the mischief if he has an accident. That makes him careful. The driving all over London in every minute of the day and night is a miracle of care and skill. But the cars run so fast at times that it is necessary to cross the streets with great caution. I do not understand why people are not killed every hour of the day.

The policeman had a great deal to say about the improved moral condition in recent years. While he was telling me that drunks are no longer common three unmistakable cases weaved by. This was so small a number that he thought it a better showing than an American city would make under similar circumstances. So much for the terrified and untruthful London press, which with two or three exceptions is always seeing snakes in Uncle Sam's boots. The city is more sober he said than it was twenty years ago when he entered the service for three reasons: (1) The business of liquor selling has become greatly restricted, both in the number of houses and the hours of sale. (2) The percentage of alcohol has been reduced, and (3) the price has become so high that people cannot afford to drink as they did before the war.

We don't talk about such things a great deal at home, but everybody knows that prohibition came partly because the saloon was a part of a great system of commercialized vice. My policeman friend, like the average Englishman, couldn't comprehend prohibition at all, but nevertheless gave me some dry talk without knowing it. He said, for example, that the women one sees in such disgusting numbers in British pubs are no longer mixed with the women of the street as they

were in the old days. The shorter hours and the higher cost of drink have discouraged their use of the bars, and in fact serve as an agency of better morals. When we talk with Britons about prohibition we usually put the moral aspects of the question in the background. We say that their policy is none of our business and that we may be wrong when we assume that British industry will fall behind in the world race if the working men continue to spend a couple of billion dollars a year on drink. We say this so casually that now and then an Englishman thinks we want his country to remain sodden. It is good fun to watch him as the suspicion sinks into his soul that we don't want them to go dry after all.

WHEN LONDON HAS AN ATTACK OF WEATHER

LONDON, July 16.—For several days we have been reading accounts of the "terrible storm" that swept over London, frightening the people half to death and causing almost as much conversation as an air raid during the war. To us it seemed just a series of good lively thunder storms, bringing two and one-half inches of rain and accompanied by no wind worth mentioning. For two weeks the parks had been wilting like Nebraska grass during a drouth, and it gave us comfort to see the rain come at last. The thunder was nothing to us, but the London press declares that it was the "worst within living memory." People sat up all night in terror, it appears, and the resemblance to air raids probably was one reason for their excitement. London is still nervous.

The thunder storm did not cool the air. It left the skies bright and the temperature high. The heat would be nothing to worry one if London were prepared for such a visitation. The trouble is that it has only scant supplies of ice, knows very little about refrigeration, and cannot slip over to a vegetable diet and comfortable summer clothing because it has neither in its repertory. Karl Walter, the former musical critic of the Kansas City Star, came with his wife to dinner with us last night, in all the glory of light silk pongee and a Panama hat. It was the second sensible suit we had seen during the day and it made us long for the light clothing in our closets at home. Mrs. Walter, from Eureka, Greenwood county, Kas., warned us to be careful in our choice of food during this season. She said that the lack of ice is a serious matter.

Our evening with the Walters was a mid-western festival. We contributed all of the Missouri valley gossip we had and received in return such inside information as can be secured only from intelligent resident London correspondents. Mr. and Mrs. Walter have a well known bureau which furnishes literary material to a large number of American publications. Mr. Walter was of great service to both countries during the war. He was about the only man connected with the press committee who was able correctly to analyze the implications of the presidential election of 1916. Mrs. Walter's pictures of London life and events have been popular for several years, especially in American newspapers. She finds London intriguing, but confesses that she does long for good old Kansas pancakes, watermelon, green corn, coffee and a few other blessings that can't be transplanted to this country, no matter how hard the people may try.

Lincoln members of the American branch of the English speaking union may be interested in knowing that the British concern of the same name is doing a great work for visitors this season. Thru this organization we were introduced to a member of parliament, Frederick Martin, a liberal representing East Aberdeen district, who gave us tea on the terrace of the houses of parliament and put us in the gallery when some interesting questions were under debate. The union has a series of offices on Trafalgar square, to which Americans flock for information, for advice and for tickets of admission to all sorts of functions.

Because the houses of parliament

are small it takes much red tape to secure a seat in even a remote corner of the gallery. When something warm is in progress it requires a tremendous pull to open the doors. The general public is taken care of on Saturdays, when the houses are not in session. All of the doors are open and people pour thru for hours. They come from everywhere. The space in front of the parliament building was filled with charabancs, the large open omnibuses that fly all over Great Britain giving the people cheap and comfortable joy rides.

The policemen on guard were admirable in the way they directed this crowd of open eyed and open mouthed commoners. They shooed them along gently, answering questions readily and not too proud to offer a friendly jest now and then. The man guarding the two thrones standing side by side took occasion to point out to me the blocks that had been placed under the king's chair to bring his head up to a level with the queen's. I can imagine what would happen to a white house guard who would call attention to some physical shortcoming of the president.

To a very plain woman from the country or from the slums of London he remarked satirically, referring to the thrones:

"Well, I suppause you've got some like 'em at 'ome?"

"Oh, my Gawd."

AN AFTERNOON IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

LONDON, July 17.—They didn't get it up especially for people from a farming state, but it seemed appropriate that the debate in the house of commons on the afternoon of our visit should be on the bill for agricultural relief. The farmers are in such a state of distress over here that a revision of the tax rate is considered necessary and the government has brought in a bill for that purpose. We couldn't understand just what they proposed doing with the "rates" but in the main the story was familiar enough. Agriculture can't get down from the war level without assistance. They said a great deal about grass land and arable land and the danger that any help given will be absorbed by the land owner and not go to the tenant, the actual farmer, at all. It was hard to understand the debate because the British speech is not only different from ours but is usually pitched in a much softer tone. Nevertheless we found it intensely interesting.

The proceedings are vastly unlike a session of an American legislature or congress. The formality is so thick that it can be cut with a knife. At 3:15, on the dot, the speaker comes in with his gown and wig, preceded by the mace, and surrounded with pomp and show. I shudder to think what would happen to any person who coughed or otherwise showed disrespect for these ancient forms. There are a dozen attendants in full dress clothes and biz official badges ready to throw you out if you sniff at the British constitution. There is no crowding around the doors. You get a pass and show it to three or four policemen and finally sign your name in a big book before they let you in. Once in the gallery, the seat is yours for a certain length of time. Nobody may pre-empt it. Everything is fixed by rule and tradition and nothing is left to push, altho of course a great deal may be done by pull.

After watching the proceedings for an afternoon it is desirable to read two or three morning papers with care. Then perhaps you may know approximately what it was about. I don't yet know what it means when the paper says (cheers) in the midst of a report. I heard laughter now and then but no applause or cheers, tho the reports indicate that they were indulged in. Perhaps they cheer when they say "hear hear" with a certain degree of intensity. While they are usually very polite the members can put a big lot of irony into a long drawn out "h-e-a-a-a-r h-e-a-a-a-a-r." Sometimes it sounds like a yell at a college football game. The thing that

strikes an American who has long been accustomed to the higgledy-piggledy proceedings of one of his own legislatures is the decorum and earnestness of the British house. The session the other afternoon began with the regular series of questions propounded in printed form and answered one after the other by members of the government. Then came the debate on the bill to aid agriculture. The session occupied all the afternoon and half of the night. Somebody was saying "hear hear" every few minutes. Now and then it became a loud chorus, sometimes from the government benches and again from the other side.

The great difference between American and British parliamentary speaking arises, I think, from the shortness of the time allotted to each man over here and the presence of a non-partisan official in the chair who sees that both sides get fair play. When a member rises to speak he knows that he must make his points in so many minutes or lose his chance. So he speaks right to the point. There was no wind jamming during the whole afternoon. The educated British have a fine sense of verbal values. Most of the men seemed to be thinking so hard about what they wanted to say that they paid not the slightest attention to gesture or posture and mighty little to inflection. Not one of them tried to "make a speech." Some of them spoke easily and smoothly. In perhaps a majority of the cases the machinery dragged a little as the man paused to select exactly the right word. English speakers usually have more mental than verbal facility. They lack the pep of the Americans but their stuff does sound convincing when they get it out and it reads even better when it is reduced to print.

Entering and leaving the house of commons is something like going in and out of a lodge. The member who wishes to retire bows conscientiously before leaving the room. The number of members present is large only when big things are doing, but those on hand pay strict attention to the proceedings. The lack of desks and the traditions of the place produce a degree of order rarely seen in legislative halls in America. The pressure put upon the members by their constituents seems just as insistent as in Washington. There is a crowd in attendance in the public lobby when parliament is in session, and members are constantly called out to see somebody. But the policing is so complete that a member can escape annoyance if he wishes and nobody can find his way into the galleries unless he has proper credentials.

WHERE THEY FOUND THESE FACINATING NAMES

LONDON, July 18.—I have just mailed a letter to Edwin Jeary at Stalham, England, hearing that he had arrived on this side, but I have no idea that it will reach him. The address is too brief. You can't find anybody or any place on this island without an address half a dozen lines long. You first find the town your man lives in then the part of the town, then the street or road, then the name of the house and finally in some cases the number of his apartment. If he lives out of town the procedure is about the same. Most of the houses and farms are named and are located on named streets or roads. In writing you put on the entire address and the letter will arrive with surprising promptness. Start out to call, and it is necessary to write down every detail of the journey. Then ask your way of every policeman and you may eventually reach your destination. Nobody knows how anything happened to be here, but I gather that the people originally built their huts along the animal trails and with genuine British stubbornness refused to move when the country became settled. Now and then you find a straight piece of road and wonder what accident brought about such a departure from the rule of the land. If there is a square farm in England we failed to run across it in an automobile journey of nearly a thousand miles. They never learned to survey and number farms until long

after the land was occupied. In the same way the scheme of numbering streets came too late to be of any service to the town.

Perhaps the English people wouldn't adopt our straight jacket system of numbering streets and houses if they had a chance. They seem to like things just as they are including their little pocket streets and alleys, their lack of signs and their irregular and irresponsible system of numbering the buildings. The place names are full of fascination to us. It may be that the original settlers here two or three thousand years ago had no more imagination than the early explorers of America, but when they named a place "Cow Creek" or "Sheep Fold" or "Dead Horse" they used the tongue of their time. When English was developed they didn't try to translate the meaning of these places, but kept the original names, and made spelling correspond as near as they could to the ancient pronunciation. A country that has had the ancient Britons, the Romans, the Angles and Saxons, the Danes, the Normans and a lot of other people coming in at intervals, to say nothing of the Scotch, Welsh and Irish close enough at hand to furnish some odd contributions, naturally acquired names of bewildering variety. Every time a name became fastened to a street, town, house or farm it seems to have stuck. By this means England gathered in a large enough stock of names with punch and individuality to give a good one to almost every farm and detached house, and sometimes even for the long rows that are so common in the cities and even in the villages.

The need of strongly individual names having become established thru the system of locating every person as living in a certain street or road in a definite part of the town, new places are provided with new names made up from some local characteristic or event. They are also multiplied by using the same names in different sections of the city. London, which is a great collection of villages, will thus show a dozen streets of the same name, and this will be multiplied again by the suffixing or affixing road street, garden, terrace, row, place or something of that nature. Therefore the necessity of getting the address right and of adding the name of the district as well as the general division of the city.

It seems to be the ambition of every Briton to have a home in the country. When we arrived we were puzzled to know how the people reached their homes, which might be ten or fifteen miles from a city and a mile or two from the nearest village. There are trolley and omnibus lines to supplement the railroads, but not enough to enable every country dweller to be set down at his own door. We don't know yet how they manage it but perhaps the number of bicycles on the country roads may help explain the mystery. We also saw people walking everywhere. In certain parts of England the most common of all sights was a well set up man striding along the highway, accompanied by his wife. He invariably carried a cane or an umbrella, and was often smoking a big pipe. How can a man attend to business and live so far away from where business is transacted? The answer is that he is perhaps retired If he is still active, the English custom allows plenty of time for getting to and from business.

WHY ONE CARRIES LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION

LONDON, July 19.—When you go to New York to do business you take the addresses of the men you want to see and either call at once or telephone asking for an appointment. The common American practice is to go straight to the man you want to see and see him. Over here you get nowhere by that method. One of my little tasks in London was to call on the Macmillan publishing house to tell them something about Mr. Neihardt's new "Song of the Indian Wars" and to prepare them for pushing the book in Great Britain when it makes its appearance late in the year. I took

on several commissions of that kind because I find it much more profitable to have people to see than to visit a city like London as a mere outsider. The tourist finds it hard to get under the crust, whereas the man with work to do meets men on terms of intimacy and in the end sees more than if he gave all of his time to sight seeing.

I found the Macmillan address in the telephone directory and when I happened to be near St. Martin's lane went to the place. The publishing house, a dignified stone building of proper size and appearance stands in a short and insignificant street, surrounded by warehouses and poor buildings and walls. No public lobby being in sight I decided not to attempt an interview at that moment but to wait until I could get a letter of introduction to the head of the firm from Dr. MacLean. That postponed the call for two days, but it was worth the delay.

At half past ten o'clock I entered a plain room paneled in oak, and presented my letter to the door man. He went away and returned with the information that Mr. George Macmillan would not be in for "auf an auer." Would I wait? I would come back. So I went over to the American Express office and asked for mail and watched the crowd of American tourists milling around and drinking ice water and planning to get out of the terrible London heat. Professor Ford, who was in the university a dozen years ago, was the only man I recognized that morning. You always see familiar faces in that place if you wait long enough.

It was a quarter past eleven before the head of the publishing house was at his desk, a tall, scholarly rather austere man, who heard my account of Mr. Neihardt's progress with patience and agreed that he would watch for the new work with interest and see what he could do to promote its sale on this side. He took Alva Townsend's new photographs of the poet and also a copy of the book on "Neihardt, the Man," by Prof. J. T. House of Wayne and directed that they be placed in the house files against the coming of a new book. He kindly gave me an opportunity to see something about the place. Whenever I see a British Macmillan book in the future I will think of a solid, rather sombre building in a shabby lane, with oak paneled offices, a broad stairway and an upper hall with portraits of literary celebrities on the walls, and a private office in which sits a man who looks like a frosty Scotch Presbyterian but who turns out to be genialty itself when he finds that it is not your intention to waste any of his time.

This matter of time is serious with these Londoners. Here they are in the very center of the world. People are coming every day from America and Europe and the colonies wanting to see men prominent in literature and art and business. If the big men left their doors ajar they would be swamped with callers. So they put up all kinds of guards, and see visitors only by appointment. Yesterday I had an hour with J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the Spectator, but had to make arrangements for the talk a week in advance. When we arrived I sent a letter to the owner of the London Telegram, and received a reply that he had so many engagements that he could not see me then but would be glad to have me call "week after next." These people are wonderfully courteous and interesting when you reach them properly introduced. Without letters it is not worth while to try to see them at all.

A letter of introduction in England is not a trivial matter. It means something more than being verbally nice to the man who presents it. An Englishman who receives a visitor with a letter from a friend expects to give him all the help he can in finding his way about and also to have him for dinner or luncheon or tea. Until I learned this I was a little astonished at the attention my letters received, especially those from Dr. MacLean and William Allen White. Old Bill of Empory gave me half a dozen letters to prominent journalists and literary men of London and in every case they opened the doors very wide. Mr. White made a strong impression over here. They are still chuckling over "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me." written while

the war was at its blackest stage. He was here a few weeks ago, at the end of a cruise of the Mediterranean ports. Every time I presented a letter from him something was said about disappointment because he slipped away from England at the end of a couple of days. He missed a lot of lionizing by his anxiety to get back to Kansas.

THE BOILING STREETS OF HAMMERSMITH

LONDON, July 20.—These social contrasts still stick into my mind as the biggest thing we have run across in England. It was just an hour between the close of the inspiring conference at Bedford college—when speakers from Great Britain, the United States and Russia talked about the world movement for adult education—and the crowded streets of Hammersmith where we went to hear the "Beggars' Opera," which has now passed its thirteen-hundredth performance. It was Saturday night and the place was boiling with people. I asked a good looking young man the way to the theater. He pointed and said he was pleased to be of service to an American. He was tipsy and friendly, and proceeded to pull up one trouser leg to show that he was a blood brother of mine because he had been wounded in the war.

A few steps farther on a policeman was stopping a fight between newsboys and for the first time in my observation was pushing the belligerents and fast losing his patience. The sidewalks were jammed and the street spaces were taken by a crowd of working people, many of them suffering from the foolish attempt to assuage thirst with the stuff they sell here over the bars. As we threaded our way thru this milling and slightly disorderly crowd, I kept thinking of the good people at Bedford college who were spending the day planning to bring the advantages of a college education to the common man and woman of Great Britain.

It is the big job over here, the handling of the problem of the "lower clawses." There is no doubt about the existence of a huge element at the bottom of the lower scale. An American newspaper correspondent tells me that they are morons, and that they constitute a larger element in the population than the English people like to admit. At the Bedford college meeting they talked as if they believed education to be the solution of the problem. The average Briton doesn't think they can be educated. The old fashioned people bitterly oppose any attempt to bring them up out of their old status. They have been spoiled as servants by high wages and too much attention as it is and if they get a little education they will be ruined forever and England also. The conservatives honestly believe this. and say quite openly that it is better to let the lower classes have their beer and their games to keep them contented and that it will be a national mistake to still further open the school house doors.

And then there is the matter of cost. We called the other afternoon on Mrs. A. Balfour, known to us when she was a child in Lincoln, as Ruth, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Macfarland. She went to Los Angeles with her parents and while visiting in San Francisco met and married a young Englishman. Early in the war they came to England. Mr. Balfour died about two months ago. Their two little daughters, Nancy and Margaret, are the only young people in this branch of the Balfour family as the second son was killed in the war and left no children. Mrs. Balfour told us that next to prohibition her friends were most curious to know how education is managed in the United States at public expense. They could not understand how the state educates every child and yet has the taxes lower than they are in England. Mrs. Balfour said that she could not tell them how it is done, but could testify from her experiences at Lincoln and at Los Angeles that the miracle is accomplished.

This matter of educating the chil-

dren of middle class British families brings on some of the most cruel burdens of the war. It is considered impossible to use the publicly supported "board" schools because the children would acquire there the accent that would cling thru life and damn them both socially and professionally. All over Great Britain a bitter struggle is now going on in the families that were considered well to do before the war to scrape together enough money to pay the taxes and to send the children to the schools that are considered necessary to the future of the young people. Until the age of thirteen, a girl goes to a "day school." After that she must go to a boarding school until she is about seventeen. After that her schooling ends unless she is brilliant or determined enough to push herself into one of the women's colleges at Oxford or Cambridge.

The boys go to "day schools" also, and later to the best boarding school the parents can afford. That means about a thousand dollars a year for each child and about two thousand dollars a year at the University. Self support while securing an education is practically unknown, they tell us. So here the English people are, scrimping and saving, doing without automobiles and smart clothes, cutting out their vacations and their little personal comforts and indulgences in order that their children may be kept out of the contamination of the national schools. They cannot afford to make the state supported schools good enough for the middle and high class families to patronize because of the cost and because of the barrier of accent. If they could the tax burden would break backs that are already bent almost to the ground.

When I finally make up my mind about England I will probably conclude that its two greatest problems are education and beer. It was certainly a shock to go from Bedford college meeting, where earnest educators were talking largely about education and democracy to the milling mass of raw humanity at Hammersmith.

A FRIENDLY LITTLE MAN GIVES AID

LONDON, July 21.—One day we gave our distinguished attention to the trappings of British royalty. The king left Buckingham palace for a journey to Scotland and the usual crowd stood at the gates to catch a sight of his majesty. Then we fairly danced along the pavement by the side of a splendid red coated band and stood on the sidewalk while the guard was being changed at St. James, the home of the prince of Wales. Here a little, quiet respectable looking man sidled up to me and began explaining the function. He led our party to an advantageous position and told us where to go when the band marched out if we wanted to see everything. He appeared to be a professional guide working to find a client and I am afraid we gave him scant courtesy.

Then he explained that he was only a "friendly man" who had lived a retired life in London for eighteen years, and found pleasure in seeing the beauties of the place and in revealing them to others. He had been very busy during the war in helping the soldiers find their way about. "Did you see the king?" he asked with a glow on his face. "I know just where to go stand when he drives out of the palace gates. This morning he bowed to me." He said this with a show of pride and sincerity that could not have been counterfeited. The quiet little man knew every leaf on the royal tree and soon revealed himself as a devoted admirer of royalty. "Yes," he said simply, "we have a great and good king and also a gracious queen. We as a people are very much blessed in having them to rule over us."

The band paraded out with a fanfare of trumpets and a roll of the drums and the show was over. The little man said that he had a bit of time before going to his dinner, and would be pleased to show us where we could see some of the finest things

in London. He led us thru a sort of court yard where they were washing the walls and scrubbing the pavements and making other preparations for a big party to be given by the Prince of Wales the next evening. It didn't look like a royal palace at all, and yet the names of Princess Marie, Posonby, Knollys and others like them on the polished door plates showed that we were quite inside the fringes of the royal establishment. There were no guards about and we seemed to be in one of the ordinary mazes of plain looking large houses that you find all over London.

The next evening we dined with Major Evelyn Wrench at the Overseas club. Major Wrench is one of the recognized leaders in the new England that is rising after the war. He is a moving spirit in the English Speaking union and in the Overseas League. The latter organization has taken over Vernon house, a fine old London mansion, and is maintaining it as a club house for British subjects thruout the world. For ten shillings a year a man in Australia, South Africa, Canada or anywhere else under the British flag may have a London address and a club house to use whenever he comes "home." It is the ambition of the English speaking union to have a similar place which will naturally become the rendezvous of Americans. The branch in the United States is independent but there is a close affiliation between the two organizations and when permanent quarters are established in London our people will be able to use the club house on equal terms with the visitors from other countries.

Major Wrench is one of the most American thinking and acting Britons we have met on this side. He has been a London journalist for a dozen years. It is said of him that he is about the only prominent man who ever left the Northcliffe service without being sacked. He is the man who arranged the debate which culminated in the riot which cost "Pussyfoot" Johnson his eye. He is against the liquor system as it exists in Great Britain. He would not be surprised if a labor government came in during the next five years, and is very sure that British institutions will live if it does. You may put him down as a young man of vision, enthusiasm and distinctly progressive tendencies. He is popular, knows everybody, and as editor of the Landmark and associate editor of the Spectator is well abreast of the thought of the day.

When Major Wrench told us that in his judgment the British crown is as safe as it has ever been and that if its abolition were put to a vote, 95 per cent of the ballots would be cast for the maintenance of the royal regime, he was only adding his testimony to that of the little man in the street whose face was illumined by the thought that the king had bowed to him and that there was a special element of grace in the gesture. The little man, by the way, led us around many interesting places and finally brought us up at the London museum. He knew it was a free day and left us there with so sincere an air of friendliness that even so confirmed a tipper as Will Hardy felt constrained to reach out and shake the little man's hand instead of going into his pocket for a shilling.

ATTENDING AN OFFICIAL UNVEILING

LONDON, July 22.—The handling of crowds by the London police is one of their most highly advertised stunts. The people of the city take so much pride in their constabulary that they will submit to more management and keep good natured about it than the crowds in any American city I know. When the monument to the airmen was unveiled on the embankment the other day the ladies in our party went early and were nicely located a few feet away from the stage when the police arrived to take charge. The first thing they did was to move the early comers back a few feet. Then they gently eased them across the street and finally a couple of hundred

feet away, all the time talking pleasantly and doing a disagreeable job with much tact.

The American visitors were boiling, but didn't dare to make any remarks. Not so a British matron with a red face and plenty of bellows room in her chest.

"Call this a public unwailin'," she said. "I call it a private unwailin', that wot it is. The prince wouldn't like it at all if he knew wot was goin' on 'ere. I know 'e wouldn't."

Nevertheless she went back with the rest, grumbling and devoted to the royal family, because she knew things would be different if the king and the prince had their way about the arrangements.

As for the American ladies they went back down the street by slow degrees and finally saw the show from a distance, perched on a terrace wall, hanging for an hour with a death grip upon an iron paling. It seemed to them that the management of the show was distinctly inferior. They had a great company of assorted celebrities, and yet out of the whole crowd Admiral Beatty was the only one who was easily seen and plainly recognized. The prince of Wales was brought up in a closed car and whisked away soon after his speech, so that those on the outskirts of the crowd saw only the top of his silk hat.

Not caring a hang whether I saw the prince or not I wandered around looking at the crowd and asking foolish questions of the policemen to see what they did with people from the provinces. They all said they didn't know where dignitaries were to come in. In this they were probably right. They seem to have a system of bringing the specially invited people in by different routes so that the streets would not be choked by curiosity seekers on definite lines of approach. The policemen were also polite and patient. Most of them are young and good natured. I asked one particularly polite officer how they managed London crowds, and he said they did it mainly by good nature and easy firmness. Turning on me he said: "Back if you please; please go back to the footpath." Thinking he was in earnest I beat it, only to hear him laugh and say: "Now you see how we do it in London."

The crowd was a study. I have never seen any place approaching London, with the exception of Liverpool, that turns out more curious looking people at a single time than London. I suppose no city has so many hawkers. They filled the air with their cries all the time the crowd was gathering. The most persistent were the sellers of programs. They gave you a badly printed sheet of paper with almost nothing on it and charged between five and six cents for it. The authorities ought to have checked the fraud, but seem to think that the buyer must protect himself. All the match sellers in that part of London seem to have crowded to that part of the embankment, along with the flower "girls," the venders of lemon drops and fans and handkerchiefs, and almost everything else you can think of. The good nature of the English is so monumental that they let the weak, the halt and the blind go out and beg everywhere under the pretext of selling something. An expectant mother who cannot work will take a bunch of flowers or some matches and go on the streets and everybody seems to think it is all right.

The street musicians are everywhere. A group of young men with a harmonium stationed themselves not far away from the air monument and sang very well for an hour, all the while passing the hat with zeal and success. If one's vacation is not to be ruined entirely, it is necessary to shut one's eyes to these sights and close one's ears to these sounds. The experienced traveler refuses to take on any of the publicly exposed woe of the country in which he is visiting. If he did, his heart strings would soon be sore and his purse strings even worse. An occasional copper can be given if it is not accompanied by too much sympathy. Start feeling deeply for the unfortunates you run across all over London and begin helping everyone and you are lost. You might as well try to sweep back the waves of the Atlantic with a broom.

WHEN PUSSYFOOT JOHNSON LOST HIS EYE

LONDON, July 23.—We have held a number of Nebraska reunions here with W. E. (Pussyfoot) Johnson, who came to London soon after we did and is leaving for South Africa on the day after we start for Scotland. We find him a good deal of a celebrity. The elevator man in our hotel knows all about him. People of all classes have heard of him. Generally they have been impressed with his sportsmanship when the London medical students mobbed him during their famous rag of November 12, 1919, and caused the loss of an eye. Like city dwellers in all countries the Londoners are big children. They remember "Pussyfoot" for two reasons. They heard that he came over from America to make Great Britain dry, and large numbers of them experienced the clotting in the movement of London traffic on the day of the riot. When they learned of the loss of the eye and that the big American held no resentment public opinion jumped to his side in a moment, and has been with him ever since in spite of the opposition that exists here among all classes to the thing Pussyfoot preaches.

Mr. Johnson's story of the riot is particularly interesting when told on the ground. It began on Fleet street. After the students had overpowered the meeting and had captured the chairman and the speaker they organized a parade thru the west end, proclaiming with banners and cheers that "We've got Pussyfoot." The public didn't believe it for a while. When the fact dawned on the crowds that the man being carried cross legged on a stretcher calmly smoking a cigar, laughing and joking with his captors, was in fact the prohibition apostle the whole underworld of London seemed to swarm up from its cellars to show its contempt. For about four hours it was a serious affair. The tubes could run but surface traffic was tied up in a hard knot. They called in an army of policemen, for the honor of the community was at stake. They had to get Pussyfoot out of the muss or admit that the mob was in control.

By this time the students were as anxious as anybody to let go of their captive. The police finally got him into a motor car and rushed it thru the crowd without regard to consequences. Just as the car started some rioter threw a hard substance, hitting Mr. Johnson squarely in the eye. It made a painful wound and when it was examined grave consequences were feared. For two weeks the condition of that eye was a subject for hourly discussion in the newspapers. When it was finally removed the British spirit of fair play was deeply touched, and Pussyfoot received the unwilling and yet sincere homage of the country. It advertised him and the cause so widely that he agrees that the incident was "worth a whole basket of eyes." It made him so well known that he needs no special advertising now when he goes into far lands to talk in the cause of prohibition. They dedicated a "Rev. Pussyfoot Johnson" church in India. Quite generally in Asia he was looked upon as a clergyman—until he arrived and made a speech.

Pussyfoot's present tour will take him on a tour of South Africa lasting six weeks. The temperance alliance down there has billed him for one or two addresses a day during this period. He will then go north, passing over to the east coast, then entering the Nile valley and on to Cairo. From there he will go to Palestine, Constantinople and finally wind up at Angora. He finds that all of the Mohammedan countries are fertile soil for his sowing. The Hindus have also been calling attention to the dangers of alcohol for thousands of years. So there is a big element of the world's population, many hundreds of millions in fact backing the fight against alcohol for religious reasons. It gives this world league a pretty solid basis.

We were interested to find Pussyfoot developing no signs of the fanatic as he grows older and increases his influence as a world leader. He is mellow and pleasant always and quite disarms his hecklers by the good-natured way he admits some of the shortcomings of prohibition in Amer-

ica. "It is young yet," he tells them. "Wait until we have had a chance to plug up some of the holes made in our line of defense by boats carrying the British flag."

In his good-tempered, gentle way, Pussyfoot Johnson is putting up a remarkable battle here in the center of the British empire, one of the wettest spots in the world. His soft answers turn away wrath, and his almost casual remarks showing the Britishers how much money they are losing by remaining sodden seem to be digging deep into the national mind. Not that Pussyfoot expects England to go dry in a night. He knows that it won't. But he is having a mighty good time showing that the industrial race is going to be won by the northern nations that are able to keep their workers sober. If the British don't see the point he thinks that it is their own loss and not his.

EUROPE AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR

LONDON, July 24.—It has perhaps been observed that I have been offering very few opinions on the political, economic and social conditions of Europe. A man may harbor a few convictions without feeling safe in letting the public know what they are. Before they are printed he may want to change them. This evening I had a long and satisfying talk with an American university professor who has been over here for several months. It was satisfying because he was a close observer and a clear thinker. Also because he feels curiously puzzled over some of the things he has seen. If a university professor feels confused after working hard on these problems for months an ordinary man need not be ashamed because he cannot solve them in a few weeks.

This professor spent nearly a month in Germany, the same length of time in France and about two months in Great Britain. He has clear views as to Ireland. The English are right in letting it alone. The Free State government has spent $25,000,000 on putting down the rebellion. They have about ten thousand political prisoners in their jails. The government cannot afford to keep them locked up. On the other hand it is dangerous to set them free. So they don't know what to do. The Free Staters have been able to lay their hands on DeValera for months but haven't wanted to make a martyr out of him. The most serious situation in the Free State now comes from the fact that rents and taxes are badly in arrears. Thousands of suits have been entered for a failure to pay rent, but nothing is done to bring them to judgment. A man must pay income tax on his rent whether he collects it or not. The government is desperately hard up for funds and the landlords are frantic. The professor stayed in Ireland long enough to see how bad the situation was and came away, convinced that very little can be done from the outside for the people of Ireland. They must work out their own salvation.

He came away from Germany with most of his preconceived notions knocked into a cocked hat. "It is my conclusion," he told me, "that the condition of Germany has been deliberately brought upon herself for the purpose of avoiding the payment of reparations." He realizes that this is a serious charge to make upon a country, but he makes it after having heard the German side of the case fully. In order to help his old professor and also to get some definite information for himself, he paid the old chap for documenting the case of the German people in this crisis. A long list of questions as to the cause of the war, the conditions growing out of it and the probable future course of the country was answered with characteristic German thoroness. The American professor also talked with people of all classes.

Everybody agrees that the people with fixed incomes are ruined. They have notning left. The intellectual life of Germany is stagnant. The scholars are undernourished and have no means of securing material for research. No arrangements are being

made for replacements in the army working in the field of the mind. Young men find they can make more money as laborers than as teachers. Why prepare for a university career? The German theory of the cause of the fall in the mark is in line with their explanations of the cause of the war. They are ringed round by enemies. The allies are determined to ruin them. They began by imposing impossible conditions. To meet them it was necessary for the German government to begin printing currency. The new government was not strong and could not tax the people enough to pay its expenses and satisfy the allies also. So inflation went on. Now it is in such a state that the Germans are dazed and don't know what to make of it.

In the meantime the professor found that Germany, except in this matter of currency, is just as rich in land and machinery as before the war. None of this wealth was destroyed. She has suffered in morale and manhood, but not in the basis of her material wealth. There is an air of prosperity about the country, indeed. They are improving the railroads, double tracking some of them. The explanation is that they must do this to prevent unemployment. Business is brisk. Everybody hurries to spend his money to get all he can out of it before it falls still further. How could a government do so monstrous a thing as to ruin the most thrifty elements in its population just for the purpose of evading the payment of reparations? The American profesor felt before he went to Germany that it was unthinkable that such a course should have been adopted deliberately. It would take too long to give all of the things that caused him to change his mind, but he now believes that France was right in going into the Ruhr because the Germans will never pay unless under compulsion.

Coming to England and talking with public men and economists he finds himself at variance with the prevailing British view. Here the feeling is against France. He met with a group of leading men for a discussion of the case and was surprised to find himself almost a minority of one. Nevertheless he was just back from Germany and came armed with enough facts to cause his conviction to persist. In France he found a settled condition of mind. To the Frenchman the case is so simple as to need no argument or discussion. France was beaten in 1871. The Germans occupied the country and would not move out until a big indemnity was paid. Now the case is reversed, Germany was beaten. An indemnity was imposed. It was not paid. The French army marched into the Ruhr. It will stay there until the money is paid. Voila!

The professor found a curious ability among the German people to get along under the frightful conditions imposed by a worthless currency. The farmers who were in debt are paying off their mortgages by the sale of a chicken. Then they export their produce when they can and stealthily pile up bank balances in dollars in other countries. The big business men are reaping a harvest. They will soon own all of Germany. The story of what is going on is so preposterous that one hesitates to write it down even as hearsay.

HONORING AN AMERICAN EDUCATOR

LONDON, July 26.—It is a joy to attend an English public meeting and see how they manage to make a success of it spite of their formality. They tell us that they must stage everything with the greatest care to make a go of it, and they may be right. The latest affair we observed was the presentation of an oil painting and a silver loving cup to Dr. MacLean on the occasion of his retirement as the head of the American university union in Great Britain. It was held at the American Woman's club house at half past five o'clock in the afternoon. This club house, by the way is one of the most attractive places open to Americans in London. It was the home of a German financier before the war. He finished it without

regard to expense and with an abundance of taste. It was filled with a brilliant company that afternoon.

It was a rather trying day for Dr. MacLean, but he carried it off so well that the four Nebraskans who were present felt proud of him. He was brought in and placed in the center of the stage, with a veiled painting on one side, a covered loving cup on the other, and lords and ladies and educators and plain Americans all over the place. The formality was shown in the meticulous care with which the chairman, Sir Charles Wakefield, took charge and introduced each speaker to perform a particular part in the program. It was done with a good round flourish, as if something special was being offered in each case The speaking was simple and sincere. Half a dozen fine addresses were made, pointing out the quality of the work done by Dr. MacLean since he took charge of the union and breathing such an air of affection for him that one who heard them could not again charge the British with being cold. Their compliments were by no means confined to Dr. MacLean's official career. They included a great deal of appreciation of him as a man, and many references to Mrs. MacLean who is no longer with him.

The portrait unveiled and the loving cup having been presented and quaffed from in the orthodox fashion, Dr. MacLean with brimming eyes faced the task of expressing his acknowledgements. He did it handsomely by placing the whole emphasis for the tribute upon the work he had been able to do and by calling upon the university men of both countries to continue the union on an effective basis under his successor. Dr. Clyde A. Dunniway, of Colorado college, who will take charge in October. In their usual English fashion the managers of the meeting then moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and to Dr. MacLean, and seconded the motion with several more appreciative speeches. Lord Charnwood, who is well remembered at the University of Nebraska was particularly happy in his little address. After the meeting the farewells and compliments continued for half an hour. It was considered an extraordinary tribute, and received almost as much attention from the London newspapers as the departure of an American ambassador. They commonly call Dr. MacLean the American educational ambassador indeed, and treat him as if he had a recognized place in the diplomatic service.

Dr. MacLean has received a warm invitation to reside in Lincoln after he retires. He is also wanted at Minneapolis where he has a brother and in Brooklyn where his sister lives. It is supposed that he has given up this rather strenuous work because he needs rest and wants leisure for writing. If he tells all he knows about London and the movements of the public men and social leaders of Great Britain he ought to produce a best seller on both sides of the Atlantic. So far he has announced no plans, and retains a discreet silence when Mr. Hardy on behalf of the Nebraska Art Association, tells him rather bluntly that the oil painting showing him in his academic robes belongs on the walls of the art hall of the University of Nebraska, which was finished during his administration as chancellor.

One thing we have noticed about Dr. MacLean with pleasure. He has received much attention from the titled people of Great Britain. He received not only an invitation to a recent reception at the royal palace but a farewell note by the Prince of Wales containing more than perfunctory expressions of appreciation. He is on such terms with prominent people that they will admit his friends to their homes at any time he makes a request. Yet all the time he is sturdily American, and never hesitates to tell his English hosts about the excellencies of America. As we analyze his feelings, he is even more a believer in his country and more a believer in democracy than when he came over here ten years ago.

The doctor will remain in London for a few weeks, sorting out his papers for his return journey. We are also beginning to pack, for when the weather was hot for ten days we arranged to move to Scotland. We have

nothing to do with "the season" but it is interesting to know it lasts thru May, June and July. During these three months people who like to be in the thick of things come to their London houses or take quarters in hotels. About the first of August they scatter to the country and socially the city will be normally quiet for another nine months.

PERSONAL CONTACTS ON THE ROAD TO SCOTLAND

DURHAM, England, July 27.—The smallness of this Island and the ease with which one can slip all over it continue to fill us with surprise. We left London at half past ten o'clock in the morning on a train and landed in Manchester at twenty minutes past two in the afternoon. Stepping out of the carriage we found our old driver waiting for us with the car which had been engaged for a second brief tour, this time thru northern England and into the Scotch highlands. We took a glance at the Barnard statue of Lincoln in the new Manchester public park, and after deciding it was neither wholly good nor wholly bad, turned eastward for York.

The next day we devoted to two cathedrals of note, with a visit to Fountains Abbey, a ruin hidden away in a fold in the hills between York and Durham. It turned out to be so peaceful and entrancing a place that we could not tear ourselves away, altho we had an engagement, in the middle of the afternoon, to meet T. W. Macdonald, father of Rev. James W. Macdonald, pastor of All Soul's church of Lincoln, at Bishop Aukland, a mining town. We found Mr. Macdonald waiting for us at the Bishop Auckland Co-operative store, and gave him an account of his son's stewardship at Lincoln that made his face glow with pride. Mr. Macdonald has been connected with mining in the district for many years and was able to tell us many interesting things about the industry, and its present rather depressed condition.

Then we met the general manager of the cooperative society. He turned out to be a stimulating character. He wanted to know all about "Jim" for he was not only a great friend of the family but had been the employer of the present pastor of All Soul's for several years. He rang for tea. In a few minutes we were all seated around the table in the general manager's office while the history of the Macdonald family was gradually unfolded, without much assistance from the only member who was present. It appeared that young Macdonald, who began going to school at the age of three, was looked upon as the great scholar of the district. He won so many honors and scholarships that it was considered inevitable that he should enter a learned profession. His grandmother who had been his mother since he was four years old, set her heart upon his becoming a Primitive Methodist preacher. As time went on he gained practical experience in business in the cooperative society and was ready to take advanced theological studies that would land him in the ministry of his father's church. Everything was arranged for this career, and a brilliant future was predicted for the lad, for he had already shown his power.

Then he developed some theological doubts and in his usual straightforward manner refused to accept the college course and went to Canada. Borrowing $250 from a friend he started a little store in Winnipeg and was making a success of it when he found a scholarship awaiting for him in Meadville college, Pennsylvania, the school maintained by the Unitarians. That led to ordination as a pastor and in a few years a call to Lincoln. As these facts were told one saw in the pride of the father, the admiration of the friends and the awe of the miner boys of the district over the high position attained by this scholar from the Shildon schools, a scene from Ian Maclaren's novels. Not a single element was lacking.

We found the general manager of the store, Michael Watson, the livest wire we have yet seen in England. He looks a bit like Andrew Carnegie. He talks like a Scot and he acts like an

American, yet he says he is an Englishman, born three and a half miles from the store. He operates a five million dollar business in a fiercely competitive field. He is the leader of a Sunday School class of four hundred members, and has been for thirteen years. He runs the foot ball field. He is president of the golf club. If he ever comes to Lincoln Mr. Hardy will put him up against Dr. Aitken with the idea that the pastor of St. Paul's will be humbled into dust. He is a leader in the temperance movement and says that the progress made in recent years toward a dry England is much greater than the public understands. He is a Wesleyan Methodist with an intense interest in the movement now on to unite the three branches of the church in England into one body, and then to bring other dissenting sects into a common fold.

As he talked swiftly and vigorously this lively man kept coming back to "Jim." He asked about his pastorate at Lincoln and continued to explain how the young man had prepared himself for it. While the boy had been a good worker in the cooperative store he had rebelled against some of the slow methods of the institution. For one thing he would not give his time to such slavery as the adding of columns of figures. "God never intended that man should add," he had insisted. Now they have fine adding machinery in the store. Jumping up from the table Mr. Watson went to his portfolio which he carries wherever he goes and took from it the printed announcement of Sunday services and sermon subjects of All Soul's church of Lincoln. "I carry this with me always," he said, "and often gain enjoyment looking it over and thinking of the sermons my young friend will be preaching on all of these fine subjects." That seemed to us a genuine tribute from a man of affairs, to whom the Rev. James W. Macdonald will always be "Jim", and whose father was "Tom" to all the large staff around the store. It gave us an illuminating glimpse of that part of England that has not lost the faith of its fathers and still has time for hard and fast friendships.

SEEING THE INSIDE OF CO-OPERATION

DURHAM, England, July 29.—Not the least interesting feature of our call upon Thomas Macdonald was the opportunity it gave us to look into the operations of a big going cooperative trading establishment.

The Bishop Auckland Industrial Cooperative Flour and Provision Society, Limited, has been doing business since 1865. It has 21,962 members, employs capital of $2,000,000 and does an annual business of nearly $5,000,000. The members subscribe as much capital as they wish, many of them owning only a dollar or so of the stock. On this they receive an annual return of 5 per cent. Goods are sold at competitive prices to the members and to everybody else, and the members receive in addition to their dividends on stock, an annual return computed upon the purchases they have made from the store. The last semi-annual report shows that the society paid a dividend of one shilling and eight pence per pound on all general purchases. In addition a small amount was carried forward as reserve, and depreciation and betterments absorbed nearly $50,000 of the profits. For many years the company has been earning from 6 to 12 per cent to return to the stockholders on all of their purchases, in addition to the regular dividend on their share capital.

The society, it will be observed, is carried on in accordance with the true principle of cooperation. In America many so called cooperative business concerns are not cooperative at all, even if their capital is owned by those who furnish the bulk of the business. The theory of the cooperative movement is that customers, owning the business as they do and sharing in the profits in proportion to their purchases, will bring in their orders so freely and willingly that it will not be necessary to resort to advertising or salesmanship to keep the business up to a profitable level. It does not always work out in this way.

The first surprising thing we learned when we looked over the big store at Bishop Auckland was that it is necessary to fight for the trade of the members. In England the battle of the retail stores is not fought out in the advertising columns of the newspapers. There are not enough telephones in an industrial district to make it possible to send orders that way. The people are rather widely scattered and have indifferent transportation facilities, especially in the outlying districts. For these and other reasons there has grown up in the country a system of selling goods thru "travelers." We would call them salesmen. They call on the retail trade just as diligently as the American traveling man for wholesale houses call on the retail merchants. They go from house to house and from cottage to cottage, taking orders and doing their best to keep the buyers in good humor. The stuff is then delivered, sometimes miles away from the store, by wagons making their regular trips for that purpose. The Bishop Auckland society maintains seven branches to enable it to meet competition and give quick service to its customers.

This competition is apparently growing keener all the time. The members are not always alive to their own interests, for the managers of the local branches find it necessary to work all of the time to keep them from falling into the habit of buying from the independent stores. From time immemorial the owner of a well established independent retail shop in England has had but little to worry him. It has been the custom of the country to buy from one dealer and stick to him thru thick and thin unless exceptional reasons develop for making a change. They tell us that this situation is passing away.

The "chain store" that has become so prominent in the United States in recent years is taking a firm hold on British trade. Here they are called "multiple stores." Their buying power is so great and their management is supposed to be so efficient that they are cutting deeply into the trade of the old establishments. Then the co-operative societies, with their complete ramification all over the country, their immense wholesale system and the factories and plantations they are now operating in different parts of the world, are apparently increasing in their aggressiveness. Between these two comparatively modern business developments, the owner of an independent retail business in England feels that he is being ground up by the upper and the nether millstones.

SOME OF THE SIGHTS ON THE SCOTTISH BORDER

MELROSE, Scotland, July 30.—We have been driving north for long distances over "Watling street," the road started by the Romans and made so straight that the modern Britons consider it a world wonder. We bowled along at thirty miles an hour over the road the moderns have laid out on the debris of the old wall the Romans built clear across from sea to sea to keep the wild tribes of the north from coming down and disturbing the rest of the legions. There isn't enough left of the wall to grow enthusiastic over, but it pays to visit such a place because it forces one to reconstruct his history and indulge in some fresh philosophizing over the origins and the relations of men.

After two months of life and travel in a foreign country I must write myself down as a piker in sight seeing. At Jedburgh we ran across the ruin of another abbey. The ladies were in raptures over it and would not be satisfied until they had found the caretaker and had been allowed to poke into every corner of the place and had been told just when this pillar had been built and when that buttress had failed. Once over was enough for me. I slipped away and when they were at last ready to move on they had to send and tear me away from a newly formed friend, who was telling me in the broadest kind of Scotch about the hard times that had come over the textile industry and

how hard the weavers and other workers in the two factories in the town had to scratch to keep soul and body together.

Of course we celebrated our arrival in Scotland by going to Melrose abbey and in seeing Abbottsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, which like almost everything else over here, is now open to the public at a shilling a head, plus a little remembrance to the man who goes around and shows it to you. Here again I didn't care a hang about the individual relics left by the writer of the Waverly novels, but I did care a great deal about the general appearance of the house and the fact revealed by the caretaker that the novelist spent most of his earnings upon it for twelve years. Sir Walter was lionized a great deal. He evidently paid a great deal of attention to the baronial castles with which this island is dotted and decided to have one of his own. He was making about fifty thousand dollars a year at that time, so why not have a home in keeping with his income and his position? He produced an ugly, rambling imitation of a big castle, instead of spending a small amount of money on a comfortable and proper home for a craftsman in letters. He went broke, in short, trying to keep up with Lizzie as well as thru the misfortunes of his publisher. There are the things that interest me, not the case containing a lock of Prince Charley's hair, or a brace of pistols taken from the carriage of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo.

This indifference to the sights starred and double starred in the guide books will make me a poor conversationalist when the travelers meet to outline their mental pictures and reveal their emotions during the coming winter. The pastoral beauty of England, the rugged scenery of Wales, and now the new panoramas of Scotland will always be with me, I suppose, for these and the appearance and the performances of the people are the most interesting things I can carry away with me. I count that day almost lost when it has been devoted to the things listed by Baedeker and has not brought into my life some striking or significant personality connected with the locality. Tourists do not linger around the mining towns of northern England, and yet we regretted that we did not have two or three days to spend in company with Michael Watson, the manager of the cooperative store at Bishop Auckland, who gave us in a few hours more information about the social, business and religious life of the country than we could gain in a week of ordinary sightseeing.

In the same way I found the study of Durham cathedral much quickened by a call upon the editor of the local newspaper, who confirmed the suspicion already strong in our minds that Hugh Walpole had used it as the background for his novel "The Cathedral." Some of the circumstances had been camouflaged. The river that flows around the grounds is not tidal water, but the building and its commanding site would mark Durham as the scene of the novel even if we had not learned that Mr. Walpole's father was the head of a school there, and that most of the characters were identified with the cathedral dignitaries. The people of the town and the hundred or so cathedral people seem to have little in common. Durham is a poor excuse for a mining town while the cathedral is not only most striking in its interior features but has its independent endowments of town property, farm lands and coal royalties so that it can live without the local support which it does not receive.

SEARCHING THE ORIGIN OF SCOTCH GREATNESS

EDINBURGH, Scotland, July 31.—It doesn't do to be positive about such matters, but when we arrived in Edinburgh and gave the people on the streets the benefit of our distinguished attention it seemed that they are better dressed and brighter than the natives in the counties we had been

traveling thru. "I wonder," I finally said, "if the greatness of these people is due to the poverty of their forefathers, or their devotion to education, or to their religous zeal, or to the fact that they make and drink a good deal of Scotch whisky."

"How can you establish the fact that they are a great people?" Mr. Hardy wanted to know.

"It doesn't have to be established," I said. "They admit it." I was thinking of the native back in Jedburgh who had filled me to the brim with information about the industry and integrity and intelligence of the Scotch people. I wasn't thinking at all of things my friend Judge Letton occasionally lets drop in his conversation on this same general subject.

I met a good match for the judge on Sunday morning when I went out alone in search of a real, old fashioned Scotch Presbyterian church. I wanted one where they preached hell fire, if this is done any more. The bells were ringing all around until the multiplicity of invitations became confusing. A trim, smooth-faced man under a silk hat was waiting at the corner. On the impulse I stopped and asked if he would direct me to the most orthodox Presbyterian church in Edinburgh. He pointed to the nearest one, St. Cuthbert's, and said that would do. "If you would like to see the original church, the cathedral of St. Giles," he added, "I am on my way there and would be glad to give you a lift." It had begun to drizzle a little and he signalled a cab while we were talking.

On the way he gave me a short sketch of the church and said that while it is charged with aping the church of England it is in fact only using the original Scottish forms, which antedate Henry the Eighth, and have quite as much simple dignity and originality as the Episcopalian service. Asking me to go with him he went to the part of the church known as the choir. and placed me at his side where the monks sat in the old cathedrals to sing their part of the service. In St. Giles the choir has been removed to another place and the section where we sat was evidently reserved for officials.

The interior has the appearance of a cathedral of moderate size and considerable antiquity. It is severe and dignified. The people poured in until hardly a seat was left vacant. The service consisted of prayers, hymns, readings, an anthem, and musical responses preceding the sermon. It was much more formal than any service I ever attended outside of the Catholic or Episcopalian churches. All of the officials, even the ushers, wore gowns. An officer with a mace preceded the preacher to the pulpit and left the emblem of authority on the pillar behind the speaker until it was time to conduct him to the part of the church where the high altar usually stands, to complete the service. The sermon, by the Rev. Wallace Williamson, a scholarly looking man who read his remarks in a way to indicate that he had weighed every word, was on "The love of Christ." It reminded me of the breadth of the preaching of my own pastor, Dr. John Andrew Holmes. No sulphur there.

My host, who had given me whispered bits of information of great interest while the people were gathering, advised me to stay and look around the church, and left me feeling that I had been treated with undeserved kindness by a total stranger. The next day while we were visiting the law courts I was pleased but not surprised to see my host in wig and scarlet gown presiding over the second division of what an attendant said was the appellate or supreme court of Scotland.

Later in the day when we visited Edinburgh university one of the young professors confirmed our impression that we had seen a notably good class of people on the streets. "You must remember," he said, "that you have been passing thru an industrial district. You are now in the capital of Scotland, the center of its political, educational and social life. This city is a banking and insurance center, but it is not a place of great industries. When you get around to Glasgow you will find that Scotland has its black

districts just as well as England." As we go around we find this explanation given by everybody for the great attractiveness of the city. It reminds us of the talk we hear at home about the superior charm of Lincoln.

One would expect Edinburgh to be ar unlovely city because it is built of stone of a uniform color and because leaden skies seem to be common here. But somehow the whole composition seems to fit in to form a restful and fascinating picture. The buildings, which are curiously alike in architecture as well as material seem to be a part of the landscape. The castle, the nearby hills, the Firth of Forth, the gash thru the city which they have parked and made a pathway for the hidden railroad and the site of one of the world's notable business highways, Princes street, combine to give the city distinction and individuality.

ON INTERNATIONAL CHESS FRIENDSHIPS

DUFFTOWN, Scotland, Aug. 1.—Because there is a subscriber of the State Journal living in this town in the north of Scotland, and because he has been playing chess by mail with Mr. Hardy and E. P. Sharp, the chess editor, for about eight years, we made Dufftown the objective of our tour thru the highlands, in order that Mr. Hardy might exchange a little chess language with him. We came a little farther north than the usual tour for this season and found it a pleasant experience. The scenery is satisfactory and it is worth a great deal to see the native Scots as they live a little off the main line of travel.

These long distance chess friendships are interesting. Mr. Hardy knows Mr. H. T. Twomey thru this correspondence better than he knows many a man he meets face to face every few weeks. He also knows another man living on an island off the coast of New Zealand, one of four white men on the place, which is devoted to the live stock industry. This man takes the Journal, too, and if anybody from the office takes a trip into Australasia it will be necessary to give him a call. Mr. Sharp has not less than one hundred and fifty men scattered all over the world from Scotland to New Zealand and from British America to the Argentine who follow the problems he lays out in the Journal's chess columns and keep acquainted with him and with other Lincoln players thru correspondence. There is a charm about chess that makes it irresistible to its devotees. They have a freemasonry that binds them together tighter than any bond in the world except the single one of consanguinity.

It was interesting from Edinburgh thru the northern district of Scotland. It is worth a journey into this part of the world to see the railroad bridge over the Firth of Forth, a few miles above the city. While we waited for the ferry to carry us across this arm of the sea almost under the shadow of the bridge, the ferryman gave us an account of the building of the structure. He said it was finished in 1890 after seven years of day and night work by 5,000 men. It is a mile and a half long, 150 feet above high water and cost nearly $25,000,000. He talked a good deal like a Californian, or a man from Detroit, for he cheerfully admitted that it was the biggest thing of its kind in the world and acted as if he had built it himself. When I asked him about business conditions in the vicinity his enthusiasm ebbed away. "Trade is bad' he said. I asked him what was the trouble. "Nobody wants to work any more," he said, "when a man can get fifteen shillings poor relief every week with an allowance for his wife and children he wants to know why he should bother himself with working. He can get along without it. That is why you see so many men selling shoe laces or matches, sir. The dole is ruining the country."

During the trip on the ferry a young man from near Manchester pointed out the naval base near by where he was stationed during the war. There

was great naval activity here, then, but very few ships pass up and down the Firth of Forth in normal times. The shipping activity of Scotland and England is mainly on the western side. We talked about the best places to go in Scotland, but said nothing about the roads. That eternal subject for discussion among American automobile tourists hardly ever comes up here. Roads of fine quality are so common that they are taken as a matter of course. If nothing is said, it means that the roads are all right.

We did talk of course about motor cars and their cost in Great Britain and America. The young man knew all about the leading makes of American cars and had heard astonishing things about Henry Ford. He said with a straight face that the Manchester plant of the Ford company has become quite as wonderful as the Detroit works. "If you want a car and go into a Ford works to book your order," he said, "they will take your money and give you something to read and tell you to sit down and wait. They will then begin making your car and in twenty minutes you can drive it away." Then he spoiled this perfectly good story by adding the British chestnut that a monkey is furnished with every new car to "pick up the nuts."

This isn't what I wanted to say about this young man, who was quick and intelligent and had evidently been considerably brightened by his service in the navy. He was not over thirty, apparently, yet he was a genuine pessimist as to the future of England. The ferryman was in the sere and yellow and was giving the views of a Scotsman, so I was not surprised over his tale of woe. The young man said almost identically the same thing about the unwillingness of the people of England to work. He also thought that the country had been "ruined" by the developments since the war and the attitude of the working classes. He said that England needs thrift and hard work, and doesn't seem to be willing to form the acquaintance of either.

WHEN THE SCOT IS NOT CONVERSATIONAL

INVERNESS, Scotland, Aug. 2.—Scotland brings many surprises. It is small and it looks poor. We wonder how such a country has managed to make such a splash in the world. It is probably the red hair. There is something in the racial stock that puts a drive into the people and makes them come to the front wherever they happen to make their homes. After motoring five hundred miles thru the Highlands north of the Firth of Forth we are inclined to dispute the claim of Edinburgh that the cream of the Scottish population is in that city. Everywhere we have been struck by the number of upstanding young people on the streets, and the great plentitude of husky looking children. The men do look a little hairy and moth eaten after they reach and pass middle life. That may be due to the climate and the use of Scotch whisky. Something seems to have soured them. A jolly Scot is the best fun in the world but when he isn't jolly he is likely to be a glum grunter. The word "dour" was coined to cover him.

The pursuit of information in this country is therefore beset with difficulties. At Elgin I sought information from the very competent Scottish woman who had served us with the usual afternoon tea, concerning the process of keeping a million tea shops in England and Scotland supplied with cakes. Wherever you go you see the windows of the restaurants and tea places piled high with a bewildering assortment of tea cakes, cookies, French pastry and other baked allurements. When you take tea they bring plates piled high with these things, knowing that when they are in easy reach the customer will consume more than he really needs. They have a system of counting the number before and after you have taken your tea, and every missing one will be found on your bill.

In spite of the efforts of a hard tea

drinking and cake eating population to clean up the supply of cakes every day the windows are just as full at night as they were in the morning. What do they do, with the stuff left over? Don't these cakes ever grow stale? If they do, the loss must be heavy. Have they any way of reviving them after the freshness has departed? I never dared ask an English tea shop keeper to explain the mystery, but thought something might be learned from this bright looking woman at Elgin, in Scotland, the land of universal knowledge. Well, my pursuit of intelligence on the cake question was short lived. The lady dropped into complete immobility.

"Now ye arrre touchin' upon business affairrrs arrren't you?" she said, giving me a glance that froze me into an icicle.

There is evidently some deep secret connected with the care of the cakes. It is probably discreditable to the trade. If not, why this reticence?

At Inverness a man was fishing from the bridge in front of the hotel, throwing a long line into Loch Ness, which marches past deep and dark and irresistible. He had nothing to do but swing his pole back and forth and feel for a strike, so it seemed perfectly sportsmanlike to ask him about the bait.

"Fly," he said without looking at me.

"What fish will take it here?" I asked genially and conversationally.

"Salmon."

That was the end. There wasn't any more. I melted away into the gloom feeling that I had committed a serious indiscretion. He was the first fisherman I ever saw under like circumstances who wouldn't have opened up like a flower under the sun.

At one of the Scottish highland hotels we visited the other day they were good enough sports to keep on the table in the lounge a book entitled "The Unspeakable Scot." It gives the race a frightful going over. The Scotch are made out to be an inferior people, whose learning is only a collection of facts, whose only virtue is a stupid sort of industry, whose thrift is positively indecent and whose taciturnity amounts to boorishness until it is lubricated with "whusky," when it becomes boisterous and vocal. I wonder if this lone fisherman had been denied his drappie for the day. The sun was about to set and he had not yet been anointed with the great Scotch beverage. If he had been I would without doubt have been furnished with columns of interesting facts about fishing in the highlands and the habits of the salmon that play in the swift and beautiful river Ness.

WHEN THE BRITISH PEOPLE GO ON HOLIDAY

OBAN, Scotland, Aug. 3.—Pausing for a day in this beautiful seaside resort, which is called the Charing Cross and also the cross roads of the highlands, I happened to fall in with a group of sympathetic people in the Times office who proceeded to set me right on some of my misconceptions of Scotland, gained during a flying journey thru the country. After an hour or more spent with this lively group it would be a stubborn man indeed who would still insist that all Scots are taciturn and ungracious. Mrs. Macauley, the editor of the Times, brought assistance from some of her men relatives in securing information concerning the paucity of people in the highlands and in the loch district we had just passed thru.

There was no complete agreement among these well informed Scottish people as to the reason for the depopulation of their part of the country. One of the men held that the trouble was the climate and the poverty of the soil. He said frequent rains in the summer made agriculture precarious. Hay is the principal crop and often the harvest is stingy. Other members of the group said that this part of Scotland is thinly settled because of the blunders of the ruling families in sending their workers away about one hundred years ago to

permit the land to go back into parks and hunting preserves. Still others insisted that the real cause for the decline in the population is to be looked for in the lack of money among the landed gentry in Scotland, their inability to pay their taxes and make the improvements that are needed to bring farming up to a paying basis once more.

As for the failure of the people of Great Britain to use this amazingly beautiful district for summer homes, it is explained on the ground that the summer cottage is not a part of the scheme of life for even the moderately well off middle class families. Summer weather all over the island is usually so mild that it is possible to remain at home with comfort. When holidays are planned it is customary to go to well established resorts here or on the continent. There is a tremendous amount of this going about. The bank holidays beginning early in August see such a churning of the population as we never experience at home. A great crowd may pass thru the highlands at this time and view the charms of the mountains and lakes without a thought of buying a piece of lake shore and coming to this place every summer. An American cannot drive along vacant miles of mountain and wood fronting on these indescribably beautiful lakes without wanting to buy the whole country and cut it up into building sites. There are two cities with a combined population of 2,000,000 within four or five hours of the lakes and 40,000,000 only about half a day away. It looks like a fine real estate speculation, and yet it would fail. The highlands have plenty of hotels and boarding houses, and here the visitors are entirely content when they choose this district for their holidays.

In Great Britain one never hears of going "on a vacation." You go on your "holidays." A person who leaves his regular work for even a short period is "on holiday." The practice of taking a few days or weeks or months off seems to be universal among those who can afford it. The railway stations have been filled all summer with announcements of special trains and fares to the resorts. It seems to be the greatest activity of the country, especially when August comes and the rush reaches its climax. It is a poor family indeed that cannot afford at least one charabanc trip during the summer. We find these big open busses here in Scotland just as we did in England, chasing all over the highlands. The managers of hotels up here do not put up many of the English signs saying baldly that charabanc parties are not cared for, but they have a cold shoulder for them when they arrive, unless special arrangements have been made in advance.

The English and Scottish railways must have been hit pretty hard by the motor car. Private cars are not common enough as yet to make much difference, but the charabanc is everywhere. Oban was formerly the center for an extensive boat trade. Only a few years ago nine excursion lines ran from the place to the islands and resorts along the western coast. Now there are only three, and they are not overpatronized. The hotel people are also complaining of poor business, due to the fact that the motor car is carrying their customers away faster than they bring them in. It is exactly the story the hotel man told us nine years ago in New England.

TOO MUCH MOISTURE FOR PUBLIC COMFORT

GLASGOW, Scotland, Aug. 4.—Now and then I may have referred to the contrasts that continually hit one in the face while going over Great Britain. The most striking one of all came when we glided out of the valley holding beautiful and historic Loch Lomond and in a short space were among the factory chimneys and tenements of the outskirts of Glasgow. It is only a step from mountains and lakes and great natural beauty to the ragged fringes of a city of more than a million people. On Loch Lomond one

has no feel of the nearness of all this industrial population. There are some people in the hotels. The lake steamers carry passengers back and forth. This morning we saw a few camps of boys and girls, evidently preparing for a week end on the shore. But the natural beauty of the lake is not impaired in the least by its nearness to a great city.

Why this is the case was explained to us later in the day by a cultured Scotch lady who spent quite a bit of her time apologizing for the Scotch weather. It is likely to rain at any time during the summer and spoil any plans that may be made for a holiday in the highlands. The mountains are cold and wet in spite of their beauty and the natives find other districts more to their liking. Americans and English people flock to the Scottish locks because of their romantic history and literary associations, but the folks next door do not care enough for highland scenery to visit it once a year. I doubt if there is a merry-go-round or a peanut stand in the whole Scottish lake district. It is all as wild as it was when the old songs and stories were written about it.

When we were in the vicinity of Balmoral castle we found entertainment in reading the volume entitled "Leaves from the Journal of our visit in the Highlands," or something like that by Queen Victoria. It is full of gushing references to "Dear Albert" and the royal children and their journeys to Scotland about seventy-five years ago when they were building the castle. The book is placed in the reading rooms of all of the hotels of the region. The most important information in it deals with the number of picnics spoiled by showers every summer while the royal family was in residence. Drizzling rains, flying clouds, mists and occasional gleams of sunshine seem to be the regular weather menu all over the highlands. We went thru the whole gamut of variability and were followed into Glasgow by a persistent spatter out of leaden skies. There are Nebraskans who think their summer climate trying. They should spend a few weeks in this part of the world. It ought to cure them of complaining. The Scotch admit every good thing you say about their people, and add a few items you hadn't thought of. They endorse every bad thing you say about their climate and bring in some extra indictments to make the condemnation final and unanimous. Many of them really seem to think that their weather is one of the foundations for the grit and persistence of the Scottish race. It is likely to make the crops so poor that the people must scratch like the very mischief to keep from going under.

This morning a man came out of the hotel where we were on the shore of Loch Lomond and asked me what the day was likely to be.

"Nawsty," I said, in a noncommittal voice. He asked another question, which I answered by confessing that I was a stranger to the locality.

"I hear you are now," he said looking at me with a smile. They spot us every time we begin to talk. This man was a traveled Englishman who had been in the orient during the war and had only recently returned. He said he had gone with his car on the previous afternoon thru a region where there was not enough agricultural produce to sustain a single person in the whole fifty miles. That brought up the question I have been asking everybody. How does it come that this almost unhabitated region has had such a strong influence upon the life of Great Britain and upon the world? The Englishman said the Scotch are a distinct race. He finds them all over the world. Wherever they are they do well, and they never forget the mother country. You will find Caledonian societies in the most unexpected places in the far corners of the world.

I pressed him for the ultimate cause for this. "It is partly the poverty of the country," he said. "My opinion is that the absence of a meat diet has something to do with their racial virility. Oatmeal porridge and milk may answer your question. Then remember that education is less expensive in Scotland than in any other part of the world. The Scotch shepherd lad who has ambition may look forward confidently toward going thru

the university. He works for a year and goes up to Edinburgh where he lives so cheaply as to scandalize an Englishman. I personally know two men who walked from Aberdeen to London, and are now leading their professions and enjoying incomes of thousands of pounds."

GLASGOW IS DRINKING LESS WHISKY

GLASGOW, Scotland, Aug. 5.—Everybody we speak to here about the industrial situation insists that "times arrre verry bad." They say that not less than 80,000 men are out of employment, due to the depression in the ship building industry. Very few vessels are under construction in the ship yards that stretch along the banks of the Clyde for miles and miles to the westward. Only now and then is a boat to be seen on the ways, and these are usually small ones. Yards that ordinarily employ thousands of men will have only a few hundred at work on odd jobs and repairs. How do the men get along? The dole. They draw fifteen shillings a week from the government. Nobody I spoke to looked for an immediate change for the better. The coming winter is expected to be a hard one for the Glasgow district.

The dole is almost universally condemned by the casual acquaintances I picked up on the streets and around the hotels. British people say that it is wrecking the spirit of individual enterprise that made their country great, and yet they don't know how to get along in this crisis without it. A newspaper paragraph printed yesterday told of an unemployed ship worker who drew his dole and spent it for drink while his wife worked out and kept the family going. The husband urged her to give up her job and take the dole, too, and went to jail when the case was established in court. There are just enough cases of like general tenor to fill thoughtful minds with apprehension. But it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts the country. Until times ease up a little the dole is here to stay.

The Hardys visited Glasgow fifteen years ago. They are glad to see the city again because it now gives them a much better impression than it did in 1908, in spite of the bad industrial situation. There is enough to offend in some of the streets, heaven knows, but they say that the drunkenness is so much less in evidence now that it seems to be an entirely different city. Much of the improvement is said to be due to the lack of money among the laborers. Some of it comes from the spread of sentiment in favor of total abstinence and prohibition. The tax has gone up too, and drink is costly.

The business depression does not prevent considerable building, especially in the outskirts of the city. Buildings costs are still high and they are gradually getting away from the solid stone construction that was the rule before the war. Driving about the suburbs we saw many new streets of bungalows and light detached houses. The Edinburgh lady who has given us many interesting points about life in the Scottish cities says that a revolution is taking place on account of increased living costs, the difficulty of maintaining a force of servants, and the amount of one's income the government is taking in the form of taxes.

There are in Edinburgh, and in Glasgow also, innumerable streets built up solidly with stone houses about four stories high. A typical house in Edinburgh built at almost any time in the last fifty or one hundred years and occupied by a fairly well to do upper middle class family would have the kitchen and service quarters in the basement. On the front of the ground floor would be the dining room, and behind it the library. The floor above, which we call the second, is almost universally called the first floor in Great Britain. This would be used for one or two drawing rooms, according to the nature of the establishment, and perhaps a bed or two. The upper floors would be occupied by the bed rooms. A house of this kind occupying five floors, in-

cluding the basement, requires a large number of servants. Individual fires must be lighted in every room, if they are to be kept warm. Hot water must be carried to the bed rooms. The food and dishes must be carried from the kitchen to the dining room in the floor above, and tea served in the drawing room calls for an additional flight of climbing.

Altogether one of these old fashioned houses calls for so much labor in its operation that it becomes unlivable for the average family under the conditions that have arisen since the war. Instead of trying to support a dozen servants the tenants of these houses are moving out of them. If they own the property they are cuting them up into flats and taking a floor or two for themselves and leasing the other floors. Edinburgh is doing so much of this compressing of the population into existing houses that but little building can be seen by the average visitor. Glasgow has perhaps a smaller proportion of these large old fashioned houses. It is a greater industrial city and was much underbuilt during the war. For these reasons it is showing more building activity at present than its neighbor on the eastern coast.

SCOTTISH WICKEDNESS ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

CARLISLE, England, Aug. 6.—Sunday in England is a tolerably serious experience for the traveler. In Scotland it is almost a problem. They close everything so tight that after you have done a Scottish church you might as well move on, for there is nothing available for you except the country scenery. That is one reason we left Glasgow at midday and went down to Troon where we sedately walked the golf course which had been used only a few days before by some of the greatest players in the world in the British open tournament. There was not a player on the place. They do not play golf in Scotland on Sunday. Our friend Michael Watson of Bishop Auckland covered that point from the standpoint of the English Methodists when he said that he would consider any man who played on Sunday a "degenerate." And he is a crack player himself, the president of the golf club in his home town.

We walked the course and studied it hole by hole. The fairways are just as nature left them except for the use of a mower. There is hardly a smooth one on the course. The first nine goes straight down the beach, only a few rods from the sea, with low sand dunes all about and some of the ugliest possible salt grass and shore growth in the rough. The fairways are narrow. Their sides are pocked with sand pits and their surfaces are so corrugated that very often the player will find it impossible to secure a normal stance. The fact is that good players from the Lincoln Country club wouldn't have a chance to get under 120. I doubt if Dr. Aitken could do it in that, even if he was born in Scotland.

The first four holes offer no especial difficulties except the narrowness and surface unevenness of the fairways. You may roll upon most of the greens. No. 5 shows what a Scottish golf architect can do when he feels vicious. There is a carry of 185 yards over mean rough and then unless you drop squarely on the green and stick there you are in trouble up to your neck. From five to nine the course lies over fairly respectable sand dunes. The fairways become more uneven and the pits along their sides larger and deeper. Then they begin sticking the greens in curious places making them smaller and irregular in shape and trapping them so cruelly that Mrs. Hardy almost wept when she looked at them. After leading the player around all sorts of sandy difficulties the course goes home a little farther away from the beach and in somewhat smoother pastures. After walking this course one has deep respect for a player who can do it around 70. He must be a wizard. The narrowness of the fairways and the nature of the rough will put the dub player out al-

most before he begins. To prevent the ladies from leaving Troon in disgust they have laid out a second eighteen hole course for them which the average player can look at without wanting to go straight home to mother.

On the course we fell in with a young man with a broad accent and some fuzzy clothes who told us about golf in Scotland. Troon is not a large place, but it has three public courses in addition to this club, which is maintained by subscription. He did not know the amount of the dues, but his home club near Glasgow charges an entrance fee of thirty shillings and an annual subscription of two guineas. This means an admission fee of about $7 and annual dues of about $10. Inquiry among golfers all over the island shows that this is a fair standard. Anthony Spalding, the golf expert on the London Daily Star, told us that his home club costs him three guineas a year, but that is near London and is apparently a little better than the average course. These are golf courses and nothing else. Their houses are simple affairs, without tennis and swimming pools and are bare of the social features that cost so much money in the United States.

Finishing the Troon course we drove to Ayr and visited the "Burns country." By this time it was Sunday afternoon and we had a chance to see the native Scot in his Sunday dissipations. They consisted so far as we could see of walking up and down the roads and streets and occasionaly doing a little talking. At Ayr great crowds were going out to the birthplace of Robert Burns, looking over the old church, the Burns monument and hanging over the parapets of the bridge where the witch came so near to getting Tam O'Shanter. The banks of the stream near the monument have been made into beautiful gardens, and here they did have an orchestra playing. No doubt this a national scandal. But they evened up by refusing admission to the Burns cottage and the monument. They wouldn't even sell us a postal card at the little hotel near by.

Late in the afternoon and in the evening up to 9 o'clock we made our way across the border to Carlisle, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Thru this whole distance there was hardly a mile where we did not meet or pass groups out taking the air. They were well dressed, clean. good looking people. Some of them walked as if they had a destination, but most of them were sauntering. In the villages we could see groups of boys and young men sitting or standing and solemnly conversing or looking at picture papers. There was not a game of any kind in evidence the whole afternoon. We saw children by the million, but observed only one perambulator on the whole road. The babies were being carried, wrapped in shawls. Neither did we see a single ball thrown by a child or grown person. The scenery was the greenest and softest. Now and then a mist or a shower passed over the lovely landscape. It was all quiet, pastoral, restful.

WHY THE AMERICAN FLAG IS NOT ON THE SEAS

WINDERMERE, England, Aug. 8.—After looking over Scotland and parts of northern England rather thoroly we settled down for a short rest in the English lake district. Our hotel, on the Lake Windermere water front, is populated by a host of serious looking English people "on holidays." After a late dinner last night a persistent and very damp rain made it impossible to enjoy the entrancing beauty of the lake and there was nothing to do but gather in the public rooms for an evening indoors. Never say to me again that the English are not chatty. Here they were, middle aged for the most part, prim, correct, dignified, content. A man in the corner said something in a low tone to his wife. She shook her head. A frosty headed old gentleman read something in his paper and said to a neighbor. "This sort of thing must not be allowed." The other agreed. Every now and then you could hear a paper rustle. Some of the people

were reading. Some were sitting and looking off into vacancy. Two or three times in an hour somebody said something in a low tone. It certainly looked like a lively evening.

Not knowing a soul and having no letters of introduction to anybody in the company we were naturally quite out of it. We hardly felt well enough acquainted even to join in the bursts of general silence. Finally I rose. "I am going out to step on an Englishman's foot," I said, in imitation of Stephen Leacock. "Then apologize and maybe some sort of conversation may ensue." I found my victim in the front vestibule gazing with distaste at the weeping skies. "Does it always do this?" I asked, after doing some glowering at the weather, on my own account. A touch of dampness brings human beings together. My victim turned out to be a well informed London business man. It was necessary to stalk his treasures of knowledge with caution, but the result was worth the effort. Together we watched the rain until nearly midnight and then separated like old friends.

My new acquaintance was of the fourth generation of British ship owners. His people had sent tramp steamers all over the world, selling out before the war and turning their attention to marine insurance. That saved them from becoming profiteers. He was just back from the orient, where he had been looking over different business affairs, including the handling of the rice crop. Two years ago he had made a trip to Argentina. He knew freights, markets, finance, and something about world politics. The most serious thing within his vision, he said, was the situation in Europe, with the trouble in China coming along to still further cloud the joy of a man returning from the far east. Another cause for pessimism was the condition of British agriculture. Thousands of tons of old potatoes will not be taken out of the pits where they are stored. In the meantime large new crops are coming on, and prices are so low that it will hardly pay to dig them, to say nothing of shipping them to market. Other crops are in much the same case. The trouble is a lack of employment for labor at home and the disruption of business on the continent caused by the Ruhr dispute and the collapse of the mark.

The most interesting thing he gave me was his opinion that the United States will not make a success of the shipping business for many, many years. "The operation of ships," he said, "is one of the most difficult of all lines of trade. The business is done on so small a margin of profit that unless you have full cargoes and loads both ways you cannot make expenses. The British ship owners have a strong organization. We hold down costs. We have agents in every port in the world looking after our interests. We have educated a whole race of sea faring folk, who run our ships and submit to the necessary discipline, and work for lower wages than American crews insist on having. I hope you won't be annoyed, but you ask for the truth, and I will give it to you. Your crews will not do the work they should. Your masters are robbed in every port they enter because they are not protected by the world organization we maintain to prevent such things. We can carry cheaper on the sea than you can for these reasons. Nothing your government can do in subsidies can change these facts."

He gave something further about the organization of the British ship owners. When a master goes out with a ship he is in full charge. If he is not deeply interested in the success of each voyage he may cost his owners a great deal of money. Up to the last generation it was not an uncommon thing for British masters to accept commissions on supplies bought. Some of them even traded on their own account, and now and then a man would carry goods free for himself or his friends and make so much on the side that he always expected to retire at the end of twenty years. These abuses were stopped by the organization. He did not make any charge against the American masters and crews, but said that until the American shipping business is highly organized as a world enterprise there will be danger that these

abuses will develop and survive the best efforts to eradicate them.

This shipper was one of the few Englishmen we have met who admits that prohibition is bound to give America a great advantage in the race for world business. He said that it is only necessary to go to some of the British cities, notably Glasgow, to realize what a terrible handicap industry has when so large a proportion of the workers keep themselves sodden with drink.

WHERE BRITISH NEWSPAPERS GET THEIR MONEY

WINDERMERE, Eng., Aug. 9.—Great Britain ought to have the best newspapers in the world. There are forty million people here within reach of a single publication center. You buy a London morning paper as far north as Liverpool or Manchester in time for your breakfast. If there are a million people in England who want a paper like the Times for their breakfast, it is physically possible for them to have it. If there are ten million who want a flashy picture paper their wants can be supplied. It is an ideal condition for producing as many different classes of newspapers as there are classes of readers. But they are not living up to their opportunities and are far from happy.

General advertising has not yet been developed here as in America. On the other hand the British press finds more sources of revenue than we do. All papers look upon births, deaths, marriages and many social functions as coming under the jurisdiction of the advertising department. Even the country weeklies charge a minimum of about a dollar for these notices, with a shilling a line extra if the notice is more than three or four lines long. The Scotsman, the highest toned paper in Edinburgh, one of the best in the country, carries this notice at the top of its powerful editorial columns:

"Notices of presentations, dinners, or entertainments given to private persons, charitable donations, or of examinations of schools or other educational institutions can be inserted only as advertisements. The charge for society and fashionable notices, except those relating to official incidents, is at the rate of one guinea when not exceeding five lines, and at the rate of 5s. for each additional line."

The British publishers are under the handicap of operating their plants on what seems to be a complete disregard of efficiency. A stranger cannot find out much concerning such matters in a few weeks, but it does appear to me that these British print shops are the last and final word in awkwardness. For that matter, the hotels and office buildings and many of the stores are carrying the same burden. They put up their buildings so well in this country that when a plant becomes out of date they can't change it without huge cost. So they keep right on using the little old dinky rooms, and put on a big force of hands to push the work thru tortuous and unnatural channels. Extra labor was cheaper than a modern plant, so they employed the labor. That was all right until the war. Now there is grief all along the line. In America we tear down and build again. We rip out partitions and install labor saving machinery, and pay our people big wages and are glad to do it so long as they deliver the service. The solid masonry walls of Great Britain are fine and safe and enduring, but just now they are the biggest obstacle in the way of adapting the business of the country to post war conditions.

The bottom popular price for a London newspaper is now two cents in American money. The top price is four cents, while weeklies like the Spectator command twelve cents the copy. Provincial papers like the Manchester Guardian, the Glasgow Herald and the Scotsman charge the London Times price of four cents. You pay that if you take them by the year, too, and it makes a dignified sub-

scription price. The British publisher is not afriad to put the postage on top of the regular rate and more if additional money is required. In general the reader gets a great deal less for his money than in the United States. Printing costs are high here. In cities of from fifty to one hundred thousand people they told me that the rate of pay for linotype operators, sterotypers and pressmen is far below the scale paid in Lincoln. Some of these wages are just a few dollars more than one half the weekly wage in American cities of corresponding size.

On the other hand, the British offices are obliged to use more men than we do. The total labor cost of getting out a British newspaper is extravagant, even tho the individual pay of the men may be much smaller than with us. I watched them get out a London paper of much circulation and reputation. "These men are in each other's way," I told the mechanical superintendent. "You could do better with a force of two thirds your present number." He told me some disheartening things about large staffs, short hours and short production, all forced on the offices by the union rules. I told him that the whole newspaper industry of the United States is now moving toward the use of union labor under contracts which insure generous pay and good treatment for the men and give the publishers a chance for their lives by cutting out waste and incompetency and artificial restrictions upon good and wholesome and normal speed. He said that the British labor vice of "ca canny," or restriction of output, is eating out the heart of all industry and driving the publishers to distraction. But until the workers realize that they are standing in their own light he did not see that any change is likely to be made.

WHY GREAT BRITAIN IS SO COMFORTABLE

LONDON, England, Aug. 10.—Coming back to London after two weeks in Scotland is something like coming home. This old town has many comfortable features. It is a mistake for travelers to pass it by with only a fleeting glance. Besides being interesting per se, it is in the English speaking world, and that means a great deal to the tourist who likes to get a little under the crust of things in the countries he visits.

On Charing Cross road half way between the British Museum and Trafalgar square is an inconspicuous sign reading "Scott's." It is over an archway, leading back into a sort of court. The stranger might pass that place a thousand times without realizing that there was anything of interest there. But we pride ourselves now on not being strangers. "Scott's" to us represents an interesting group of London people, to whom we carried letters of introduction from Mme. Gilderoy Scott, now Mrs. I. W. Rockey of Lincoln. Mrs. Rockey's father is at the head of "Scott's." Besides being entertained delightfully at the home in Criklewood, a suburb of the city, we have seen the inside of the unpretentious place on Charing Cross Road, and have found it much more interesting than most of the conventional sights.

For more than two hundred years a basket weaving establishment has been conducted by the family in this neighborhood. They have the books of the business as far back as 1699. Not far away is a concern in another line with which the Scotts have been doing business steadily for more than two centuries. Like so many English firms these people do not put their best foot forward. They do not believe in window dressing. A visitor stumbling into the court would go away without any appreciation of what lies just behind those old doors. You must approach by degrees and have the full confidence of the firm before you are allowed to see anything. Away inside is a little office where you have tea and soon get up a glorious row with Mr. Scott's brother over some of the shortcomings of the American people.

Then the son-in-law, Mr. Cooper, takes you in hand and shows you a roomful of fascinating looking chairs, woven from willow and upholstered to suit every taste. This is an offshoot of the original basket industry. Then he takes you into a room full of picnic baskets, also a side line of the original business but one that has been made important by the automobile and the holiday habits of the English people. Here is a picnic hamper for the royal family. There are three or four camp kits made ready for the surveying party which is going out to look over the much discussed Singapore base for the British government. The "bank holidays" are on, and the whole place is a hive of industry. They fit one out with hampers of any size or shape, without dishes, or with complete tea and luncheon outfits just as you wish.

Then if you show an intelligent interest in basket making Mr. Cooper may take you up to the fourth story where a dozen weavers are working on special pieces. These are the jobs that are too particular to be done in the factory at Hammersmith, where baskets are turned out for the trade almost as fast as Henry Ford makes automobiles. Basket weaving, you are told, is one of the most ancient of the crafts, one of the simplest, and one which has defied the efforts of the machinist and inventor. The men are half craftsman and half artist. They sit on the floor with bundles of willow branches within reach. Their only tool is a sort of blunt chisel. Sometimes they use a "commander," with which they bend heavy pieces. That is all. They work without plans of any kind. A man will be told to make a chair of the Cleveland pattern, say. He knows the height, the depth of the seat and the length and slant of the back. He measures the pieces that go into the frame, and does everything else by eye. Some of these weavers went up to the University of London not long ago to see the baskets taken out of the old Egyptian tombs. They said they could not tell these old Egyptian basket makers a thing about their art. The same kind of men have been doing the same sort of work in exactly the same way for centuries. No wonder they need no plans. They could make a basket in the dark and produce an astonishingly beautiful product.

The apprentice system still obtains in this craft. No man may be called ready to be a real basket maker until he has served his five full years. You get an idea of what the word journeyman meant in the old days when you hear about the habits of these men. Along in the spring they begin to feel the wanderlust. One day a man came in and said he must be going. Mr. Cooper objected because of the amount of work in the shop. The man explained that on Sunday he had gone out into the fields and had seen that two daisies lay in the print of his shoe. "That is a sign I must be going," he said. Another said that he had been out in the country and had seen the sun shining on both sides of the hedges. That was a "sign" to him that he must take the road. There are perhaps one hundred of these artist-handicraftsmen in England. They go about from one weaving center to another and after the wandering spirit is satisfied, come back to the shop.

These are the things you miss when you travel in countries of alien blood and alien tongue. You miss, too, the ready and kindly information and direction given you by the London policemen and omnibus conductors. The man in the street in England is always ready and willing to direct a stranger. We have received uniform courtesy all over England and Scotland and Wales. London has a special charm and makes an irresistible appeal to us. It is like coming home for an American to return to the comfortable, motherly, quaint restful old place after being buffeted about by miscellaneous travel. As Americans learn what there is here of entertainment and comfort and intellectual stimulus they will give more of their European time to Great Britain and less to the continent.

SIGNS OF DEPRESSED TRADE AT THE DOCKS

LONDON, Aug. 11.—If you wait long enough in this center you may expect to meet all of your friends who are traveling abroad.

Nebraska reunions have been frequent of late. Not long ago we ran across Mr. and Mrs. J. Ruff of 1028 South Eleventh street, who have been visiting relatives here and are billed to return about the middle of the month.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Jeary and Mr. and Mrs. James Rivett in the American Express office and spent a good part of the morning exchanging information and experiences.

Mr. Rivett had been visiting some old friends who told him many interesting things about the condition of the country. The farmers are having so hard a time meeting the competition of the grain and potato growers of other countries that they are putting down a large share of their land to grass. He heard discouraging tales from his old friends who are now engaged in business. A man who prepares hides for leather manufacture said that the Germans are now shipping in leather so cheaply that the English curriers are quite out of it. There is much complaint about the dole and discussion of what the government must do to keep things going without destroying the industry and initiative of the people.

Mr. Jeary visited England just before the opening of the war. He was caught over here, in fact, by the breaking out of hostilities. He compares the England of 1923 with the England of ten years ago, and the comparison is not discouraging. He thinks the people are better dressed, better fed, better housed and better behaved than they were in 1913. There is much unemployment and considerable discouragement, but he believes that at bottom England is better off than the gloomy ones are willing to admit.

It takes a long time to comprehend the vastness of London. The Thames isn't much of a river when it flows past the parliament buildings and other show places. To see what it really is one must go down twenty or thirty miles and take account of the docks and warehouses and industries and shipping that line the banks all the way. Forgetting that there was a strike on I went down to look over the West India docks one afternoon. Near the entrance were groups of laborers and a dozen policemen. I had been passing thru the Limehouse district, one of the most squalid parts of London, and did not realize that the crowds around the public houses meant anything unusual. So I went up to the policeman in charge at the entrance and asked how much of the docks one might be permitted to see. He gave me a quizzical glance and said that because of the strike visitors were not admitted. Then he looked me over again and said that while he could not officially pass me it would be all right if I walked straight ahead as if I hadn't seen him and had business in the docks. He told me where to go and how to get out.

The West India docks were built more than a century ago and are still devoid of labor saving machinery. I walked thru long streets lined by warehouses. Near by were the basins, locked in from the tide, where a dozen or more big ships were discharging cargo. Men were wheeling bags of sugar and flour and wheat from ship to bin. One pile of flour came from St. Louis. Another from Wichita. There were piles of rare and common lumber from everywhere. Half an acre of wharf was covered with barrels of honey from Jamaica. A whole section of the dock was devoted to the receipt of rum. It was a place of many smells and curious sights. I found it hard to keep moving with a businesslike air as if I were going somewhere, and tarried to watch the proceedings. It didn't matter. Nobody paid any attention to me. Two men were standing waiting for a ship to come up. They looked like minor officials. A polite question opened a conversation lasting until duty called them away. They told me all about the docks and their operation. One of them had been in

Buenos Aires. He contrasted this London dock with the ones they have there, to the great disadvantage of English methods. "Still," he said "there are modern docks down the river. Don't go away from London thinking that we do everything by hand here, just as they did in the days of Julius Caesar."

A dray went by carrying some boxes, with markings, in German. "Glass", said one of the men. That shifted the talk to politics and political economy. He showed me a mountain of boxes "All from Germany," he said. "I don't know what England is coming to, with people unemployed all over and the Germans sending in goods cheaper than we can manufacture. I suppose we will be puting on a tariff next to keep them out." To my suggestion that this meant an abandonment of the policy that had given Great Britain cheap living and low production costs and thru these things the control of the trade of a large part of the world, he gave assent. "But what are we to do?" he asked, "Can we stand it to have our eight hour labor in competition indefinitely with underpaid German labor working ten and a half hours a day? What with high taxes and high rents our expenses of living are not coming down as fast as they should. Until they come down and until our peop e work harder we can't meet this German competition. We have stood it so far, but it is a question how much longer we can. We don't like to go to a tariff but when all the rest of the world is going to protection we wonder what we are going to do." Great Britain knows that free trade is the basis of her prosperity, if not her existance as a world power. To give it up would be a surrender with far reaching consequences. Yet the dumping of foreign goods on England is on everybody's tongue and you hear it said every day that a tariff is the only thing that will keep them out.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE BRITISH ISLES

LONDON, Aug. 12.—It is hard to leave England without expressing a few opinions concerning the land and its people and its future, but I have promised to hold all conclusions in abeyance and must stick to this good resolution. When I finally make up my mind it will be that this country needs more popular education, less waste on drink and inefficient business methods, and a radical revision of world economic tendencies. It needs some other things, of course, but these stand out in my mind as of first importance if Great Britain is to hold its place as a leader of the commercial and industrial world. The war was a greater blow to the country than is generally realized. It seems to have resulted in accentuated national feeling everywhere. They are putting up trade and social and political barriers where none existed before. Every time a tariff wall goes up it cuts off just so much opportunity for British trade. The whole basis of British business life is the free movement of business over the world, with this island a central clearing house for a large part of it.

I have heard nothing while here more striking than Normal Angell's positive statement over his afternoon tea than unless present tendencies are checked, one half of the popuiation of the British islands must emigrate or starve because of the world tendency to build up independent trade and industrial life in each "self determination." He was much disturbed because the average Englishman doesn't know a thing about this situation and acts as if he didn't care much if he did. It is quite the thing to sniff at Angell over here and yet when I make up my mind about these things I am quite sure that this young looking old man of independent thought is going to influence my conclusions quite a little. What he said squares fairly well with my own observations. All over the island farmers, businessmen and manufacturers have complained to me of declining foreign demand and the ripping up of

the home markets by importations of pauper goods from the continent, especially Germany. Yet all the time the people are eating and drinking and playing and apparently paying no attention at all to the state of the country or the problems that are giving the government ministers the gravest anxiety. Their greatest preoccupation this summer appears to be the sporting news, the results of the horse races upon which everybody seems to be gambling more or less, and the direction and duration of the holiday journeys that the whole population finds it necessary to indulge in at this season. Somebody once described Great Britain as a "blind Atlas carrying the world on his back." Whether this population is carrying the world on its back or not I do not know, but in matters of government and world policy it surely acts as if it were as blind as a bat.

We have travelled not much less than two thousand miles by automobile and about 400 miles by rail over England, Scotland and Wales. We received a lasting impression of the beauty of the land, of the kindliness of the people, and of the charm of living in such a compact and ancient a civilization. The thing that has dug its way deepest into our consciousness, perhaps, has been the appalling length of the lists of names on the war memorials. Almost every hamlet now has its simple cross "To our glorious dead." We came upon them everywhere. The cities and large towns are doing and planning ambitious things, and yet none of them can do better, it seems to us, than to use the simple Saxon cross and a list of the dead. We often counted the number and found that everywhere the fallen are in direct proportion to the population of the town. To show what the war did here it may be well to consider what Lincoln would be if it had lost in four years 1,500 of its most virile young men.

It is interesting to glance over these names as they stand in long tablets under the war crosses. In Wales the names are nearly all Jones, Evans, Thomas, Davies, Griffith, Price, Howell, Powell, Jenkins, Williams, and so on. They appear on the monuments in just about their right relation to the population. In the same way in Scotland the names are practically all Scottish. The Mc's and the Macs lead all the rest of course. In both of these countries life is so hard that there is no temptation for outsiders to come in. The original stock remains in its purity, and emigrants are sent out to England and Canada and America and to the other quarters of the globe. On the English monuments this is shown in a striking way. The great majority are well recognized English names, but there is enough of a sprinkling of Welsh, Scottish and Irish to show that there has been a steady flow of men from the mountains, where it takes about a day's labor to feed a person for a day, down to the fertile lands of England, where as one Scot told me it is possible in half a day to raise enough food to last a man for a week.

Our closing celebration in England took the form of a tea party given in honor of Dr. MacLean, who had enabled us to open many doors that are ordinarily closed to tourists. A tea is the simplest thing in the world in England. We telephoned to our guest of honor and a few friends to meet us at the Russell Square hotel at 4 o'clock. It wasn't necessary to speak to the hotel people about it. They always have the kettle on in an English hotel at that hour, with plenty of bread cut and buttered and a wagon load of cakes ready. By good fortune we were able to add to the party Mr. and Mrs. Clapp of Wichita and the sister of Mrs. Clapp, Miss Delia Hutchinson of Iowa City. That gave Dr. MacLean an opportunity to tell about the "Hutchinson girls" and of the value of their friendship while he was president of the University of Iowa.

Scratch affair as it was, the party was a real event. We didn't have an English toastmaster to call to order and "pray silence" for this had that speaker, but Dr. MacLean rose and gave expression to the joy he felt on meeting his loyal friends from Nebraska and Iowa. He also told us something about Mrs. MacLean's great help to him in his work in

binding together the American and British university people. Now that she has gone he feels that it is time to leave England and return to his home country. He has no definite home in the United States, and several places where he formerly worked are asking him to return to them. No announcement of his plans has been made but it is not unlikely that he will round up his career at Washington, where he can find just the sort of material he needs for the writing he has before him.

ON THE EDGES OF THE CONTINENT

THE HAGUE, Aug. 13.—We are not going far into the continent. Our plans include a swift run thru Holland and Belgium, a short stay in Paris and a sailing date on the Orduna from Cherbourg, on August 24. We ought to go to Berlin, of course, but stay away because anything learned there now might be blotted out by the developments of twenty-four hours. Prof. Paul W. Ivey, just out of the German capital, met us here and told us that the situation there is enough to make one's head swim. The price of a meal changes while you are eating it. You may contract for goods and see the price fluctuate while they are being wrapped up. You pay the price ruling at the time of delivery. A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Ivey prepared to get away on the theory that a revolution was imminent. A great many people did rush off, but came back when they found that the uprising had flashed in the pan.

The people are represented as sullen. They hate Americans but want American money. They all know how it looks and take it with eagerness. Mr. Ivey's theory is that the mark will go out of existence and be succeeded by the American dollar. The day he left Berlin the five million mark bill was in circulation at a value of five American dollars. It is just possible that the mark will be stabilized on that basis, with German and American money circulating side by side. But the chances are, the professor thinks, that the mark will lose even its present infimitesimal value and be officially repudiated after being used to retire all bonds. That will mean that Germany will wipe out all of her internal and external debts and will owe nothing but the reparations.

This will be a simple way for Germany to get out of debt, but at a frightful cost to her own middle classes and all people who have savings outside of real property. All of the real wealth of the country remains intact. Let Germany find a way to start her industries to functioning again; let her bring order out of the present financial chaos; let political stability be secured; and let the people become convinced that there is no further danger of losing the fruits of their industry, and Germany will enter almost at once upon a period of unexampled development. But these are big ifs that stand in the road. The machine was so near failing to function while Professor Ivey was there that a food panic was on. Long lines stood at the food shops. The hotel where he was staying was surrounded by a cordon of police. The people had heard that large supplies of food had been hoarded there and were talking of mobbing the place. Mr. Ivey wanted to stay and watch affairs, but his wife was anxious to get away. The air was too highly charged with excitement to make her pillow comfortable.

While Professor Ivey is away on leave of absence from the University of Nebraska, none of his friends expect to see him back conducting his classes in the college of business administration. He can make more money running salesmanship institutes and organizing sales forces for private business concerns. Since leaving the university he has operated institutes in Minneapolis, Des Moines and Milwaukee with financial returns that make an ordinary professorship look like a vow to perpetual poverty. He is over here on a vacation, but has been studying business methods and will deliver a couple of lectures in London and perhaps do some other work there.

On the day we arrived in The Hague I walked the length of a market which filled a wide street for a distance of more than a mile. I have looked over all kinds of markets in Great Britain and have snooped around many little shops and small and large stores to see how business is conducted. Professor Ivey has been doing the same thing on the continent. We agree that the small shop is a joke over here and that the average market involves such a waste of time and effort that there is no reason to regret that we have not developed it in our country. People who sit on their haunches all day long to sell a few cents' worth of stuff that could be handled much more cheaply in a large store are not doing society any service and are hurting themselves by cultivating habits of sloth and indifference. I suppose there are a few thousand shops in London where the stock is worth only a few dollars and yet is kept in such shape as to be a disgrace to business. For that matter the methods of the large department stores on the continent fill the mind of an American expert with mirth. Professor Ivey found some systems that made him wonder how the continent can live under them.

We find The Hague a curious, widespreading city of more than a quarter of a million people. It has many things of great historical interest. There are enough parks and public buildings to make a wonderful city if it had been planned from the beginning. But they just planted things around wherever they happened to find a vacant space. The result is fascinating in a way but the lack of order in the arrangement is really a blemish. It was the good fortune of Washington to be built after a definite plan all the way thru, and it is to be for all time without a doubt the most beautiful capital in the world.

WHERE THE DUTCH STAND IN EUROPEAN POLITICS

AMSTERDAM, Holland, August 14. —A little college German enables us to stumble around Holland without falling into the hands of the police. The languages are enough alike to furnish many a key when without a smattering of German we would often be in a quandary. These occasions are few, tho, because of the competency of the hotel porters and waiters and the educated people in handling English. They talk it so generally and so fluently that people are able to live here and mingle in Dutch society, for years without taking the trouble to learn the language. Our visit to Amsterdam was very much smoothed, moreover, by the kindness of the American consul, Frank Mahin, of Clinton, Ia., and his wife who was a chum of Mrs. John L. Teeters. Both of them were more than ready to help out any Lincoln people who might come along claiming an acquaintance with the Iowa City Hutchinsons.

Mrs. Mahin was able, by unlocking a couple of sixteenth century Dutch homes and showing us some of the special things in the museums, to convince us that the tourists who pass Holland by are making a mistake. We suspect that the travelers from America are not especially numerous anywhere in Europe this year. At least we have not as yet seen any signs of crowding, altho the papers are as usual talking about the "flood" of tourists. We have been in almost empty hotels at two cities in Holland.

Curiously enough we find more sentiment against Germany on the continent than we did in England. The Dutch seem to want it known that they were not hostile to the allies during the war. They were charged with favoring Germany because they traded with that country. They explain now that they were in deadly fear that Germany would win. If they had joined the allies their country would have been just about one bite for the German army. If they had done anything to show that they wanted Germany beaten the same thing would have happened. It was a hard time for this little country. In some of the best hotels here they did not serve meat for nine months. The country was so

filled with spies that people acquired the habit of looking around before they even said that it was a fine morning.

Holland was supposed to be making huge profits from trade with Germany. Many individuals did become rich, only to lose most of their wealth by speculating in German marks. There has been a natural reaction in business here since the war, as everywhere else, and complaints of poor trade are common. Resentment against Germany now takes the form of criticism of the morality of the German government and German business men. It is believed very widely on the continent that the downfall of the mark is the result of a German plot to escape the payment of reparations. The Dutch point to the British debt settlement with America. "There," they say, "is a country whose word is good." They contrast the British attitude with the German evasion and speak with bitterness of the lack of grit shown by Germany.

They think Germany better able to pay its debts than any other nation engaged in the war except the United States. The change in public sentiment one feels on crossing the North Sea is striking. Over here the feeling against Germany is pronounced. No doubt a part of this is due to the millions, if not billions, of gulden the Dutch have lost by reason of their ownership of German marks. The Dutch are a thrifty people and believe in paying their debts.

I asked the editor of a Dutch newspaper to tell me about local conditions. "Trade is not so good," he said. He described the slump following the war boom, which has been very severe in Holland. "Now," he added, simply, "the usual trade of the continent has been thrown into confusion by Germany's inability to buy goods. She has ruined her own buying power by letting her currency go to nothing." I asked what will happen in Germany. He gave an expressive shrug and said that he didn't know. The blame he puts entirely on the Germans. "Their government has decided not to pay the reparations; that is at the bottom of all of our troubles."

For one day I have been a tourist pure and simple, and have enjoyed it. We took a small boat and steamed for hours in canals thru the fields of Holland. It was an amazing experience. At one place we saw all within one turn of the head a dog drawing a cart, a flock of boys on bicycles, a man pulling a large canal boat, an automobile chasing over the road, a sail boat making its way majestically thru a field followed a short distance in the rear by a train of cars pulled by a small dummy engine. Perhaps there were cows and fishermen and a few other activities in the picture, but it was hard to take them all in at a single glance.

THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY NOT A BRILLIANT AFFAIR

AMSTERDAM, Aug. 15.—We have gone thru our first continental Sunday. It seems a pretty stupid affair, consisting mainly of going somewhere and then sitting down in one chair for hours and eating and drinking and watching other people doing the same thing. The financial implications are not serious. You buy a cup of coffee or chocolate or beer costing five cents in our money. That purchase gives you the right to occupy the merchant's property and keep other customers away for the rest of the afternoon. It strikes us as a queer and inexplicable system. We were dog tired at Scheveningen, the Dutch seaside resort adjoining the town that gives The Hague so much of its popularity. We sank into comfortable chairs at a sidewalk cafe right in front of the fireworks stand and were ready to pay anything within reason for the accommodation. I am ashamed to say how long we stayed there on the strength of three cups of coffee and chocolate paid for at a modest price, plus a few cents for the waiter. It is the custom of the country. It looks like an imposition on the

cafe proprietors, but they never appear to be cross so long as the people who fill their chairs buy something at least once a day.

This sitting business was the backbone of the one Sunday we have seen here. That and eating. And riding. The streets bloomed with bicyclists early in the morning. They were still pedaling when the sun went down. The tram cars were also packed. Now and then a motor car appeared, but these are not popular in Holland. They cost too much. We had seen Scheveningen, but went again to find out what all these thousands of people were doing there on Sunday. It was the usual seaside stuff, with more sitting than anything else on the program. The evening was given to the streets of The Hague to see how a Dutch city amuses itself on Sunday night. There were a few theaters and picture houses in operation, but they did not appear to be playing much of a part in the proceedings. Crowds walked thru the streets until late at night while other crowds filled the chairs in the open cafes and quietly watched those on the pavement. It was all decorous and seemed to us to be rather dull. The town was not particularly well lighted and the window displays were only fair for a city of a quarter of a million, and not well illuminated at that.

So far as we could see the evening was devoted to walking, eating, drinking and smoking. The stores were all closed, except those where food and drink were sold The number of these was extraordinary. On one long street it seemed to us that at least one-third of the places were open and busy. Here would be a large hotel cafe, with tables and chairs spilling out across the narrow sidewalk. Next might be a candy shop or a bakery doing a good business. A door or two away you might see a meat shop, with a crowd of men inside devouring ham or sausage and drinking coffee. The sight made us ready to believe that the people here are great meat eaters. These meat shops and some of the saloons where they serve from bars afforded about the only view we had of stand up eating and drinking. In the great majority of cases the people were evidently squared off for the evening, with cups of coffee or chocolate or glasses of beer before them, from which they took deliberate sips at deliberate intervals.

It was all interesting to us, even if there was nothing exciting about it. In England the sights around the public houses are often disgusting. They guzzle their beer there, standing before the bar or carrying their glasses into the street and inhaling the dark looking liquid without hesitation. In Holland it is a gentle tasting and sampling until the bottom of the glass appears. Then there is much thought, a great deal of smoking, some conversation, and a whole lot of looking straight ahead Then perhaps another order will be given and in case the man is fearfully reckless he may ask for a third drink in the course of his visit. I don't see how anybody can get drunk in Holland by following the orthodox cafe habit. Where they have introduced the American bar and encouraged perpendicular drinking it is another story. Those places didn't look inviting on this Sunday evening. They were noisy and a little rough, very much like our own saloons in the dear departed days. Needless to say the best people here wish we would make firewood of our discarded saloon furniture instead of sending it to encourage bad habits abroad.

Holland looks exactly like the postal cards, the motion pictures and the guide books. There isn't a feature missing—level ground, canals, cattle, windmills and everything. The visitor with a practical turn of mind finds it hard to understand how a country can exist mainly below sea level. "What do you do with your rivers?" he asks. "What about your rainfall, your drainage?" The native bats his eyes a few times while he considers what kind of an idiot he is talking with. It is all so simple. Anybody ought to know how it is done. "You see," he finally begins, "we have canals for boats all over the country. We have little canals for drainage, and often for small boats, in the fields. You see these windmills. They are to pump the water from the field

when the water is too high, and into the field when the water is too low. When the big canals are too full we dump them into the ocean when the tide is out.. We treat our rivers in the same way.

COMING IN TOUCH WITH DEPRECIATED CURRENCY

BRUSSELS, Belgium, August 16.—Dropping down in one day from neat, prim, clean, picturesque Holland to this crowded and somewhat caloric country, we begin to realize some of the differences between the north and the south of Europe. Here we feel ourselves to be on the fringes of the Latin civilization. We hear French everywhere. The buildings are faced with stucco and show the influence of the Parisian architects. There is more pep and go in the people. They talk with their hands and shoulders. The manager of the hotel has feminine features, a beautiful beard and the finest mustache we have seen in Europe. Everybody hops around to please you and yet you have a feeling that all this activity gets you no better service than the sedate and studied movements of the Dutch.

We have seen three great seaports within two days, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Antwerp. They are all in distress. The story is practically the same in all. No trade with the interior of Europe. There will be no trade until Germany gets on a sane financial basis. Everybody along the western coast of the continent knows all about the collapse of the mark, and the topsy turvy condition of business in Germany. Naturally the business people are impatient and anxious to see matters settled. The tangle of European politics is increased by the anxiety of Antwerp to have trade with the interior quickened without regard to the wishes of France. Antwerp and its tributary territory is thus arrayed against Brussels and the southern part of Belgium, making a local complication to add to the general European confusion. All of the countries we have been in thus far, Great Britain, Holland and Belgium, are suffering from slow business and wondering what the future is going to be.

Belgium has a further anxiety connected with its currency. The Belgian franc is nominally worth about twenty cents in our money. We bought francs on our arrival for five cents. Some lines of business readjust to the new value of the franc and some are unable to do so. For example, the porters and cab men and servants of all kinds have been thinking in twenty cent francs all their lives and feel that it is a sin to charge four times as many francs as before the war and twice as many as last year. The porter at the hotel reported to us that he had paid the cab man twenty francs and a little more for carrying us from the station. "Ees eet too beeg?" he asked with genuine anxiety. Inasmuch as four people and four suit cases and two trunks had been brought to the hotel, we did not think $1.15 too "mooch." It made us laugh to think what a New York cabby would have done to us for the same amount of service.

When we want to go anywhere it is easy to hail a taxi and show him the address and put all the responsibility of finding the place upon the driver. The meter begins at one franc, which is a nickel in our money. You can drive all over the place without running it up to a dollar. Four of us went to the American embassy, a mile and a half or two miles, held the cab while we looked over the building and grounds, and then drove back to a tea house almost in the center of the city again. Bill for the four for all this service, fifty cents in American money. Twelve and a half cents apiece. It is a shame to ask them to do it.

The lowly people are not the only ones who suffer from the depreciation of the mark. The hotel men cannot keep up with the fall in their money, even if they can put a fresh schedule on the wall every month. We spent a night in one of the best hotels in Brussels for a dollar a person. The rooms were small and plainly furnished but the beds were good. A fine dinner in a beautifully appoint-

ed dining room, with first class service, was only a dollar, while the charge for a continental breakfast in the same place and with the same painstaking service was only 22 1-2 American cents. Because the street cars and the railways are under government jurisdiction their rates have been advanced very little. We rode on the trams for thirty cents a ticket, which is just one-third of five cents in our money. The telephones, on the other hand, are trying to keep up with the drop in the franc. The concierge at the hotel apologized for the slow and poor telephone service. "We do not have a telephone in every house and every hotel room as you do in America," he said. "They are too dear. The rent was 150 francs a year before the war. Now it is 1,500 francs a year. That is our great trouble. The franc keeps going down and many things are becoming so dear that we cannot afford them."

EX-SENATOR HITCHCOCK TALKS OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BRUSSELS, Belgium, Aug. 17.—We spent a pleasant evening with Former Senator G. M. Hitchcock, who is in Europe to give Mrs. Hitchcock the benefit of a change. She has not been well for some time. During the latter period of their residence in Washington it was necessary to give up many social activities on that account. She is now better than she has been for a year. Mr. Hitchcock has received many attentions while over here, altho he has sought no publicity. He told us many interesting things about the European situation. He says that the greatest trouble here is caused by the politicians. The people are working hard and want to be let alone to dig themselves out of their troubles. If they could only be rid of the statesmen the senator thinks they would be all right. As it is, he does not exactly know what is going to happen.

We asked him point blank if he still holds belief in the league of nations. He said that he does, but has lost some of his enthusiasm because the time has passed when the league could have exercised its maximum influence. If we had gone in at the beginning he is sure that many calamities would have been avoided and many problems now pressing for solution would be out of the way. But while the league is no longer able to do what it might have done two and three years ago, he thinks that it is still worth keeping up and well worth joining. The entrance of Ireland and Germany into the league, now matters of the near future apparently, would remove much of the opposition to the league in the United States. Then America would go in as a matter of course and the league may work itself eventually into a strong if not a commanding position.

When he was leader of the democratic minority Senator Hitchcock was sent for by the king of Belgium, then on a visit to the United States, who wanted to know if the people of America would sanction a treaty between France, Great Britain and the United States guaranteeing Belgium against future aggression by Germany. The senator told the king that he did not believe that the American people would go so far as that in mixing in European affairs. He added that he did not believe that Belgium needed any such guarantee in view of the revolution in Germany. "With that country a republic," he argued, "it will require an act of parliament to declare war. Under the old monarchy a few men met in Berlin and ordered the army put in motion. Then every man was forced to rush to the colors under penalty of being shot. That cannot happen under a republic."

Mr. Hitchcock believes that the world has not yet taken full account of the probability that a republican Germany will prove a peaceable neighbor. In 1918 the Germans became much impressed with the Wilson declaration that we were not fighting the German people but were only opposed to the military masters of the country. They rebelled and the kaiser

deserted his army and country, winning for himself the contempt of the whole world. They say in Germany that his running away has made it impossible for him to return to power. If the German people are able to maintain a republic, Mr. Hitchcock thinks there need be no fear of a war of agression from that quarter. The French republic does appear to be more militaristic than any other government in Europe, it is true, but that can be explained on the ground of fear.

A call at the American embassy found Ambassador Fletcher deeply occupied with preparations for the service in honor of President Harding which was held here and at all other government posts thruout the world at the same time as at Washington. He found time for kindly inquiries concerning Mr. J. C. Seacrest, his old schoolboy chum with whom he has kept up an active friendship all thru his ambassadorial service in South America and Mexico and now on this side. He also showed me the embassy building and grounds, a stately establishment well fitted to be the home of the American ambassador, which has now been optioned to the government at $225,000. It looked like so much of a bargain that I told Mr. Fletcher that I would arrange to have congress pass the appropriation bill at once. As soon as I have a little leisure I will send word to Washington to that effect. The house itself could not be built in the United States for the cost of the whole plant, it seems to me. The grounds are very large. The whole place furnishes not only office room but a house for the ambassador and grounds for doing entertaining on the scale that is demanded of the representative of a first class power.

RIDING THRU THE RUINED LANDS OF FRANCE

PARIS, France, Aug. 18.—The fast train running between Brussels and Paris makes the distance of a little less than two hundred miles in three hours and three-quarters. It loafed along until the French line was reached. Then the engine picked up speed like a greyhound. A handsome man apparently between thirty and forty years of age, the only other occupant of our compartment, explained in studied and excellent English that the track in Belgium is not yet ready for fast speed. When the war was over all of the French roads were also in a bad way. It took an entire day to run from Paris to Brussels. "This train," he explained, "goes all the way thru without a stop. They carry six men on the locomotive, two Belgian and two French drivers and two helpers, because they do not want to stop to make a change of crews. When the Belgian roads are brought up to standard the time will be still better."

We slipped by tiny fields in a high state of cultivation and big industrial plants showing signs of activity. The towns and houses and factories are so close together that it is easy to believe that Belgium is one of the most densely populated regions on the globe. At Mons we naturally looked for signs of devastation, but could see nothing unusual. "Wait for a little," said the French gentleman, "and you will see." He was quiet and reserved and did not seem anxious to impress us with his country's scars. Now and then he would point out a bright roof or a patch on an old building and say: "New. Since the war." These patches and new roofs became more frequent. Now and then we would see a wreck of a house or a factory that had not been touched since the guns tore thru. Then we would come to a town where the people were living in new houses, many of them alike, all built at one time and giving the place a fresh appearance but without the trees and gardens that make the French landscape a delight. Here the railroad people had put a temporary roof over a part of the destroyed station and were doing business in it. Over there a large church has new windows of plain glass and a new roof, giving it an ugly appearance compared with the ancient edifices we have been looking at for weeks.

Some towns are half ruin and half

new buildings. Everywhere the work of reconstruction is going on. In the fields the growth of five summers has covered most of the gashes made by the guns. The farmers were busy harvesting what appeared to be good crops of wheat, oats, hay and vegetables. The patches of forest land showed bare masts of the trees with the underbrush growing up fast to clothe the ghostly nakedness. We wanted to see the trenches, but were told that they have all been filled in this sector. But little land has been destroyed here, apparently. In another period of five years this district will be as fruitful as before, and the people will be living in as good houses as they had. Some of the new construction is excellent, with good planning and sound materials. But the new houses of the workers are small and often flimsy and their sameness is a real blemish to what was and will again be a landscape of great beauty and charm.

We were told in Holland and Belgium by American residents that the effort to deny the atrocities is persistent and is making some impression, but that those who were here during the war do not feel that any of these stories are past belief. As we ran for an hour thru all these signs of devastation we became convinced that the stories of the horrors of the war were not overdone. Our traveling companion did not seem to consider that phase of the question worth discussion. A quiet smile and a shrug showed what he thought when we asked him about the conduct of the invaders.

"What do you think of the Germans now?" one of the ladies asked.

"Naturally we do not love them." A quiet smile. Another polite shrug. Then a decision to make a little speech for our benefit, the first and only one of the day. "When the Germans defeated us in 1870 they asked five billion francs indemnity. We paid it in three years. We were proud to pay. The Germans were defeated in 1918 and agreed to pay reparations. They are proud not to pay. They are thiefs."

After this little quiet outburst he talked no politics except to say that France did not want the Ruhr. It developed that he had been five years in the army, had lost a brother in the battle of the Marne and another two years later. He was immaculately dressed, was the pink of propriety in his conversation, and seemed to be a man with generations of breeding. Gentleness appeared to be his outstanding trait, with an undertone of firmness and confidence that would make him a nasty customer in a mix-up. Is he a type of the post-war Frenchman? I wonder.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE TAXI DRIVERS OF PARIS

PARIS, France, Aug. 20.—If the trees in Antelope park looked as discouraged as the foliage in the gardens of the Tuiriles and the Luxemburg in Paris Lincoln folks would begin to worry about their underground water supply. If they were obliged to spread gravel along the sides of their most used thorofares because they could not afford to keep grass alive they would certainly feel that something had gone wrong with the clouds or with their financial arrangements.

There is so much of brilliancy and charm in Paris that it may be small to mention minor defects, especially as some of the seamy side now shown is a direct result of the war. Thus far we have seen evidence of only moderate building activity. The carpets in the opera house are worn thru almost to the floor under the best seats. The city is a dull gray, needing quite a bit of cleaning and fresh paint to make it live up to its reputation as the most beautiful metropolis in the world. Those who have visited Paris in the old days say that it has sensibly aged. It shows the strain of what it has gone thru and what it fears for the future. It is wrinkled, and yet it is Paris. There is no city like it and none can be so entertaining and so comfortable even in a time of public trial and public danger. The

marks of bombardment have practically all been erased.

At Brussels a taxi driver tried to convince us that we could ride in comfort on a broken seat, and when the improvised support gave way laughed as if it were a good joke. In Paris, two porters and a cab man wrestled with our baggage in much the same spirit. They were all action and volubility and good nature. The chain usually employed in holding the trunks to the taxi was too short. They ran around in circles until they discovered a rope. When it was found to be broken the spilling of language was frightful, but nobody lost his temper. Amid great turmoil they rearranged the load, threw one suit case into my lap and another almost on the heads of the ladies and thru many "mercis" we started on our hooting way to the hotel. This expression of Latin exuberance which made its first appearance in Brussels, is continued here in liberal measure, and is said to be found in full flower when you go to Italy. There life is one great big happy joke, if you believe the faces and actions of the Italian people. When you cross the channel and the Rhine you leave efficiency behind, and must make up for it by enjoying the people and their picturesqueness.

Our taxi man seemed to want to give us a ride for our money. He went around the corners on two wheels and tooted his horn joyously and stridently all the way. We didn't know why we should be in such a hurry, but afterwards discovered that it is just the custom of the country. I think they let a man drive as fast as he wishes here, only reserving the right to cut his head off or something like that if he scrapes paint off anybody else's fender. The man running your cab has just two objects in life after he gets you seated and starts his meter to going. He wants to get you there as quickly as he can in order to be ready for another fare, and he wants to do it without bumping into anybody. So he races down the pavement like a wild man, blowing his siren as if he were going to a fire. When about ten thousand other cabbies are doing the same thing, you may imagine what life is on the streets of Paris.

It is pandemonium. To help things out omnibuses race down the streets with a rush and a roar. Our hotel is on a narrow street. Often late at night or early in the morning we wake up thinking that the house is falling down. It is only an honest omnibus In the evening we sometimes give our attention to the street sounds and fall to laughing over their variety and intensity. Every Frenchman out with a motor vehicle wants to make as much noise as possible. Most of the old effervescence of the race seems to have been turned in the direction of the hooting of horns. We see very little excitability and violent gesturing among the natives, but what we hear from the horns is plenty.

At first glance, there seems to be less begging in Paris than in London. Less sordidness. But the pinch is there. It has been increased by the war, of course, and the men of affairs shake their heads as the franc drops in value and business feels the effect of the unnatural situation. During the first week of our stay most of the conversation in business houses has been circling about the franc. With that goes of course a discussion of the Ruhr. Often the French insist that the don't want to stay in the Rhineland and only go there to make Germany pay the reparations. Americans who have been here for some time and who have made an effort to get under the surface of things are sometimes very sure that there is danger of another war, not ten or fifteen years in the future but in a few months. It seems unthinkable. Those of us who are here for only a short time may well ask to be excused for forming an opinion on so involved and mysterious a subject.

AMAZING RECOVERY IN NORTHERN FRANCE

PARIS, August 21.—Twenty thousand Americans are in Paris at the present time, according to reports. Most of them will visit the battle fields before they return to the other side. All of the tourist agencies and dozens

of private persons run motor cars and charabancs out to enable the visitor to see anything he wishes, from a small sector of the fighting line to the whole of northern France. Some of the most desperate fighting of the war was done within a few hours of Paris by automobile. It is possible to make up an itinerary of three days that will cover the most interesting places on the whole front, except those in the west. In two days it is possible to see most of the battlefields, except those to the northeast around Verdun, in comfort. There are plenty of people who will contract to take one over the Chateau-Thierry, Rheims, Soissons circle in one long day. They can do it too with reasonable satisfaction to clients who are young and resilient.

We elected to take two days in a chartered private car. It was a fortunate choice, for Mr. and Mrs. Hardy had seen much of the territory a year ago last May, and could not only save considerable time in going directly to the best places but could measure exactly the changes that have taken place during the last two summers.

The things we saw filled us with amazement. The peasants are smoothing over the whole battle area with so much energy that in a few more years it will require special markings to enable the visitor to see the trench lines. Some of the French people are complaining that the greatest battlefields in history are not being preserved at all, but are going back straightway to their old conditions. Everywhere we saw farmers combing the barbed wire from the ground, where it still remained, and getting the last of the battlefields ready for the plow. If the government wants to retain any show places for tourists it will be necessary to hurry. At one time it was proposed to set aside a strip of land as a national park along the whole area, with roads and hotels and signs so that tourists could begin in Flanders and follow across to Switzerland. It is already too late to do this. In all of the territory we have gone over by motor car and seen from the train the wounds made in the earth are almost healed. It is necessary to hunt for trenches. When you find them they are caving and shallow and insignificant. The barbed wire entanglements are rusting and rotting. In point of fact, most of this stuff has been rolled off into corners or to the edges of the trees, where it awaits the arrival of the junk man. In a short time it will all be gone. The whole country is being farmed almost as vigorously as before the war. The shell holes may be located only by the chalky color that is smeared over the places where they once were. They say that in the Verdun area more soil has been destroyed. Where we have been the percentage of permanently damaged soil is almost none at all.

The damage to buildings in large areas of the fighting zone was complete. When Mr. and Mrs. Hardy and Mr. and Mrs. Morris Folsom went thru the Rheims district a year ago in May they estimated that 75 per cent of the land in the battle zone had been brought back to cultivation, but the work of renewing the villages had only just begun. This year the Hardys were amazed to find that in two summers the work of reconstruction has gone so far that it seemed that about 50 per cent of the houses have already been restored while more than 90 per cent of the land is growing good crops. We drove at good speed for more than a day thru a succession of villages where the people were as busy as bees. Just as those who visited the war zone several years ago were unable to restrain their horror over what they saw, one cannot go thru the land now without exclaiming over the work done by these French people.

The new buildings seem to be much better than the old, if one is permitted to compare the new houses with those left standing just outside the shelled area. They quarry a yellowish white stone in this region in enormous quantities. They dig it out in blocks as large as an automobile and transport it with trucks to the site of a building. There gangs of stone workers, many of them from Spain and other countries near by, saw the blocks up into squares and slabs which they put into very attractive looking houses. I suspect that some organized effort has been made

to secure good designs. Some of the new villages look very good, whereas an old French farming village with its dingy rows of plain houses opening directly from the street is the most dismal thing in architecture. The churches were practically all knocked down or badly peppered early in the fighting. They are among the first to receive attention. Almost everywhere we could see some new work where the people are laboriously restoring their houses of worship on their ancient lines.

This amazing exhibition of building activity all over northern France is at once the pride of the nation and the source of deep concern. It is a genuine building boom, financed by the French government which has based it all on the receipt of reparations from Germany. When Germany defaulted the work went on as if nothing had happened. If Germany does not pay at all, France is in for a bad pinch, so bad that the financiers say that it simply cannot be allowed to happen. Therefore the determination over the Ruhr, the resentment over the course of England, and the nervousness than has spread from France to every country in Europe.

VISITING TYPICAL FRENCH FAMILIES

PARIS, August 23.—When Fred Gardner's son Walter was in France he was billeted with about two hundred other Americans in a country place near the Swiss border owned by M. Munier, a Parisian lawyer. A note of introduction from the young man gave us a warm welcome in the Munier home here, and we were permitted to share for several hours the life of a French family consisting of father, mother and two daughters, a son-in-law and a tiny baby. They live in a typical apartment, in one of the five or six storied stone houses that are found all over Paris. The front is squarely on the street, conforming to the building and cornice line that Paris almost alone of all cities insists upon. There is a stone flagged court, a concierge to direct you and stairs to climb until you reach the proper floor.

How do you get along with a family you have been sent to by an acquaintance back home? In this case it was easy. The whole family adored Walter Gardner and there was much eager questioning as to his health. And his wife? Is she charming? How are his parents? We assured them on all these points. They had snap shots of Walter and Dr. Olson and many other Americans, together with the two young ladies who were small girls at this period of the war. Tea served in the dining room consisted of a number of characteristic French dishes and gave an opportunity for much talk on the condition of France, of the high cost of living, of the decline of the franc, of the decreasing of efficiency and increasing dearness of domestic service in Paris, of the fear of another war, and so forth.

Then a tour of the apartment, consisting of a petite salon, a grand salon, a dining room, three bedrooms, a hall and kitchen, all provided with rare old furniture and decorated with the ceilings and panelings made so familiar to the world thru the influence of Paris. Everything was more solid than in an American flat of corresponding grade, and also more artistic. The ladies had heard of the conveniences of houses in the United States, and asked with interest about central heat, electric machines, telephones, elevators, laundry chutes, motor cars, refrigerators and similar money consumers which the French still manage to get along without.

Suppose this visit had been reversed and four French people with but little knowledge of English had called on an average family in Lincoln. The chances are that after ten or fifteen minutes they would have bowed themselves out politely after trying in vain to communicate by means of the sign language. In this case the father and mother understood English even if they did not attempt to use it. The two daughters had studied the language in school and were able to speak

it correctly, altho a little slowly. So we had a torrent of French between parents and daughters, clear translations for our benefit, and a most interesting and informing time. The thing that struck me most forcibly was the intelligence on public questions shown by the daughters. I wonder if there are many Americans of 19 and 21 who can talk as ably as these French girls did about international and domestic problems.

We were impressed by the same thing a day or two later when we paid a visit to the widow of Dr. Davenport, a cousin of the Folsom brothers of Lincoln. Here we met two daughters and a young lady friend and again spent the afternoon discussing current problems. Here once more we talked in English, altho the language of Mrs. Davenport and her daughters is French. Here again we were surprised at the extent and variety of the knowledge displayed by the ladies, especially of public questions. They are not allowed the vote, expressing themselves as not anxious to have it, but we believe that there are not many of our women voters who show a better grasp of international problems and of the situation now facing France than these charming French women.

We came to the conclusion that the international situation is so vital to France that the people talk it among themselves just as we talk about the crops and the weather. Among all the French people we conversed with the opinion is the same. They are afraid unless Germany is compelled to keep the treaty of Versailles and especially to make restitution for the damage done to France during the war, that in another generation there will be a third invasion in which will end the life of the French nation. They all know that Germany is larger and has more man power, present and potential, than France. They do not want to live in perpetual fear and will not give up their advantage now unless the world gives them ample guarantee of permanent security. They feel that Great Britain has deserted them. They are pathetically anxious to have Americans like France and understand its problems. The families in which we visited were also solicitous to have us know that the night life of Paris is largely staged for the benefit of foreigners. The wild spenders come here from all over the world, and of course find what they are looking for. But it isn't French life and it does not represent France. One of the young ladies said rather sadly that she believed that the French novelists are responsible for the world impression that the French are a decadent people.

ASTONISHING RESTORATION IN NORTHERN FRANCE

PARIS, Aug. 24.—We went to Rheims with some curiosity that needed to be appeased. How was it that the cathedral, the greatest monument left to France by the middle ages, was able to withstand bombardment for four years and not be reduced to a heap of splintered stone? Was the building damaged so badly after all? Photographs have been taken and touched up to show it almost intact. Rheims has always been more or less of a mystery to me, and I welcomed the opportunity to see the city and to study the cathedral at close range. The mystery did not last long. Rheims was destroyed by shell fire and burned by incendiary bombs. The cathedral was cruelly torn and partially burned, but was not brought down in ruins like the other buildings because of its massive construction and because but little wood was found in it below the outside covering of the roof. After this was burned away the fire went out for lack of fuel.

The building is enough to make one weep. It is said that devout people do shed tears when they see it and realize what has been done to one of the greatest pieces of property under the control of the church. Some of them indulge in very unchristian language when they see the gaping wounds and notice the signs of shell fire all over the place. We went around the city to see if the cathedral

had been favored by the gunners who pounded away at Rheims for all those years. The whole city had been riddled and burned until only seventeen habitable houses had been left. It seemed to me that all districts had been bombed about equally, but that the buildings on all sides of the cathedral had suffered more than those at a distance. The great church had been hit often enough, but survived because of the massiveness of its walls. It is badly mangled, but can be restored if the world furnishes money enough. An amazing amount of work has been done in the last eighteen months, and a small part of the edifice has been put in condition for holding services. It may take a century to complete the restoration, but unless the world blows up the Rheims cathedral will be restored.

Our guides were astonished over the work done on the church and in the city since they were here a year and four months ago. The vaulting over the nave has been put back in place, but you can still see the sky thru the roof of the crossing. The rear portion, which cannot be seen in photographs taken from the front, presents a sickening sight from the outside and the inside alike. The nave is now receiving most of the attention of the builders. There are rather large slabs of new stone here and there. The stone mullions of the windows are gradually going back into place. Most of the priceless glass was destroyed, but firemen and glaziers, working at night thru many weeks, succeeded in saving the glass from the great rose window. When that goes back into place there will be great rejoicing. It will be a sign that the church is at last well on the road to recovery from its wounds.

The reconstruction of the city is even more surprising. We walked down one of the principal streets which was a heap of ruins in May of last year. It is now lined with four, five and six-story buildings of solid construction, with fronts of handsome cut stone of the creamy tint found in abundance in this part of France. Some of these new buildings were in use, while others were in process of construction and a few more had just been begun. I rubbed my eyes to see so handsome a street where everything had been complete desolation in 1918. Then we walked around to other districts and found whole blocks of ruins which had not been touched since the bombardment. Men were at work everywhere digging out rubbish, transporting material and starting new walls. I imagine it must be just like Chicago after the great fire. I know it resembles the ruin and the activity seen in San Francisco in 1906, for I was there soon after the calamity. The resemblance between the two scenes is startling.

The chief difference is that Chicago and San Francisco were rebuilt with private money, while here the government is at the bottom of all of this activity. The people were so impoverished by four years of suspension of trade under the continual bombardment that they could not rebuild a city of 115,000 people without assistance. I went into a large and handsome theater and paid the equivalent of 12 American cents for what we would call the best seat in the house. Tiring of watching Clara Kimball in an American film with easily read French legends, I went back and asked the man at the balcony steps if he spoke English. It turned out that he did and that he was one of the owners of the place. His partner was in the bar at one side of the smoking hall just behind the balcony, personally jerking drinks for his thirsty patrons. They do things that way in France. Whenever they can save a salary they save it.

The ticket-taking partner was not busy and talked to me for a long time on the show business in the devastated area and the prospects for business in general. He said the house had cost 4,000,000 francs. That would be about $800,000 with the franc at its normal value. It was about such a building as Eli Shire and his associates would expect to get in Lincoln for about $300,000 or $400,000. The seats numbered 1,500, and there was quite a lot of respectable art in it, besides marble and mahogany. It was built with money secured from the government. Of course it cost a great deal more than it should, even tho

the franc had only fairly started on its downward plunge when the greater part of the work was done. If the Germans pay for all this work it doesn't make any difference to France how much the buildings cost. If the reparations money fails to come in as it is needed, there is trouble ahead. Probably a financial smash, involving not only the devastated area but all of France. That little talk with the theatrical owner did not touch politics at all, and yet there was nothing else in it. "What if Germany will not pay?" I finally asked. The Frenchman did not say a word. His eyebrows, his hands and his shoulders moved almost imperceptibly. Then he became quiet again. He had said a whole book.

THE FALLING FRENCH FRANC

PARIS, Aug. 24.—One of the last things I did before leaving France was to attend a meeting of the press club of Paris, where thirty or forty foreign correspondents of American newspapers foregathered for a meal and some high converse. At my end of the table were four well known journalists representing big American publications. To test their sentiment toward the condition of France I told them that Mr. Hardy and I were tempted to turn the dregs of our letters of credit into francs to be deposited on interest in French banks against the next time we or other members of our families should be traveling this way. I argued that the franc, now selling at the rate of about eighteen for a dollar, would be likely to return to its old parity of five for a dollar within a few years, thus returning a nice profit on our money, and yielding a fair rate of interest in addition.

To my surprise every man of the four, and some others on the edges who were drawn into the conversation, hooted at my foolishness. Their united wisdom was that while the franc has been stiffening a little lately it is likely to go down still farther. "Then," I said, "you mean that France is to follow the road of Germany?" They didn't think so. But they agreed that when a European country gets to sliding in its exchange rate everything seems to be greased for a swift descent. None of them looked for a drop to more than fifty francs to the dollar, but all of them said they thought that twenty-five francs could be bought for a dollar in the near future, and perhaps more before the close of the year.

Paul Scott Mowrer, manager of the European news service of the Chicago Daily News, was brought into the discussion later and said he believed all of his confreres were wrong. He cited the good crops of the present year, the increasing balance of trade in favor of France, the resumption of activity in the French merchant marine, the prosperity of the people, their unremitting industry, and the possibility of balancing the budget without depending upon Germany for the entire amount of the reparations bill. Inasmuch as he had the figures to back his optimism I felt a good deal easier in my mind about the future of Europe after hearing his analysis of the case. He has been here for a dozen years and believes that France is essentially stronger than it was before the war—stronger in spirit, stronger in material potentialities.

The French have always been the most thrifty of European peoples. Let the franc go down much more, thus wiping out a large share of the savings of the people, and the whole structure would be likely to collapse in France, and with it most of the rest of Europe. An intelligent American woman living in Paris tells us that all of her friends say they are living on the brink of a volcano. The correspondents are sure of it. The men who have been here longest have the greatest admiration for the French people and confidence in their future. During this same luncheon one of them told me that of all the great cities of the world, Paris has the most wholesome life in the very relation for which it has the most evil repute. It is true that there are more than thirty thousand women of irreg-

ular lives known to the police. It is true that this is no proper place for a foolish young man with money in his pocket to spend a vacation. Everybody knows that gilded youths come here from all over the world and create a situation that deserves everything serious that has been said about it.

But the real Paris is something different. Entirely so. The wealthy foreigners who expatriate themselves to live in the hotel quarter know very little about it. The newspaper correspondents, being of a friendly and inquiring nature, and not opposed to the economies that the French practice, soon learn the native ways and manage to live in comfort without spending extravagantly. One who is not too proud to eat in the restaurants patronized by the cab men is well nourished for a small sum and has the satisfaction of knowing that his food is clean and well cooked. The correspondents speak well of the cab men, especially the veterans, who are safe and helpful. They are not so sure of the young chaps who burn up the asphalt with light cars and seem to want to get all they can out of the traffic. The fare is always measured out to you by the meter, but there are several ways of skinning a cat. If you need a cab badly and there are not many about it may be necessary to make a special offer to make the cocher forget that he is waiting for some mythical customer.

Our friends who keep house here find it comparatively simple so long as they swim with the current and do not try to introduce American ways. Domestic servants are much more expensive than before the war. They have always been good so long as you let them manage things in their own way. Madame must not fuss around the kitchen, and must not get too inquisitive as to the prices paid for food, as its purchase has long been a perquisite of the cook. The tradesman pays her a regular percentage, so small, indeed, as to rob the transaction of much of its unpleasant implications. On the whole food is no dearer than in America. Rent is high, coal is a luxury, and modern conveniences are found in only a few of the newer houses.

MISS ALDRICH ON HER HILL TOP ON THE MARNE

PARIS, Aug. 25.—After the war had been going about a year many of us in America gained our most vivid impression of what it meant and what it looked like from a little book, "A Hill Top On the Marne," by Mildred Aldrich. The other day when we were driving in the vicinity of the scene of the first battle of the Marne we made bold to call upon the author. Everybody in the neighborhood of Meaux knew her and we had no difficulty in finding the cottage which this New England spinster had picked out because of the broad sweep of lovely country it commands. She had lived a somewhat strenuous life as a Boston newspaper woman and wanted peace and quiet and a view and a garden and a library to enjoy during the rest of her life. In a few weeks after she moved in one of the world's greatest battles was fought in full sight of her front door.

The place looked exactly as the ladies had pictured it, an old stone farm house, made over into the quaintest and most livable cottage an artist could do in his dreams. The identical French maid we had known in the book answered our knock and admitted us into a tiled entrance with a fireplace, a curious stair, and some doors opening into rooms that suggested taste and comfort and unconventionality. In a little while Miss Aldrich came down declaring that it wasn't any intrusion and that she was glad to meet a journalistic confrere from home, and all the friends he cared to bring. She was a typical Massachusetts woman, just the sort Sarah Harris Dorris would have been if she had lived fifteen or twenty years longer. She gave us direct speech and salty humor and she said things about the invading German army that are not printed in these

days of international nerves and desire for reconciliation.

She took us to the front of the house and we saw the panorama just as it had been described in her book. One reason her story makes everything so vivid is that it was not written in cold blood. It wrote itself. Miss Aldrich set down the things in "A Hill Top on the Marne" in a series of letters written to friends in Boston. They were handed around and after a time were made into one of the famous books of the war. Miss Aldrich pointed out the hills where the German army poured over the horizon; the roads taken by the French troops massing to drive them back; the scene where the two forces met on the broad valley in sight from her door. She told of the tense hours when she could see the smoke of battle, hear the crashing of the guns, and knew little of the details except that men were dying by thousands under her very eyes. She showed us the road by the side of her house where the stragglers and the wounded came for help; the grove near by where the Uhlans made their farthest advance; the village close by where atrocities were committed. After she had given us her story we felt that we had personally witnessed the first battle of the Marne.

If this struggle for a few hours or so had been all Miss Aldrich would feel differently over the whole war question. The first battle of the Marne was only a curtain raiser for a tragedy four years long when horror piled on horror until men's nerves began to crack. For four years this hill top on the Marne was never out of the sound of the guns. The culmination came in 1918 when it seemed that the enemy would break thru in the second battle of the Marne; when day after day she could hear big Bertha raining shells on Paris; when demoralization spread among the people and defeatists began to talk openly on the streets. When the tide was finally turned Miss Aldrich was among those who believed that the only thing to do was to pursue the enemy into his own country and bring peace thru unconditional surrender. That is what the French wanted, and would have insisted upon if it had not been for their anxiety to follow the desires of President Wilson. The armistice was celebrated in Paris with less enthusiasm than in other allied capitals because the French had a feeling that the job was not finished and might have to be done all over again. That is the conviction of Miss Aldrich, who prays that her own people in America will not abandon France and not abandon their responsibility to Europe. She fears another war and is sure that if it comes it will be more terrible than the last one and that the United States will not be able to stay out. She is entitled to have something to say, for she stuck to her hill top thru it all and wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, won in nursing the sick and wounded and in helping keep up the nerve of her French neighborhood.

It was interesting to Nebraskans to hear Miss Aldrich wish for a rain. It sounded like home. The wheat crop had not been hurt by weeks of drouth, but gardens were suffering and the fruit might be damaged. In France the peasants work on so close a margin that there is more mourning over just a little shortage than there is with us when a whole crop is lost. As we go about we hear a great deal about bad weather and the trouble the gardeners have with the different kinds of soil and agricultural difficulties of various kinds. England and France are so green that they seem a farmers' paradise to us, and yet the farmers are no happier than in the parts of the United States where they have some real weather to cope with.

We have enjoyed several visits with Miss Willa Cather, who is spending the summer with her Pittsburgh friend, Mrs. Jan Hambourg, living in a Paris suburb. Miss Cather has just passed upon the first copy of her forthcoming book, "The Lost Lady," which was serialized in the Century. Her publisher has produced a volume of such attractiveness that she admits it gives her pleasure to see it go out. Miss Cather is resting as much as she can in the intervals of working on a new book and in sitting for the portrait that is being done for the Omaha public library by Leon Bakst, the

famous Russian painter. A dozen or fifteen sittings are required and these are a great deal more than the making of a likeness. The painter spent last Sunday at the Hambourg place, apparently enjoying the day as a visitor but in fact making a psychological study of his subject. He will no doubt produce an interesting work. The Omaha people who have contributed the money for this painting are warned not to expect a mere pretty colored photograph of Miss Cather. Bakst would not spend his summer on this task if he did not feel that he could produce a study worthy of the place his subject has won in the world of letters.

THE THRILL THAT COMES ONCE IN A VOYAGE

AT SEA, August 27.—After two weeks in Paris we did not know how ready we were for the homeward voyage. We enjoyed the brilliant city and thought we would never tire of sitting at the sidewalk cafes and watching the world go by on the boulevards; of seeing the places where history of all kinds was made; and looking over the most symmetrical planning of streets bridges, buildings and public monuments the world has ever seen. Of course we felt that a little of the zest of the sightseeing had been worn off. We sat longer at restaurants and hurried up our final shopping with appreciable eagerness. Then when we went to the station and found our train placarded "New York via Cherbourg" we realized what was the matter with us. We wanted to whoop with joy. An esteemed brother of mine threatens that if we say "the best thing about a journey is getting home" he will beat us over the head. So our thoughts on that morning must remain unuttered.

The boat train is an institution in Europe. Few of the great capitals over here are reached directly by the steamers, as at New York. The travelers usually collect at Paris and London and other cities slightly inland and are carried to the coast on special trains. Once on the train you are virtually on the boat. Our special of six cars and a diner went thru with only a single stop, and put everybody on the tender ready to be carried out into the harbor when the Orduna should come across the lower channel from Southampton. She arrived on time, but without her usual load of merchandise and more than a fair complement of passengers because she had her share of the load left marooned in England when the Empress of Scotland stove a hole in her bottom.

Something evidently happened at Hamburg, where the boat was supposed to take on enough freight to load her down and give her stability. It was explained that the cargo could not be put aboard because of the dock strike. We had seen very little about it in the papers, most of the trouble of that kind this summer having been under English date lines. The stewards told us that there had been serious rioting in the German city, and that thirteen policemen had been killed at the first onslaught. What had happened since they didn't know. These boats have their base at Hamburg, and the men must stay there for two weeks on the next trip while overhauling is done. They are not overjoyed at the prospect. Belgian and French sailors are in danger when they are in German ports and the British are in not much better case. They always put on citizens' clothes and make themseves as inconspicuous as possible. "What would happen if you went ashore in your uniform?" I asked a steward. "I would come back without it," he said in a matter of fact tone.

On the train between Paris and Cherbourg we noticed something that had been brought to our attention again and again in northern France. For long distances the contour of the land resembles Nebraska so closely that if it were not for the smallness of the fields and the presence of stone houses and long and straight rows of large trees along the roads one might easily imagine himself at home. In spite of the intensive cultivation of the soil France seems to me to have

more waste land than Nebraska. It certainly has more forest growth. This is a regular and a reasonably profitable crop, but trees are not ordinarily allowed to grow on ground that will produce abundant crops of grain. The country as a whole looks better cultivated than Nebraska. This year the wheat shocks stand on the ground much closer than we ever see them at home.

Fruits and ordinary vegetables are also plentiful and of fine quality. The crops are large because of the enormous energy of the peasants, who plow and harrow and manure and cultivate and coddle their land without taking time off for picture shows or automobiles or other amusements. The yield is large in good years, too, because of favorable distribution of the rainfall in the average season, and because nearness to the sea produces enough moisture in the air usually to prevent destructive evaporation even when the rains are delayed. As for the soil itself, we have seen none in the British isles or the continent that seems to be more fertile, more enduring or more favorably situated for tilth and steady production than eastern Nebraska.

PASSENGERS ARE SUBDUED ON THEIR HOMEWARD WAY

AT SEA, Aug. 30.—The ship people say that there is quite a difference between the behavior of eastward and westward bound ocean passengers. On the way over they are full of ginger. Coming back they are more subdued. Out of Cherbourg we ran into three days of tossing weather that put about one-half of the people out of active commission. They merely existed while fighting the great enemy of ocean travel. Then came a succession of fine days with the sea as flat as a pancake, and a revival took place in the spirits of the company.

But it was not like the trip over earlier in the season. Nearly all of the people had put in from one to three months of travel in Great Britain and the continent, and no matter how carefully you go about your arrangements or how much rest you assign yourself every day, travel involves hard work and sight-seeing is more or less exhausting. On the way back a feeling of lassitude creeps over one. The trip is finished. There is no more to see. A snooze in a deck chair is an agreeable and desirable thing. So there is an immense amount of resting, a good deal of reading of light fiction, and only a half-hearted adherence to the regimen of so many rounds of the deck every day to keep in condition.

All of the thoughtful people on board seem to be dwelling on the plight of Europe and of possible methods of solution. There are many Americans of German birth or parentage who have spent several weeks or months among friends and relatives. Those I have talked with say that the situation in the old country is distressing. One American ex-service man married a German girl. They have been spending the summer with her parents. He says frankly that a mistake was made in not pushing straight thru to Berlin in 1918. There are many Germans on board, some of them in the cabins, who will enter as immigrants. They say the people of Germany are dazed and helpless. Their chief bitterness is not directed against the French, apparently, but against Stinnes and other German capitalists. There are a dozen men on this boat whose language toward the new "owners of Germany" makes the old populist talk in 1896 seem like conservative language.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—We had all the thrills one could expect while coming up the bay. New York is so enormous and so brilliant that we don't wonder that foreigners consider its gateway the most inspiring sight on the globe. Certainly we have seen nothing to compare with it. When we began paying two or three times the European prices for taxis and hotels and miscellaneous services our enthusiasm was dampened, but only for a moment. They charge a lot here,

but, hang it all, it's worth it! Look at the cliffs and the crowds and order some apple pie and real coffee and realize that you are at home again. You can't come back to New York from London and Paris without feeling its hugeness, its punch, its overpowering, dynamic quality. We like to say that New York isn't America, but just the same the minute you walk across the gang plank and begin wrestling with the customs officials you know you are home.

We found New York removing a month of mourning for President Harding. We had been more deeply touched by the death of the president than by any other incident occurring during our absence. The news reached us in London just before noon. The elevator men, porters and bell boys flashed it to everybody in the hotel, well knowing its importance. The elevator man who told me was genuinely depressed. An Englishman of the people, he seemed to feel that bad news concerning one country is bad news for all. That feeling of sympathy is, of course, a product of the war.

Before we reached Trafalgar square that noon the flags on public buildings began to slip to half mast. By night evidences of mourning were common. Many business houses put out the stars and stripes at half mast or caught up with crepe. The newspapers the next morning had long and accurate and sympathethic accounts. I doubt if any American paper had a more discriminating and truthful sketch of Mr. Harding's life than the London Times. It was done in a wonderful spirit of appreciation of the qualities of the average American citizen as represented by our departed chief magistrate. The talk of the English people was uniformly kindly and grave.

When we reached Belgium we saw evidences of mourning everywhere. The funeral exercises held in Brussels were deeply impressive, not only in the character of the service but in the nature and the sympathy of the audience. It happened that the Episcopal bishop of Wyoming was on his way from Paris to London and was glad to come over to conduct the service, which was held in the Methodist mission. The hymnals of that church were used. Other churchmen also participated, making it a thoroly catholic exercise. The king sent his prime minister. The legations were represented by ambassadors, men in charge or secretaries, all wearing the most correct morning dress. The flags all over the city were either at half mast or looped back with black. They said that everywhere in Europe it was the same. One feels wherever he goes that all nations are looking toward the United States for leadership and are more than sympathetic to us in this time of loss

TEN THOUSAND MILES WITHOUT A MISCHANCE

CHICAGO, Sept. 5. — When you reach the sleeper on Burlington train No. 1 in the Chicago union depot you are practically at home. The farther you have gone the deeper your sigh of relief as you find the familiar train and proceed to make yourself comfortable. I have heard scores of Lincoln people say they feel when they board No. 1 that they are opening their own front doors. We certainly had that sensation. Mrs. Calvert was on board. W. H. Ferguson led the way to the diner before the crowd arrived and was able to tell us what we wanted to hear about the size of the Nebraska corn crop and his belief in the coming of prosperous times. As the cars filled up, friendly faces were seen all around us. Even the waiters and porters looked familiar.

On the other side I promised not to make up my mind on any of the great world problems until starting on the return journey. On the boat the feeling of relaxation was so great that I decided to sum up my conclusions on the sleeper between New York and Lincoln. But east of Chicago the road was so rough and noisy that I could neither think nor write.

There will be a long and cool and smooth evening on the Burlington out of Chicago. This will enable me to formulate a few generalizations on the condition of Europe and perhaps some plans for the salvaging of civilization.

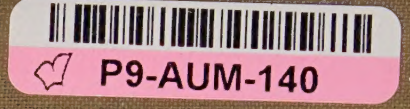
EN ROUTE, Sept. 6.—The smooth ride in the cool of the evening was more conducive to rest than to labor. There was so much to learn from the home people on the train that the evening was gone before I realized that it had begun. This morning we have been busy looking over the familiar landscape and rejoicing to see it again in all its early autumn freshness It is a little less finished and velvety than the rural scenes in England and France, but this morning it seems to us just as beautiful. This is to us the safest and most prosperous part of the sanest and richest country on the globe, and we come back to it with more pleasure than we can describe. All of the people we have seen on the homeward journey feel as we do about the home country.

The porter is beginning to brush quarters and half dollars out of the pockets of the passengers. In a few minutes the train will be in the Lincoln station, and there is yet a whole lot to write about this journey. The world can't be in such bad condition when it carries us in the greatest comfort for ten or twelve thousand miles and sets us down at home again in a little more than three months without breaking as much as a buckle on our baggage. In this time we have not met with a mishap, have been treated with the greatest kindness by all kinds of people in many different countries, and come back with our minds full of pleasant memories. We did run across an immense amount of pessimism, but when we analyze it we find that a great deal of it is anticipatory and not based on calamities dating after the war.

We have made our final financial adjustment. Mr. Hardy has been paying all of the bills and directing the movements of the party. Every morning he collects my share of the expenses. He will be able to tell to a penny how much the journey has cost. All I know now is that it comes out almost to a dollar in harmony with his experienced advance estimate. He says that it costs just about twice as much to travel now as before the war. A considerable part of the increase is represented by railroad fare and steamship tickets, the latter almost three times as high as they were a decade ago. The cost depends, too, upon the country in which one travels. Great Britain and Holland are high, Belgium and France more reasonable for one who buys francs with American money. For a first tour one can usually do better in a conducted party than by going alone. A group of four is ideal, for it is then possible to wander about at will without being tied down to a schedule. We never had difficulties about accommodations. A larger party needs a fixed route and also some generalship. We heard of cases where large groups spent a part of their time debating where to go next. Some of them are likely to come home on different boats, from choice.

Not the least interesting feature of the journey has been communion with fellow Americans who have chased around Europe a few weeks and know exactly what ought to be done to fix up the world. If they all put in plans for Mr. Bok's peace prize things will surely be all right in a very little while. After spending two months in Great Britain and three weeks on the continent, my own judgment——

The train has stopped at Lincoln. The porter wants to carry out my little typewriter. There are some people on the platform I want very much to see. This forces these letters to a sudden close.


P9-AUM-140